SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXIII APRIL, 1903 NO. 4

BELOW THE WATER-LINE

By Benjamin Brooks

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWIN B. CHILD

"'AVE ye got no cap? Come and I'll lend yer mine. Need one? Indeed yer will. Aye, yer right; indoor work it is—with 'ot water and grease drippin' on yer young 'ead—the most indoorest work ye ever did in yer life, I reckon."

This from the gruff, perspiring "greaser" whom I had wisely taken into my confidence as chief adviser and protector before signing the "articles" which made me a member of that black and oily company that "make the ship to go." And he was right; it *was* the indoorest work I had ever done.

My experiences in steamship engine-rooms began in the inmost depths of the steamship Commonwealth, Dominion Line, 12,000 tons, plying between Boston and Liverpool and the Mediterranean; and, since she chanced to be neither the fastest nor the slowest, neither the largest nor the smallest ship afloat, but simply a very large and powerful representative of a comfortable, normal class of vessels, I could not do better than to at least begin with the impressions and experiences gained from this my first ship in order to acquaint the luxurious passenger with the toil and the striving that ordinarily go on far beneath him as he steams indolently across the seas.

The years which one must previously spend in machine-shops and marine-engine designing offices had passed; many steamship engines and their innumerable parts had lain before me on paper and grown up beside me in the shops; yet, now that I found myself actually standing in the engine-room of this great ship between two tall, galleried pyramids of machinery, no longer inanimate metal but tremulously alive with the hot breath roaring through them, the assurance which I ought to have had gave way to almost total bewilderment. Wriggling about on all sides and under the slippery steel floor on which I stood, and far up toward the square of daylight which sifted dimly down to us, squirmed a tangle of copper pipes with scores of valves which, it seemed to me, a man could never learn the ins and outs of in three lifetimes. Everywhere pumps were clacking, steam was hissing, electric machines were whirring, all contributing something to a general noise like the roar of a busy city. There were full thirty pumps and engines, all laboring, within thirty feet of me; for here was the beginning and the end of all the mysteries throughout the ship, from the search-light at her foremast head to the steering engines over her rudder. A series of narrow, steep ladders, all equally slippery, guarded by steel hand-rails, all equally hot, led to gallery after gallery; and wherever one stood or whichever way he faced, some machine immediately behind threatened him with ominous noises and unforseen motions.

The ship was about to depart. Nobody ever went "backing down on the Long Trail," with his friends upon the pier flut-

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tering their white handkerchiefs after him, without a queer wistful feeling in his heart and a backward look as the hills faded away; but a far stranger, more cheerless thing is to go, as it were, blindfolded—to feel instinctively one's native land slipping away behind him with never a sign of farewell, and only know when it is gone down over the horizon by the first rolling of the ship. However, my first setting to sea below the water-line was far too eventful to be dismal. I have discovered, in fact, that the engine-room is always the most surprisingly eventful quarter of the ship, though what transpires there is, fortunately for the "timorous beasties," not always related in detail in the saloon.

A Chief Engineer.

While the trunks and passengers were still coming aboard, and everything was apparent confusion from one end of the ship to the other, the great propeller engines had already begun to move, swinging their tons of weight with ease and precision through their cycles, now slowly forward, now as solemnly back, limbering up their joints for the long run on which they were to start. The greasers, with their dripping cans of oil, were passing swiftly and cat-like along the narrow galleries, running their fingers deftly over every part and joint of the engines as a groom might go over each muscle of a horse before his race. The assistant engineers were standing expectantly at the starting-levers watching the two white dials whose revolving pointers should give the signals, or hurrying to and fro opening and closing valves in the inextricable system of pipes. The chief, covered to his ears in overalls, strode nervously about, and was everywhere at once with his pipe clinched hard in his teeth and a comet-tail of blue smoke behind him. Through the little door forward, in the stoke-hold, the dingy crew leaning on their shovels and the red fire-glints shining out into the sooty darkness from behind closed dampers, hinted at the blazing fury and the activity which would begin there any moment now.

At last the "telegraph" bell jangled, the dial hands pointed to "slow astern" first for one engine, then both; the engineers threw the levers, the little reversing engines hummed viciously a few seconds to throw the ponderous valve-gear into position, the steam entered with a suppressed cough and the rhythmic rise and fall of the great cranks began. Then followed orders by the dozen—a perfect confusion of bell clangings. Now we were backing into the stream; now we were stopped to let somebody by; now trying to turn, one engine laboring against the other. Occasionally the dull roar of the whistle, sounding miles above us, told of passing vessels. A few minutes more, now, and we would

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Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

Proceeded to a ventilator . . . and took some long breaths.—Page 396.

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be fairly started. But just about then, at the height of what seemed dire confusion to me, I became aware of a strong and choking odor of ammonia. It came from the refrigerator engines immediately aft of us. It grew worse—much worse; and we coughed and swore. Then we looked apprehensively at each other, as if we began to realize the fix we were in. One cannot continue long to breathe concentrated ammonia gas as supplied in unlimited quantities from a "beef engine"; neither can he open his eyes to look through it at a clanging telegraph dial, no matter how impatiently the same may be rung by the officer on the bridge, who, in this case, of course knew nothing of our predicament.

Somebody evidently must do something quick or the insignificant little gland or pipe, which had taken this choice moment to burst, would disable the whole ship. I saw the chief step under the ventilator (where we were all crowded by now) for a long breath, then dash for the ammonia pumps to stop them; then I saw him stagger back again, foiled, blinded, and half choked. I began to think my first voyage would end prematurely, for none of us knew what might happen if those signals were left unheeded; yet they kept coming, and the engineers with streaming eyes kept groping for their levers to answer them; but they couldn't do it many minutes more. Yet, notwithstanding the apparent tightness of our fix, the final solution of the difficulty was amusingly simple. One of the greasers, whom I had seen sent off ten minutes before, returned with what looked like a diver's helmet, a pair of bellows, and a coil of garden-hose. These three things he coupled together, put on the helmet, gave the bellows to another to hold under the ventilator and keep going, and, so accoutred, he walked with impunity to the source of the disturbance, repaired the trifling defect, which no amount of care or watching could ever have foretold or prevented, and in five minutes more we sailed serenely out to sea, and nobody was the worse or the wiser for our little engine-room event.

Once at sea, everything fell automatically into a perfect routine which absorbed us all. A little army of us rose and worked and slept again, as though our existence was timed to the revolutions of the engine. Every man had his place and his function, as if he were a certain cog in a certain wheel of a clock. We were all, like Gaul, divided into three parts, or "watches." The first worked from midnight till four A.M., the second from four till eight, the third from eight till noon. Then came the first again from noon till four P.M., and so on till the twenty-four hours was complete—which gave each man eight hours of work and sixteen of leisure each day. At the end of each four-hour period a gong was sounded, and immediately the next crew, who had been waiting along the gloomy 'tween-decks gangways, knocked out their pipes, appeared on the gratings above us, grasped the slippery railings of the stairs and, with their feet stuck straight out before them, slid down to the very bottom of the ship like so many firemen down a pole. The engineer in charge of the watch went forward into the stoke-hold, looked at the steam-gauge, noted the height of water in the boilers, peered unflinchingly into the blinding furnaces, counted his stokers, and finally nodded to the engineer who had preceded him to signify that all was well. The engineer second in charge took his stand in the engine-room, looked at his gauges, noted the figure on the revolution counter, the temperatures of the engine-room, of the thrust bearing (which receives the thrust of the propellers to drive the ship ahead) and even of the sea-water itself through which the ship was moving. He noted the depth of water in the various compartments, listened for any unusual squeaks or knockings, asked for any special orders from the chief, and finally took charge. Each greaser, as soon as he had shed his coat and rolled up his sleeves, went rapidly about touching every one of the several bearings for which he was responsible to see that they were cool and in good order, looked into the oil-boxes to be sure they were properly filled; then, by a nod of his head, assumed responsibility for the next four hours. No man, not even a stoker, left his post till his rightful successor had assumed his duties as formally as if they were civil service officers with comfortable salaries and a four-years term. About eighteen of us on the Commonwealth changed places with eighteen more each period, and on some of the fast liners out

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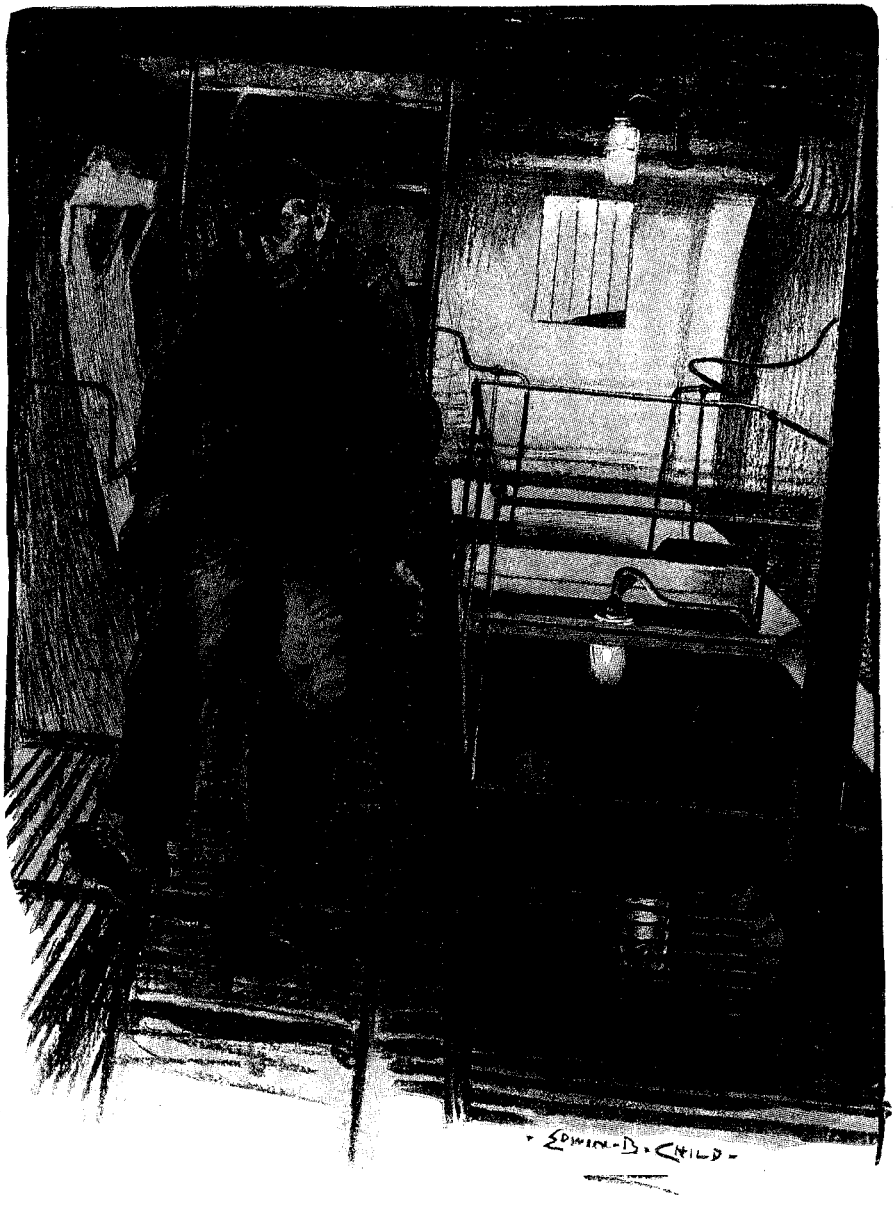

Grasp the slippery railings of the stairs and . . . slide down to the very bottom of the ship.—Page 388.

of New York the number is nearer thirty. Yet the steam never rises nor falls three pounds, and the revolutions of the screws vary not a turn during the process.

The work of eternally pushing the old ship on past the meridians, the race against time and the sun and the interest on the money, begins in the gloomy stoke-hold. You have heard that the stoke-hold is hot, and when you have clambered into it over disorderly piles of still smoking ashes, steadying yourself by taking incautious hold of burning hand-rails, and stand for the first time face to face with the furnaces, you feel assured of the fact. But besides being hot, it is the most active, in-

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teresting part of the ship. It is her whole life. You must spend years studying it before you can stand there in command of your watch with your hand on the feed check-valves, your eyes on everything in general, and keep the steam up where it belongs in spite of the ravenous engines sucking it away from you ; years before you can tell, in one swift glance, whether a fireman is burning the greatest possible amount of coal per hour in his fires with the least amount of waste. The problem is this : under a certain large quantity of water, which is continually changing, build thirty fires ; and by means of them, notwithstanding they must all be continually replenished with fresh coal and freed from ashes, keep it at a perfectly even temperature (within a very few degrees) day and night for an indefinite period. The game is the more interesting because a ship can never afford to spare more than just barely enough space for her propelling machinery ; consequently everything—engines, boilers, furnaces—must be worked to the very limit of their capacity. The game goes as regularly by turns and in cycles as progressive whist. Starting with a few fires first in order, the doors are opened to admit a few shovelfuls of coal thrown quickly into the front of the furnaces, then closed again as soon as possible lest too much cold air should enter. As soon as they are closed the fires next in order are served the same way, and then a third group. Next the "green" coal in the first fires is raked back through the furnaces to complete its combustion. After another short interval it is necessary to "slice" them—that is, probe them with long pointed bars to lift the clinkers from the grates and make air-passages. Finally it is time to stoke again. So it goes in perfect cycles—stoke, rake, and slice. Oh, but you should see them do it, moving in the sharp contrasts of glaring firelight and impenetrable gloom, hideously black, shining wet, naked to the waist, stooping over their shovels and tugging at their slices in the attitude of marble disc-throwers, and thrusting their faces and arms forward after the long rakes almost into fires that you could not get within six feet of, as the sculptured Greek tyrant-slayers rush forward with their daggers. They're a magnificent set of men physically, these stokers—always in good condition, or they would die ; and a fine harsh, strong picture it makes with the hiss of steam and the roar of flames to set it off, and the strong draught from the ventilators to whip up the dozen little fires volunteering among the loose coals upon the floor, and half conceal it in a pinwheel whir of red sparks.

Our four hours in the stoke-hold are never long ones ; they are too full. Nor do the stokers themselves seem to find them a great hardship. They're as jolly, happy-go-lucky a set of fellows as I ever worked with. Whenever they have a moment's leisure, it is always a good-natured sparring match, or a stealthy extraction of tobacco from someone else's hiding-place. They delight to stuff hot coals in one another's hip pockets and write obscure couplets across one another's bare shoulders with their finger-ends in the grime that settles there. Of course, the men who have been drunk in port feel the heat cruelly when it works into their inflamed blood and sometimes they run away from their fires stark mad and jump into the sea ; but aside from that, once their brawny hides become toughened, they seem to regard fire with absolute indifference. I believe, for a small wager or a pint of Bass, any one of them would cheerfully climb down into the crater of Vesuvius in its quieter phases and picnic there in perfect comfort.

So much for the process of turning the heat in the coal into mechanical energy. Next we come to where "the engines stamp and ring" as the "shouting seas drive by."

All good old chiefs love their engines and come to believe in them as McAndrew did. To all of us assistants and 'prentices they were not the mere machines that they appear to the outsider, but quite human. Every noise they made, every motion, every trick they had we knew and had the reason for it. Kipling speaks of the marine engine as the most sensitive thing man ever invented. There's a sort of cold, lifeless, though admirable, precision in a telescope, and a fine regard for details in a phonograph, but the marine engine is alive; it strains and labors desperately, it groans with rheumatism in its joints, screams with the pain of tight bearings, staggers and plunges against the

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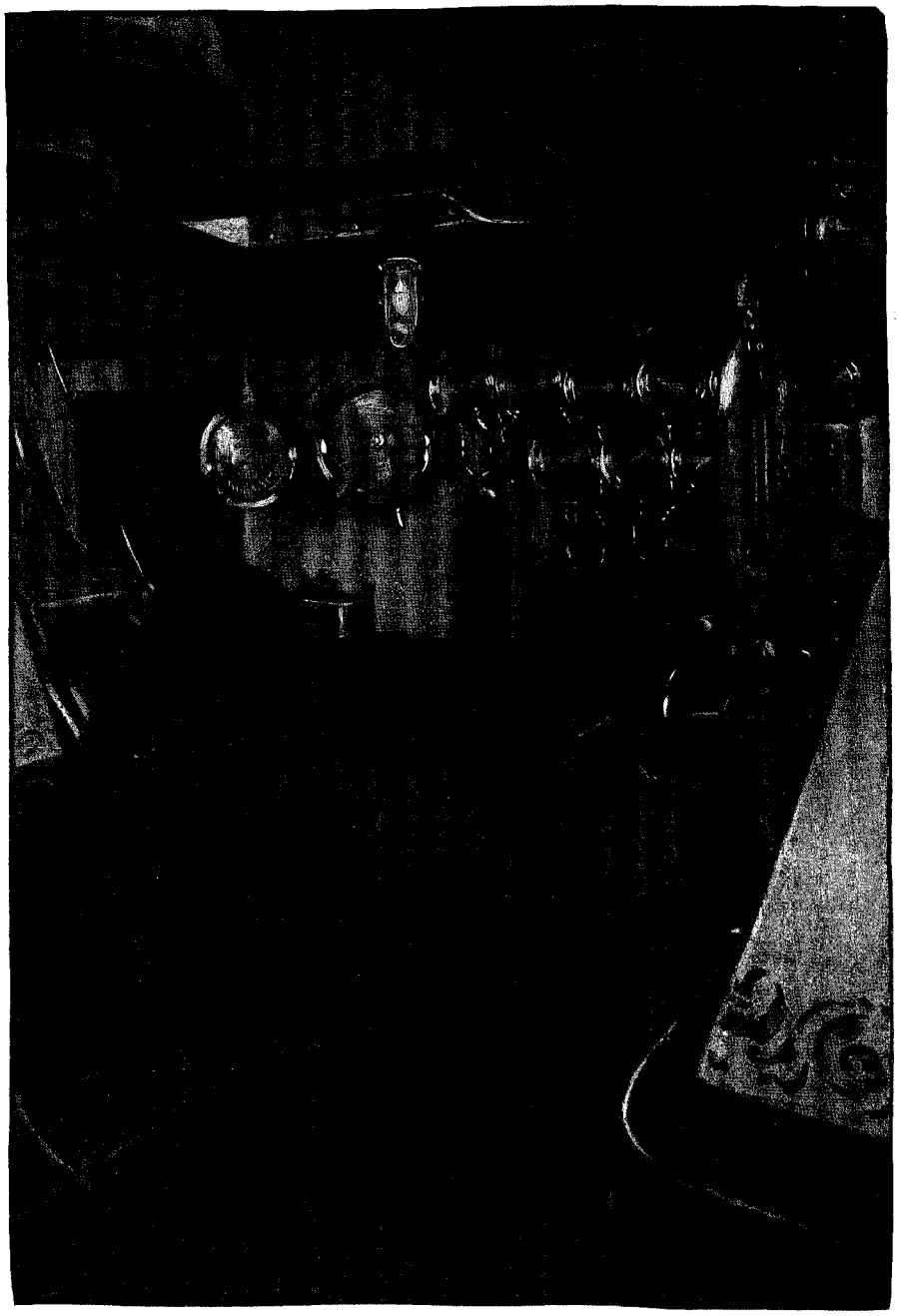

Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

The assistant engineers were standing expectantly . . . watching the two white dials.—Page 386.

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oncoming seas, gets out of breath and runs away with itself, trembling like a frightened horse. I can remember even at first, when I was an inconsequent greaser, very seasick and dejected, with no stomach for my ill-smelling oil-cans, of yet being aware of a sort of tremendous romance in the 8,000 "horse-powers" that were being then and there delivered to our "brace of bucking screws," and thinking how the people would flock to Madison Square Garden or to the parade-grounds to see 8,000 artillery horses come dashing by at full gallop, with their guns after them in a cloud of dust, yet how the same folks might look in the engine-room door at the cylinders wherein the same energy was being put forth without any dust or shouting, and see nothing admirable about them.

In the stoke-hold the great game was to burn the coal fast enough and keep up the steam; in the engine-room the equally absorbing pastime was to use it to the best advantage and turn it into the greatest number of revolutions per minute. The clock was our continual adversary. At the beginning of the watch the number of revolutions is taken down in a very important and official-looking book. For four hours you watch the gauges, "hook up" or "open out" the expansion, worry the vacuum pump, and in every way coax her along. At the end, you take down the number of revolutions again so that anyone can tell by simple subtraction just how well you have done as compared with the engineers that come before and after you. Added to this matter of rivalry is the interest in constant attention. No wayward daughter of Eve, no hopeless dyspeptic, no raving maniac ever required the watching that must be given to a marine engine.

There is a third stage in this translation of coal into miles per hour, rather negative and bare of human interest, but quite necessary to complete the cycle. When we have got all the available heat and energy out of the steam which the stokers put in for us, and it has expanded in pushing the pistons back and forth till it is no better than a sort of overheated fog, it is discharged into an air-tight compartment full of hundreds of little tubes containing cold water, which immediately chill it into rain. As for the cold water in the little tubes, that is drawn from the sea through the bottom of the vessel, forced through them by a pump, and discharged into the sea again—as you may observe for yourself by looking over the side any time while the ship is going. The rain which collects at the bottom of the air-tight compartment—"condenser," we call it—is next pumped into a little reservoir called the hot well (for it is still very tropical rain water), and from there the boiler feed pump takes hold of it and forces it back once more into the boilers; so that, save for a hundred little wastes on the way which must be made up, we use the same water over and over again. Now, after all our hard firing and watching and coaxing and economizing, how much of the original energy in the coal have we made to serve us? Surely not more than one-tenth. The remaining nine-tenths has furnished, from the time of James Watt, and still furnishes, food for thought on the part of the inventor. A part of them has disappeared up the funnel as heat, a part radiated through the boilers and out through the cylinders into the surrounding air, much to our own discomfort; a sorry lot has gone overboard in the circulating water which you saw running out the side of the ship. Still another part was expended in only overcoming friction.

This cycle appears to be a very wasteful one indeed, and, added to that, it is most delicate and complicated as well. All the interdependent happenings between the pudding we eat on a certain Thursday in November and the headache we have on the following Friday can be matched in the vital organs of a ship. Once there was a craft, for instance—a very high-strung modern craft with a pulse like a scared cat's and a twentieth-century, quick-lunch digestion—who ran aground just a minute in the Suez Canal. But in that minute the circulating water (coming in, as we said, through a hole in the bottom) sucked up a lot of sand with it. As soon as the little condenser tubes became choked with the sand, the steam from the engine ceased to condense into rain. Ominous noises followed immediately from the low-pressure cylinder. Before the cause of them could be learned, the hot well—not receiving its customary portion of hot rain—went dry.

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A Greaser filling an Oil-box.

Then the feed-pump, lacking supplies, got excited and stampeded at the rate of 200 strokes a minute. While all these things were occupying the engine-room force, the water in the boilers—not being replenished—fell below the safety level. Upon that, the soft metal plugs, provided for just such emergencies, melted out of the furnaces and the torrent of hot water and steam which followed them blew the fires out onto the floor. So "Mister Captain stopped the ship and the people got out and walked"—or at any rate had an hour or two to do so if they chose

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while she recovered from her violent attack of indigestion, all occasioned by a little sand.

Apart from the main work and responsibility of keeping the ship moving, are a few side issues like keeping her right side up and well lighted, and comfortably warm, and thoroughly sanitated. That's for us engineers to do also, and the proper manipulation of the countless valves and numerous auxiliary machines throughout the vessel necessary to accomplish these things is not to be learned in a day. A ship, from the engineer's standpoint, is a bundle of weights and counterweights, interrelated forces, centres of gravity, problems in equilibrium. The balance of weights that is disturbed as coal is used out of her bunkers, water out of her tanks, ice and provisions from her store-rooms must be re-established by the introduction of salt water into her compartments; and the mistakes and combinations of mistakes possible in the management of these valves and pumps are without end. You can roll the ship over, or—if she be an old vessel—break her in two, or blow her piping all to pieces, or flood her dining saloon. How would you enjoy being routed out of your bunk by a man with brass buttons all down his front and the look of a madman on his face, to be told you had accidentally salted the fresh-water tanks and left 1,500 dark-skinned and excitable emigrants out in the middle of the Atlantic without a drop to drink?

The constant responsibility and watchfulness are a fine discipline, and there's not only the machinery to take care of, but one's self. It is a long time before you can cure yourself of jerking your hand back (at the risk of losing an elbow) when something hot touches it, or of jumping when a drop of scalding water lands on the back of your neck, or of stepping backward without thinking what you are stepping on, or of forgetting where the ends of your sleeves are or the corners of your jumper. You see, in working about a marine engine, the trouble is that if it once gets hold of any of your belongings —oil-can spouts, fingers, clothes, arms, or legs—you almost never get them back again.

The most interesting side of it, however, is the emergencies. Nobody who has not been to sea can imagine all the things that can happen to a ship's machinery nor properly estimate the cleverness and ingenuity used up in repairs. The youth who leaves his shop full of wonderful and costly machines has another complete education waiting for him at sea in the wonderful things that can be accomplished in time with a plain, ordinary hammer and chisel, a rather worn-out file, and a great deal of ingenuity. I should like to have been aboard that steamer disabled in the Red Sea, where they took a boat davit, straightened it out in a rivet forge, made a new boiler feed-pump piston-rod out of it, and went on again—or, better still, on the ship that lost a propeller and the end of her tail-shaft off the west coast of Africa—to replace which they were obliged to move her cargo, pump her forward compartments full to sink her bow and raise her stern out of water, drag the broken shaft, several tons in weight, out through the long alley (too low and cramped to stand up in), plug up the hole behind it, drag in the spare shaft and couple it up, and lower the new propeller down over the stern—all while she kicked and wallowed in a heavy sea—and finally had to lower the chief engineer over after the propeller, where he sat tied to a flimsy staging making all fast and secure while the vessel jounced him up and down in the sea till he bled at the nose and ears, and the crew kept the sharks at bay with pistols and boat-hooks to prevent them from eating him up before he finished the job. That was a seventy-two hours in which the young and aspiring engineer might learn a host of valuable and interesting things!

But of course there is the other darker side to all this. The "cussedness of inanimate objects" balks us in every direction, the heat is not to be taken lightly either, when all is admitted, and the dirt —that is a hardship too; for although a man can cheerfully be dirty at his work, provided he can return when his task is finished to cleanliness and respectability, it is different when, as at sea, one is always and inevitably dirty—when he finds it following him up out of the engine-room into the mess-room, and onto the table-cloths, and into his bed, and through

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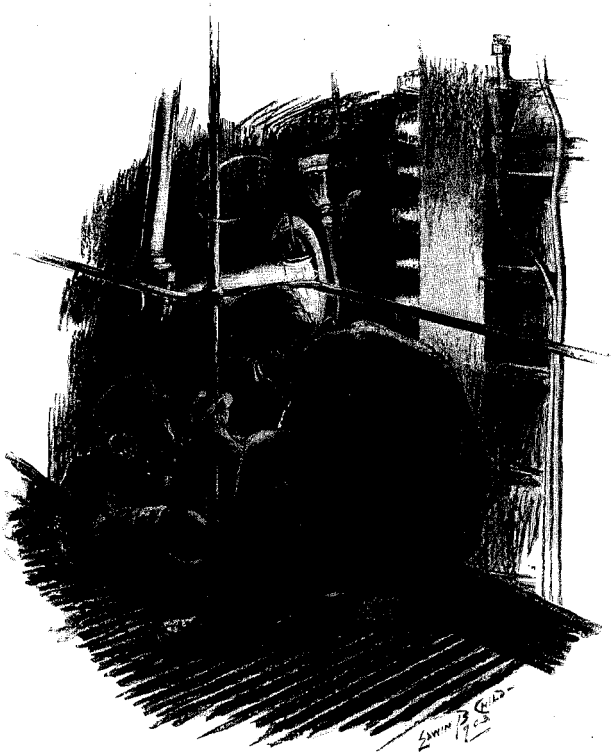
his overalls to his very skin, till he is black as a coal-heaver, and even after him in and out of his bath as a kind of tenacious greasiness which appears defiantly on his towels after he thinks he has left it fairly behind.

As for the heat and the "inanimate cussedness," I have had many encounters with them, but I remember one in particular because it occurred while I was still a bit of a land-lubber and unused to high temperatures. We were steaming down the Mediterranean. The air which came down the ventilators to cool us had previously crossed the Sahara Desert and was not exactly crisp. With that fact evidently in mind, an at other times obscure copper pipe no bigger than your arm, knowing that it was located in the remotest and hottest corner of the engine-room, chose that opportunity to leak at a joint. I received orders to assist the third engineer in repairing it. We lit our smoky little tin lamps, gathered up our tools and groped our way into the remote corner. The atmosphere was seven-eighths steam, issuing from the joints of a little congregation of pumps, with frequent drippings of very hot water from overhead. No thermometer with a spark of human sympathy would have disclosed the temperature. As I breathed, I could feel the heat of the air up and down my windpipe almost as one feels a hot mouthful of potato all the way down as he swallows it. There were one or two cold things to hold on by as we worked, but when the ship lurched we usually grabbed the hot ones by mistake. The pipe, as we began on it, looked like an ordinary pipe, but showed a rare ingenuity as we proceeded. The little bolts also did all that a bolt could do to aggravate us, and finally, becoming too hot to hold, dropped out of our hands into the bilge water where we couldn't find them again.



Making a Repair.

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"Lift on it!" shouted the third engineer. "Why don't you lift on it?" But after we had been there a few minutes I had only about seven pounds of lift in my whole muscular system. I could not see what I was doing very well either on account of the perspiration that ran into my eyes. In a few minutes more I felt thoroughly limp. It seemed as if someone had his knee on my chest and was preventing me from breathing. My head kept drooping forward and getting in the way. "I shall probably faint," thought I to myself as I pulled weakly on the handle of the wrench, "but it doesn't matter, because, although I have so far always 'stayed with the baggage,' there can be no disgrace in being knocked out on a repair job, provided one stays faithfully by it till the thing occurs. Besides, I shall probably slump down gradually without splitting my head on anything, and then they will carry me up on deck, where I shall presently come to." But about that time the third engineer motioned me to follow him and walked away. He proceeded to a ventilator, leaned heavily against the bulkhead, dropped his head back as far as it would go, and took some long breaths. I did the same. He looked like a man who's been through a prize-fight. In a few minutes we came to life again and went back for another spell at the pipe.

Finally, after several spells and revivings at the ventilator, it was done; and I climbed thankfully out on deck to let the fresh wind blow on me and dry me off. Why we are not killed by such sudden exposure to the cool outside air I don't know. Perhaps the contrast is so sudden it acts like a cold shower; at any rate it never seems to kill us, and I stood there enjoying the air and the blue dancing sea, watching the tall barren mountains of southern Spain, purple with long morning shadows and sprinkled with white towns, and Gibraltar, which hung on the horizon like a great pale opal, and thinking that, with such things as these going by, to look at, being a junior engineer was not altogether bad after all. Then someone touched me on the shoulder. "Mr. Brooks," said the chief, "that joint on the fire pump line is gone again. Couldn't have made a very good job of it. Better go down and give the third a hand to fix it." So we went back into the remote corner and began again from the beginning.

Added to the little hardships like this, which were all in the day's run, was a fine disregard from the officers on deck. We had the responsibility of officers too, but without the proper accompaniment of respect. I was on an old ship once whose machinery had previously been very much neglected, so that we had been working twenty hours a day for some time coaxing the dynamos to run and persuading the engine not to bang itself all to pieces. A sorry tired lot we were. One dark night we stopped at the Azores to get a hundred or so barefooted but industrious Portuguese farmers and carry them to America. The weather was too thick to enter the harbor safely, so we lay outside waiting for daylight, which, of course, we in the engine-room knew nothing about, except that we had received orders to stand by, then to slow down and stop, then a long silence during which we and the engine dripped and waited. "Go up and ask the captain if he's anchored, or what's the matter," said the chief to me finally. I went up on the bridge and asked if this was the captain, for I'd never seen him before. "I am," admitted he. "The chief would like to know if you're anchored." "No, not in 200 fathoms of water. I'm hove to out here waiting for daylight, which I should think any fool could see without coming up here to ask questions about it," and he turned on his heel. I descended again to the engine-room and reported that we were hove to waiting for daylight, as the captain said any fool could see. "But," said the chief, "how about us? Does he want the engines any more?" "He walked off without telling me that," I explained. A look of rage came into the chief's face. "Damn that captain," said he, "I'll fix him!" and he disappeared up the stairs two at a time. "Good-evening, sir," he said to the captain, "I understand we are hove to." The captain a second time drew attention to the obviousness of the fact. "Then you will not need the engines till daylight?" The captain presumed not. "Then, *sir*, if you will kindly

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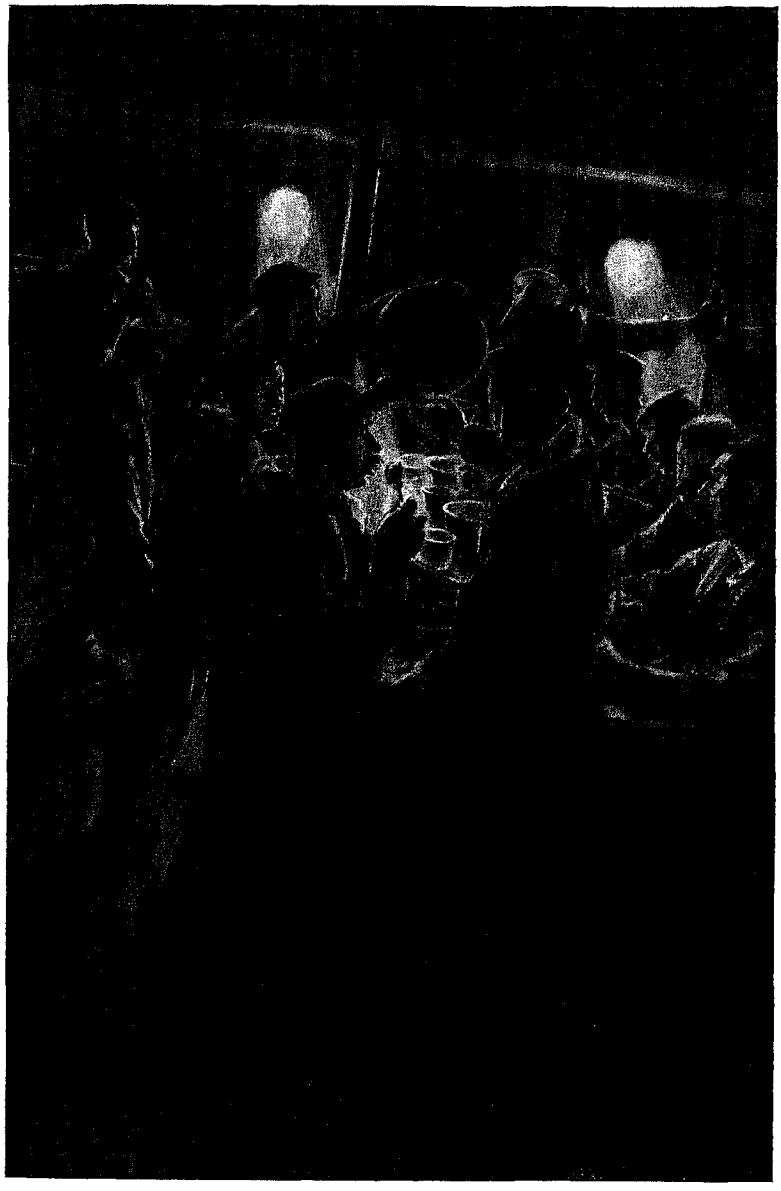

You would at any rate be dining in distinguished company.—Page 398.

let us know as much by ringing the telegraph, there are seven men in the engine-room waiting for orders who should turn in and get a little much-needed sleep." The captain answered never a word, but he rang "all finished" on the telegraph dial as though he'd like to pull the entire inside out of it. And we went to bed.

Finally, in return for all these many little hardships there is no glory. You passenger folk are always so much obliged to the captain for your quick passage instead of us who brought him in ahead of time. You think of him as a great navigator because he allowed you in the chart-room, but of us who did a hundred things for

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you to make you comfortable—gave you warm salt-water baths, and made you ice, kept the drinking-water fresh and your lights burning brightly, and expended all that persuasive profanity in the stoke-hold—you think nothing at all. At the end of a record-breaking passage the captain gets the box of cigars; but while the race is being run, and the rival steamer is close behind with foam at her bow and black smoke pouring out of her, the black man with the shovel is the all-important one. "Hi there!" comes the shout down the fidley hatch, "shake her up; she's gaining on us! No more grog down there for you fellows if I can read her name with the glass to-morrow morning."

Now the romantic reader is all prepared for a large measure of regular sailor fun when the port is reached to make up for the weary time "alone on a wide, wide sea;" but this is not to be. No matter where one goes on shore he finds that, wherever an engine or a machine is absolutely required to run twenty-four hours a day indefinitely, it has a twin brother ready to start up in case it breaks down or requires to be stopped for any one of a hundred little things; but the unfortunate marine engine has no twin brother and, no matter how weary or rheumatic it becomes, has to keep pounding along—sometimes for a whole month or even more with never a stop. Therefore, the very minute we get in port, we begin taking it to pieces to readjust it, make up the lost motion in its joints, smooth off its little irritations. From the day we arrive till almost the day we leave, the engine-room looks like a total wreck. So there is a single night at home, or possibly two if we live near by, an evening with Maggie Duffie in the gallery of some variety theatre or an excursion on Sunday with Nell to Seaforth Sands, and then good-by and away to sea again.

Finally, then, the romantic reader would like to know why stokers can be induced to be stokers, why greasers grease and engineers continue to be engineers. The pay is by no means large. I think a stoker is a stoker for the same reason that a soldier is a soldier or a sailor a sailor—because of a certain inborn irresponsibility, an all-powerful spirit of a vagabond; a desire to follow his own bent and work hard for a spell and idle for a spell as his mood prompts. One cannot do that sort of thing ashore. Says the renowned and much-travelled Thomas Atkins, Esq., on his return from the East,

> For to admire and for to see;
> For to be'old this world so wide—
> It never done no good to me,
> But I can't drop it if I tried!

And if you will roll up Mr. Atkins's sleeve and look at his forearm, you will discover anchors and hearts tattooed on it showing he was once a sailor (or a stoker), and, conversely, you may notice now and again as you stand in a row of coaly fellows splashing water on one another getting "clean" at the end of the watch, dreadful red scars across their ribs—bullet-marks—and long streaks over their shoulders, where some "big black boundin'" Fuzzy Wuzzy tried to cut his archaic initials. I doubt if you would relish a meal with them even though they gave you the cleanest knife and allowed you first cut off the huge chunk of beef which comes up to them in a great battered tin dish-pan, and first dip into the gravy at the bottom of it and first excavations out of the hill of peas and potatoes to one side; but you would at any rate be dining in distinguished company. Someone would be saying, "See Naples and then die? It's the smell of it that kills a man, if you ask me!" and another would allow that Naples wasn't much after all, "But you oughter see Malta." And a third would declare that "There isn't nothin' all round the Mediterranean to compare with the coasts of New Zealand, or with Nagasaki for the matter of that." "Ah, but scenery ain't what you want," another would rejoin; "what you want is to see different kinds of interestin' people. When I was a kid and come beatin' up the Ganges in a lobster-pot of a brig—" etc. And you would learn a lot more about what goes on at Port Saïd after midnight than is to be found in Baedeker; and they'd tell you the excellent story of the pigs they drove into the coal-bunkers at Alexandria and killed and ate a month afterward (for a pig does very well and keeps fat on an unlimited soft-coal diet); and also that other less attractive one of the Greek coal-passer who fell into the

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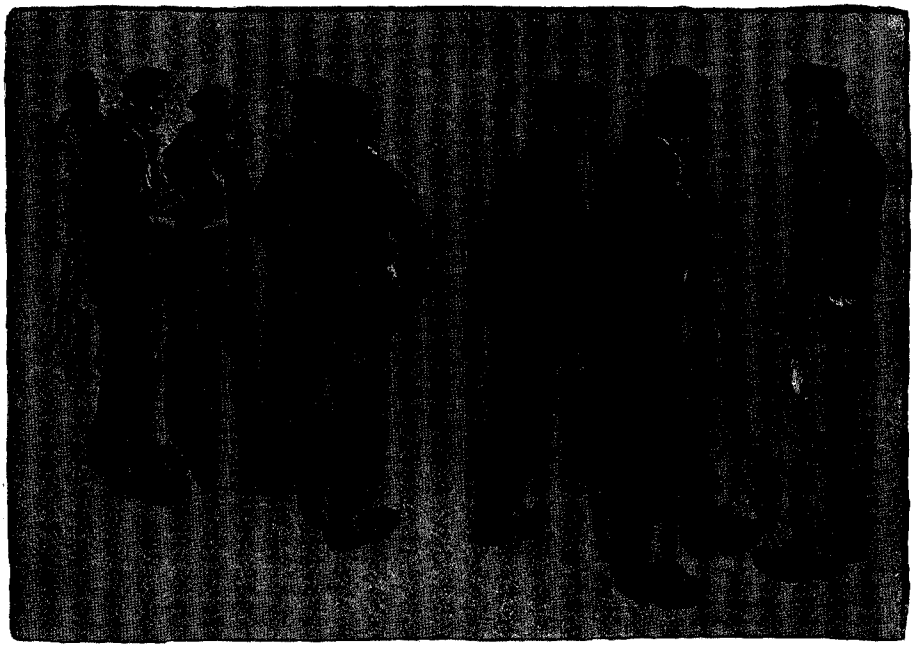

Waiting along the gloomy 'tween-decks gangways.—Page 388.

bunkers and was killed, and appeared after seventeen days among the coal, to the terror of the whole fire-room. And so the conversation would keep bounding like a rainbow-tinted boomerang all round the world and back, and the romance of all the seas and the old steel tank we crossed them in would lay hold of you till, be you ever so dull and stay-at-home a body, you'd have a longing to sign and sail with us.

And beside the mere adventure of it, a lot of fun can be got out of even an existence spent in a rolling steel tank. Sometimes it is a jolly evening among the dusky immigrants and their guitars, sometimes a game of cards, sometimes an old magazine with lots of pictures in it, or a gathering all together on the moonlit deck about an accordion with a lot of half-forgotten dance-hall ballads to go with it; and what fun a fellow can have with the pretty peasant girls bound out from Killarney!

Then, too, a stoker has prospects. He began, mind you, as a miserable dirty little urchin on the Liverpool docks, whose parents never trouble to support him. At first he got a few pence a day for going into ship boilers where full-grown men cannot get, and knocking the scale off their intricate insides with a little hammer. When he grew too big for that he was big enough to become a "trimmer," and push his wheelbarrow along the tilting deck to keep the stokers supplied with coal. Then when his chest fills out and his shoulders square up he can be a stoker himself, and sometimes after that he becomes a greaser. That is as high as he can go. But he might have done much worse to stay ashore and be a poor laborer in the mines and never have seen the world at all.

As to why an engineer remains an engineer, he doesn't—or at least all of us hope he doesn't. He is no adventurer like the stoker, but a young man already a machinist by trade who goes to sea for lack of great opportunity on shore, with the hope that the longest way 'round may be the shortest way home. None of us think of it as an object, but as a means to an end. "See that second mountain—the one with the most snow on it?" said one of my overalled associates one day as he looked wistfully back at the beautiful blue mountains of Wales fading away on the horizon. "Over behind that is a valley where you get the first wild flowers in all

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Great Britain—because it slopes to the south. That's my home." "Indeed! and why did you leave it?" "Well, I didn't want to be thatching haystacks *all* my life. I know a girl that comes from there too. She isn't what you call pretty, but she's true, and she's good enough for me; and next trip I'm going home, if I can get off, and marry her." "Good boy! and then you'll get a shore job?" "Well, I couldn't expect that directly, but I will some day." And it is about the same for all of them. They marry the little girl from some dear green spot called home, and for years after see her once a month possibly, but think of her always, and hope some day for a "shore job." It is a very long wait. One must go to sea a long time before he gets charge of a watch, then a year more before he takes his Board of Trade examinations as second engineer; then he must answer a tough lot of questions to get his certificate. Another year follows before he can become a chief—even on paper—and a long period follows before he is one in reality. "And the worst of it is," said a patient old Scotch engineer who had worked faithfully all his life, but lacked the executive force to put him at the head of things, "the worst of it is, when you begin to show gray hairs they put you aside and say 'We want younger, livelier men than you. We can't get speed enough with old engineers,' whereas it's their ships that are growing old."

Still, though it be a long way 'round, the probabilities are that it will bring them home. The "shore job" usually comes. Two-thirds of the men in charge of the engines that light the cities, and pump our water, and run our trolley-cars are retired marine engineers. Marine engineers built the Oregon that made the famous run to Santiago and covered herself with glory before she even fired a shot. And it is this fond hope, I believe, more than anything else, with its more than possible fulfilment, that sends us backing out into the stream in the dreary rain to the tune of a jangling telegraph, past the white lighthouses with the first of the ebb, out to sea and "—down, hull-down on the Long Trail—the trail that is always new."

THE TREASURY

BY FRANK A. VANDERLIP

Formerly Assistant Secretary of the Treasury

ASTONISHMENT at the extent and diversity of interests embraced in the Treasury Department must have been one of the first sensations of most Secretaries of the Treasury after taking up the duties of the office. Even if the Secretary had been active in public life, and possessed passing familiarity with the great Department, he would scarcely have clearly comprehended its scope, but if he were a man coming from an active business career, without opportunity for intimate acquaintance with the treasury, the first few weeks of his official life, it is likely, were marked by daily discoveries of new and entirely unanticipated functions.

The bureaus which are bound together in the Treasury Department are, by all odds, the most diverse, and at the first casual glance it would seem the most unrelated that are to be found under the jurisdiction of any of the cabinet officers. The public thinks of the Treasury Department as the fiscal division of the Government's executive system. It is a fact, however, that for a good many years probably not less than two-thirds of the time of the Finance Minister has been devoted to problems bearing little or no relation to the strictly fiscal business of the Government. The organization of a Department of Commerce, drawing, as it will, its principal bureaus from the Treasury Department, will bring needed relief to a cabinet

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officer who has quite enough to occupy his attention in the administration of affairs closely related to the Government's financial business.

The responsibility for raising the revenues and for their disbursement, now that the totals have come to aggregate more than one thousand million dollars, would seem to be quite enough to lay upon the shoulders of any man, particularly if he must take up those duties without thorough familiarity with their details, as does each new Secretary. But in addition to that duty, there is the further responsibility for the solution of the problems of an intricate and diverse currency system. The Secretary, too, occupies indirectly, through the Comptroller of the Currency, a supervisory relation to the whole national banking organization of the country. He is the indirect custodian of $800,000,000 of gold and silver coin, stored in the Treasury vaults, against gold and silver certificates in circulation representing that coin, and, through his subordinate, the Treasurer of the United States, he shares the responsibility for the care of more than two hundred million dollars, representing the cash balance which the Government carries. All the Mints and Assay Officers are, through the Director of the Mint, under his control. He directs the operations of a great factory employing 3,000 operatives in the printing of money and Government securities, and he must there meet the same problems of organized labor that other great employers have to meet. He is responsible for the collection of commercial statistics, and is fortunate in finding a bureau for that purpose which has a record for the best statistical work done by any of the great Governments. He is at the head of the greatest auditing offices in the world, where every dollar of income and every item of expenditure is checked over with minute exactness, so that at the end of the year it is safe for him to say that the whole billion dollars, the total on both sides of the ledger, has been collected and disbursed with absolute fidelity and legality and without error.

All these functions are naturally related to the management of the fiscal affairs of the Government, but there are many other bureaus that do not apparently bear such close relation. The Secretary will discover that there are almost as many vessels which would fly his official flag should he come on board as there are ships of war to fire salutes to the Secretary of the Navy. He has large fleets engaged in light-house and coast-survey work, while the revenue cutter service, in which are many swift and modern vessels, does police duty at every port. He is the final authority in all official judgments relating to the more than five hundred thousand immigrants who land on our shores annually, and he is the responsible executive for carrying out the immigration laws and the Chinese Exclusion Act. He is the official head of the Bureau of Public Health and Marine Hospital Service, which guards our ports from contagious diseases, maintains quarantine service and stations, and a great system of hospitals for disabled seamen. The Government's Secret Service Bureau reports directly to him, and he watches day by day the unfolding of detective stories more interesting than the dime novels of his boyhood days, and there accumulate in his files packages of reports, tied with red tape, more thrilling than the choicest example of yellow-covered literature. Not only is the Secret Service Bureau devoted to the detection of counterfeiting, but its services are called into play in connection with any secret service work which the other Departments may wish to have done. The Bureau of Standards, to which all questions of weights and measures may be finally referred, is under his direction. No steamship may sail in American waters, nor leave an American port, the boiler of which does not bear the stamp of official inspection by one of his subordinates. He is the responsible head of a Life Saving Service, with 272 stations and a cordon of men patrolling 10,000 miles of coast; of a Light-house system, marking the course of mariners with a chain of lights from Maine away around to Alaska; of a Coast Survey, which has for its business not only the charting of navigable waters, but the scientific investigation of the earth's curvature; of the Architect's Office, which has already constructed and has the care of 400 public buildings, most of them architecturally bad, and which is at the moment engaged in plan-

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ning and building 149 others, many of which, happily, are showing great architectural improvement.

All these duties are in addition to the fundamental one of collecting the public revenues, a work requiring the maintenance of a corps of 6,300 officials at 168 ports of entry, and of a body of internal revenue employees, whose eyes are literally upon every foot of the country's territory.

By no means the least of the manifold duties of this official are those which are connected with the administration of the Civil Service, for his complete corps numbers 26,000 subordinates. There must be endless appointments, promotions, and changes, and in regard to them all the Secretary of the Treasury is the final authority.

The mere enumeration of such a list of responsibilities carries with it the conviction that the Treasury of the United States must be a wonderfully well organized machine, else it would be impossible for any man to step into the responsibilities of its direction without the change being seriously felt by the entire Treasury organization and the whole country. The Treasury Department *is* a wonderfully well-organized commercial machine. Taking it all in all, I believe there is no organization in the commercial life of this country, look where you will, that is its superior; in many respects one will not find its equal.

We are apt to have none too good an idea of our Government administration, and sometimes, with scant knowledge of facts and conditions, condemn the executive branches of the Government. Naturally the Treasury has come in for its full share of criticism, for it touches every citizen in the tender spot of his pocket-book. For my own part, however, every day of greater familiarity with the organization was a day of growing admiration for it and of increasing pride that the multitude of affairs entrusted to the head of this Department are administered so intelligently, so promptly, and above all with such absolute integrity and entire devotion to the Government's interests.

Not only does the Treasury Department handle, in the ordinary income and expenditures, cash transactions aggregating more than a billion dollars annually, but it is responsible for the custodianship and the renewal of currency, the printing of paper money, the coinage of specie and the handling of public securities, and the figures on both sides of the ledger representing the total of all these transactions reach the incomprehensible aggregate of three and a half billions.

Such great sums are handled year after year with absolute integrity, with books that balance to a penny, with cash drawers that are never short, with a trust not betrayed. Whatever opinion home-coming European travellers may have of Treasury methods, after more or less successful attempts to avoid custom regulations, they must, on the whole, give respect to an organization which accepts a responsibility for annual financial transactions aggregating $3,500,000,000, and has discharged that responsibility year after year, under one political administration after another, through the vicissitudes of cabinet changes, and presents a clean record having on it no important blot of a betrayal of a trust.

A new Secretary of the Treasury approaching the responsibilities and duties of the great position with an appreciation of their importance must, in years past, have been greatly surprised to find how little time apparently he could devote to the consideration of great national questions, and how much he must give to the small routine details of the administration of the civil service. The 26,000 employees under the direction of the Secretary of the Treasury make the Treasury Department only second to the Post-Office in point of numbers. When the civil service blanket was only partly drawn over these places, the time which the head of the Department was forced to give to the discussion of appointments, matters in most part of minor consequence so far as the efficiency of administration was concerned, was something that must have discouraged more than one Secretary. While such appointments may have been of minor consequence in the actual administration of the Department, they were of great importance if regard was to be had for maintaining cordial relations with the legislative branch of the Government.

Washington wishes to see evidence of

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democracy about the Departments. Neither Senator nor Congressman is satisfied to cool his heels in an ante-room for any length of time, nor are political leaders who come to the Capitol on a mission likely to be pleased if the Secretary's engagements are such that an appointment cannot be made without notice or delay. So it came about that a business day in the Secretary's office was, in times past, almost wholly given up, during the periods in which Congress was in session, to the reception of visitors, and most of these visitors came to discuss matters of small consequence to the administration of the Department. The Secretary of this great Department must give heed to innumerable trifles such as would never reach the head of even a comparatively small business organization. Requests come from people of importance, and they must be taken up with the care which the position of such persons demands rather than with any thought of their importance in relation to the administration of departmental affairs.

There is vast improvement in the Treasury Department in this respect compared with former conditions. The Secretary now has power to make but few appointments outside the classified service, and by recent executive order he may not consider outside recommendations in regard to promotions in the classified service.

Early in the administration of Secretary Gage it was recognized by the Secretary that, if he was to give consideration to the unusual number of important public questions which were pressing, he must be relieved of much of the detail of the administration of the civil service; so he delegated to a committee, consisting of an Assistant Secretary, the Chief Clerk and the Appointment Clerk, consideration of all questions of civil-service administration affecting the employees in Washington. This plan continues in force. Political considerations have always been absolutely excluded from the deliberations of this Committee. I can speak for that positively, and I mean to say that such a statement is literally true. The Committee has considered many thousands of promotions and changes in the classified service, and there has been no more discussion of politics than would be found in the consideration of promotions in a great banking or insurance institution. The recommendations of heads of bureaus, the length and character of service, the regularity of attendance, and the results of examinations which are made to cover both academic and practical qualifications, are the factors taken into consideration. So far is political influence eliminated, indeed so far as promotions governed strictly by merit may be considered the goal in an ideal civil-service administration, I believe the conduct of the civil service in the Treasury Department is to-day practically all that could be asked.

There are many difficult problems in the civil-service administration, and one of the hardest of solution is what to do with superannuated clerks. Congress is distinctly opposed to anything like a civil pension; but, on the other hand, Congressmen and Senators will individually take up the cudgels most vigorously in behalf of any clerk who after years of satisfactory service and regular promotions may be reduced because of declining efficiency. The result is that not infrequently young men on small salaries are doing much better work, and certainly far more in quantity, than are older clerks drawing higher pay. It is in that situation at the present time that there is found the most serious obstacle in the way of a strictly merit system.

An attempt was made a few years ago to organize in the Treasury Department what was euphoniously called an "Honor Roll," and to reduce to the nine-hundred-dollar-grade clerks who had passed seventy years of age. Such clerks were to be placed on this "Honor Roll," which was to be, in some respects, a pension roll, although all such clerks were expected to be at their desks regularly. Congress frowned upon the plan, and it has never been put into complete operation. Something of the sort will be absolutely necessary, however, when the full effect of the protection of the present civil-service rules becomes manifest in a constantly increasing ratio of old employees.

Anyone who has had experience in the administration of civil service must have come to appreciate in the highest degree the protection and relief which the civil-service rules give to those charged with the responsibility for appointments and

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promotions; but there are plainly two sides to civil-service reform. The fetich which the civil-service reformer worships, in its practical application, comes very far from providing a system which will build up the best sort of a working staff. That will be more and more plainly evidenced as the result of the present complete classification of the service works out. I shall be surprised if there are not marked modifications which will give to the head of the Department, always after satisfactory academic tests have been applied, far greater freedom of selection and appointment than exists at present.

The practical operation of civil-service rules results in taking clerks into the service at only the lowest grades, usually the grades paying $660 or $720 a year. It is true the rules permit the appointment of persons to the higher positions; but, as a practical matter, certifications for new appointments are almost always asked for to fill only the lower grades, while vacancies in the higher grades are filled by the promotion of those employees who are personally known to the heads of the bureaus. The result is that the whole service is being fed from a class of people willing to accept these small salaries, whose only known qualifications are very moderate academic achievements. The people taking these examinations seem to be largely those who have been unsuccessful in satisfactorily locating themselves in the business world. They have some education to be sure, but in a great many cases they lack those qualities which make for commercial success. They have drifted into dissatisfaction with commercial conditions, and are glad to seek a harbor in a routine Government clerkship. Rarely is there found among the class successfully passing these examinations, the sort of material which will develop good executive ability. Executive ability is something that is difficult to demonstrate through the medium of a competitive academic examination. The Civil Service Commission has found no way to measure the personal equation, and the personal equation counts for much more than does the mere fact of certain moderate academic training.

In the last few years there have been in the Treasury Department two unusual opportunities to make comparison of the qualifications of clerks appointed outside of civil-service regulations with those appointed in the regular way. After the breaking out of the Spanish War work in the auditing bureaus of the Department increased so rapidly that a large number of emergency clerkships was created, and Congress specifically provided that these should be filled without reference to civil-service rules. In spite of this special exemption, not one of the places was filled without the candidate first passing a satisfactory academic examination under the direction of the Treasury Department officials. Those charged with the appointments, however, had perfect freedom to weigh the personal equation, in the language of the day "to size up the man," and, while academic qualifications were insisted upon, personal characteristics were given much weight. I believe there is no one intimately familiar with the Treasury Department who will deny that the clerks so appointed are, as a body, distinctly superior to those drawn through the regular channels of the civil-service commission.

The other incident was the execution of the vast detail connected with the popular issue of $200,000,000 of Spanish War Loan bonds. The bonds were subscribed for by 325,000 investors. The volume of the work compelled the Department to employ a special corps or 600 clerks, all of whom were engaged without reference to civil-service regulations. There is no question as to the general superiority of the clerks so appointed when compared with the average regular clerks working beside them. They may have lacked some of the experience of the older employees, but their youth and adaptability made them far quicker to grasp the conditions of a new problem, more dexterous in the execution of the work, and distinctly more satisfactory from almost every point of view.

Something less than ideally efficient administration may well be granted, however, in order that the head of the Department may have some relief from Congressional pressure in regard to minor appointments. That has been accomplished and the country is unquestionably the gainer to a great degree, because the Secretary had been given time for the consideration of

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those questions which are of vastly more importance than are the routine details of the administration of the personnel.

In this connection a word in regard to political pressure may be of interest. A great deal is heard about the demands of the politicians for places—a great deal more is heard of such demands in the addresses of civil-service reformers than is heard in the office of the Secretary. It may be a surprising statement, but it is an actual fact, that, in the requests for appointments, the claim for political recognition is a comparatively rare one. It is not politics, but sympathy and charity, that moves the average Congressman to visit the Departments and plead for places. In nine cases out of ten, their requests may be debited to pure kind-heartedness rather than to political machinations.

Most of the men who have been cartooned into the public mind as typical party spoilsmen are, as a matter of fact, modest in their requests and alive to the need for good administration of the service. As a rule, the most imperious requests come from newly elected Congressmen representing unheard-of districts, who have not yet adjusted themselves to the situation and who believe that the rights and perquisites of a Member of Congress have little limit. The best known of the great political leaders are not likely to make requests that ought not to be granted, and are generally quick to appreciate good reasons, if they exist, why they cannot have what they ask for. It is an interesting fact that some of the most inconsiderate demands for promotions in classified places come from members of both the Senate and House who publicly pose as leaders of the civil-service reform movement, while the most prominent of the political leaders can almost always be counted upon to be reasonable in their demands and to accept cheerfully a situation which prevents their wishes being met.

A notable difference between the position of the Secretary of the Treasury and that of the head of a great business organization is the time which the Secretary must devote to the discussion of public questions with newspaper representatives. No small part of his success will depend upon his adaptability to that new condition, for the view which most of the people of the country will form of his administration will naturally be much colored by the attitude of the newspaper correspondents through whom the public is informed regarding official matters.

Newspaper conditions in Washington are unlike those in other cities. There are innumerable representatives of papers, covering the whole range of the country, each one of whom serves a constituency of great importance. As a body, the newspaper correspondents of Washington are incomparably superior to the average newspaper representatives in other cities. Many of them have been intelligent observers of public affairs for a generation, and have been the confidents and advisers of many Cabinet officers. There is hardly an important newspaper man in Washington who is not at times the trusted custodian of state secrets, and the relation of these men to public affairs is entirely different from the relation of the average reporter in other cities to the business questions of local interest. It is important that the Secretary of the Treasury recognize this, for the Treasury Department is one of the chief sources of news at the Capital, and that he should learn to meet fairly and frankly the newspaper correspondents. This requires much time, much tact, and a discrimination in determining those who can be fully trusted and kept confidentially informed of the progress of affairs, and those who must be talked to with guarded politeness.

The sacrifice of time is by no means without its recompense. Many a Cabinet officer has received quite as good counsel from conservative and experienced newspaper correspondents as he could get from members of Senate or House. This confidential relation with newspaper representatives is unique, and unless a Secretary of the Treasury has been trained in the official atmosphere of Washington, it is likely to take him some time to recognize it and adjust himself to the condition.

In a most important particular the Treasury Department differs from the Finance Ministries of other countries. Elsewhere the Finance Minister occupies an authoritative relation to legislation affecting income and expenditure. With us, the Gov-

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ernment has always gone on with the most happy-go-lucky lack of co-ordination between legislation affecting income and legislation affecting expenditure. The Finance Ministers of other countries draw up a budget, which forms the basis of Parliamentary legislation in financial matters. They make careful estimate of probable Government income and of the demands for the executive administration, and Parliament, as an almost *pro forma* matter, passes legislation affecting taxation which will conform to the proposals in the budget and limits appropriations within lines which the budget may prescribe.

With us, however, the Secretary of the Treasury is little more than an agent who, without comment, transmits to Congress from the heads of the various Departments their estimates regarding appropriations. Congress, in turn, does not pay close heed to these estimates, frequently declining to make appropriations asked for and not infrequently making appropriations which the executive head of the Department has declared are not needed.

With us there is little flexibility on the income side of the great public ledger. The Secretary of the Treasury may make general recommendations regarding the necessities for greater income or the opportunity for decreasing taxation, but Congress does not look to the head of the Treasury Department with much solicitude for advice regarding tax legislation or suggestions concerning conservative limits of appropriations. The sources of our Government income are so intimately bound up with the economic theory of protection that we are likely to formulate our tax laws with little or no regard to the amount of income they will produce, and to make appropriations on as liberal a scale as the income will permit, and the Finance Minister has little if any responsibility either for a cash balance or a Treasury deficit.

Congress is not disposed, either, to give very much heed to Departmental recommendations regarding expenditures.

For many years, for example, every Secretary of the Treasury, in each of his annual messages to Congress, recommended that no appropriation be made for maintaining certain customs districts which have become commercially obsolete and which are maintained apparently for no other purpose than to give the Senator or Congressman most concerned an opportunity to recommend a Presidential appointment. There are 12 customs districts, which are officered at an expense of $15,578.14, where the total income from customs in a single year was only $275.26, and the cost of collection, therefore, reaches $56.59, for each dollar collected. In spite of repeated recommendations that we accept the changed conditions which have made these old-time customs districts quite deserted by commerce, Congress insists year after year that they shall be maintained, that officers shall be appointed, and the expenses of salaries and office administration appropriated.

One illustration is that of a port equipped with a Collector at a salary of $1,800 and separated from a large city and an active customs district by only a river bridged and easily crossed. The total collections in a recent year at this port were twenty cents, but the United States Senator who controlled the appointment insisted, when a vacancy occurred, that a new appointment of a collector be made, and Congress refused to act upon the many recommendations for the abolition of this and other useless ports. A saving of $200,000 a year could easily be made without any sacrifice of efficiency in the customs service, but Congress hesitates to give up the privilege of naming the appointees who are to receive in salaries this $200,000 of useless expenditure.

There are other illustrations of what seems to be almost a spirit of perverseness on the part of Congress in failures to accept recommendations for reductions in expenditures which Treasury officials have for years believed could well be made, while on the other hand it is equally difficult sometimes to secure trifling appropriations for greatly needed requisites. There is an assay office in a large city in the middle West, for example, where the Government pays out five dollars in salaries for every hundred dollars of gold which is received, but Congress insists on making unasked appropriations for its maintenance. It sometimes seems as if there were settled antagonism in appropriation committees toward the recom-

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mendations coming from the heads of Departments. Serious recommendations made after thorough study of a subject are not always received in a spirit of confidence by the appropriation committees, and the difficulties of executive administration are, in consequence, greatly increased.

Sometimes this apparent spirit of perverseness goes farther and actively puts obstacles in the way of administration. An illustration of that is found in recent efforts to introduce improved methods into the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. The Government printing of currency is done upon the same form of old-fashioned hand-press that was used when the first greenback and the first national bank-note were turned out. The process is slow and expensive. The growth of the country created a demand upon the Bureau which it was almost impossible to keep pace with, and so it was decided to put in power presses to print the backs of notes. An expenditure of $25,000 was made, with results so economical that a saving of the whole cost of the machines was effected in a few months. Tests were made by mixing hand-printed and machine-printed bills and submitting them, unmarked, to numbers of expert money counters; and invariably the machine-printed bills would be selected as the best examples of plate printing.

Labor organizations were opposed to this introduction of power presses, however, and when Congress convened brought active pressure to bear at the Capital, with the result that riders were tacked upon the appropriation bills prohibiting the expenditure of any appropriation for the maintenance of power presses; and this was done without any communication with the Secretary of the Treasury on the part of either Senate or House committee, without any opportunity for presenting the Treasury's side of the matter, and without any effort to secure information as a basis for intelligent legislation except such as was presented by labor leaders who were not even in the employ of the Government.

The Ways and Means Committee and the Appropriation Committees of Congress take upon themselves the responsibility for adjusting the relation between income and expenditure. A great tariff bill may be framed with little more than nominal reference to the Treasury Department, and legislation formulated which may enormously affect one side or the other of the Treasury accounts without the voice of the Secretary being heard or his advice asked for. Income is provided and expenditures are appropriated, without Congress being advised by the head of the Treasury as to the balance between the two sides of the budget.

A phase of Treasury affairs emphasized in the public mind is the relation of the Treasury to the money market. At certain seasons much is to be heard about the cries of Wall Street for Treasury help, and of the relief measures which the Secretary of the Treasury may bring to bear upon an unsatisfactory banking position. An ideal fiscal situation for the Government, President Harrison once said, would be one in which the income each day just equalled the expenditures. In such a situation there would be no problem regarding the relation of the Treasury to the money market. So long as we must work with our present Sub-treasury system, however, founded as it was in ignorance and suspicion of proper banking functions, we must periodically face a situation in which the operations of the Treasury are of great import in the general financial situation. Laws which have been allowed to stand unchanged since Jackson's hatred of the banks was crystallized into statute, prevent the deposits of the receipts from customs anywhere but in the actual vaults of the Treasury or Sub-treasury. The country is in such a position as a great business firm would be whose receipts at times enormously exceeded its expenditures, if it should decide to lock up its daily income in safety deposit vaults, turning all credits into cash and locking up the actual currency just at a time when there might be a most active demand in the ordinary channels of trade for the currency which would thus be abstracted.

Of course, it is impossible to have such an ideal situation as President Harrison suggested; so long as the laws relating to the Sub-treasury system stand unchanged it is useless to talk about taking the Government out of the banking business. The

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operations of the Treasury inevitably draw it into the situation, and it becomes one of the great problems of the Secretary to keep, as nearly as may be, an unchanging total of currency in the Treasury vaults and neither withdraw from the circulating medium in active use great quantities of currency when income is excessive nor suddenly add to the currency in circulation when the Government has great payments to make in excess of its daily income. The problems of that character were unusually frequent and difficult during Secretary Gage's administration. The successful settlement of the Pacific Railroad indebtedness brought a payment of $58,000,000 to the Treasury in December, 1897, just at a period of most active commercial demand and when the withdrawal of so much currency would have been disastrous to reviving business. A few months later came the sudden expenditures resulting from the $50,000,000 appropriation made by Congress at the beginning of the Spanish War, and soon after that were poured into the Treasury the proceeds of $200,000,000 of Spanish War Bonds. Twice during the administration issues of Government bonds matured, and payment of many millions had to be made on that account. This period was the most remarkable since the Civil War for violent fluctuations in the Treasury's balance, and it is one of the best evidences of genius in the administration of the Department at that time that the stock of money actually in the Treasury vaults, in spite of this period of irregular income and expenditure, was always kept at comparatively the same level, and Treasury operations were not permitted seriously to affect the currency of the country.

It is such problems as that which a Secretary of the Treasury must always find recurring, so long as our present Subtreasury system is maintained and the best evidence of ability on the part of a Secretary is that these sudden influxes of funds or exceptional expenditures are handled so that the public has no reason to recognize the intimate relation which must exist under present conditions between the Treasury and the banking situation.

With a currency system which has largely been the growth of exigency rather than of forethought, there is always a desire for legislation which will bring the country's currency into line with the best economic ideas. Both the country and Congress have come to look to the head of the Treasury Department as a natural source for suggestions regarding needed currency and banking legislation, and one of his most important duties is the preparation of that portion of his annual report to Congress, which contains recommendations of such character. That has been true particularly during those recent years in which fundamental currency discussion has been so prominent in political affairs, and during which there has been formulated legislation which is an important part of the ground-work of our financial system. It requires a wide range of ability to pass easily from the innumerable practical problems of executive administration which the Treasury presents, to the writing of State papers given to theoretical and economic discussion of some of the subtleties of finance and currency. The annual reports of the heads of the Treasury Department for many years, however, show that we have been fortunate in having men of such breadth of ability that they could do this and do it well.

Not only must the Secretary successfully grasp theoretical problems in finance and be capable of building up in his message to Congress sound recommendations for financial legislation, but he has to face a much more trying ordeal when he is invited to appear before either the Senate Finance Committee or the House Committee on Banking and Currency—a thing which is usual whenever important financial legislation is under consideration. It is a comparatively easy matter, with ample time and good counsel, to evolve satisfactory recommendations for legislation, but it is far more difficult to advocate those recommendations in an inquiry by ingenious and hostile members of a Congressional Committee. Anyone who has studied the proceedings of Senate or House Committees when prominent business men have been brought before them to express their views upon financial legislation must have been struck by the lamentable showing which some of the most prominent financiers may make under a fire of questions from keen-witted and experienced mem-

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bers of this Committee. Men who are rulers in practical finance are frequently unable to hold their own in anything like creditable shape in a discussion of fundamental financial measures which it may be proposed to enact into law.

English Cabinet Members must appear in Parliament to answer interpellations, but notice of the question is given the day before and a member of the Cabinet has ample time to confer and to study his answer, and he may even decline for state reasons to make any answer, if he sees fit. Our own Finance Minister is put in a much more difficult position, however, when he appears before a Congressional Committee. He knows only the general line that the inquiry will take. If he is called before the Banking and Currency Committee, he faces seventeen members, of whom a large minority are politically hostile and who are thoroughly trained in the art of asking difficult questions. His answers become a part of the published records, and he is placed in a position where, if he is to make a satisfactory showing, he must reply off-hand to any question that is propounded by any member of the Committee. To go through such an ordeal with satisfaction needs thorough understanding of the subject and readiness of comprehension and retort.

The most important bureau in the Treasury Department is the one charged with the duty of collecting the customs. Not only must this bureau, in order that there shall be no smuggling, keep a watchful eye upon 15,000 miles of coast, a Northern frontier more than three thousand miles long, and a Southern boundary stretching the full breadth of Mexico, but it is charged with the administration of the most intricate tariff schedule, requiring not only fidelity and integrity where vast sums are concerned, but great expert knowledge in regard to commodities and the keenest intelligence in the application of that knowledge. The great work of this bureau is, of course, in the collection of the customs levied on regularly imported merchandise, and that work goes on with little criticism and without much friction. Another phase, the collection of duties on articles brought home by returning travellers, is comparatively insignificant in point of income, but to a large number of citizens it is the one point of contact which they have with the Department, and it not infrequently leaves them ready to condemn and upbraid. One of the difficulties in this part of the administration lies in the palpable fact that it is not easy to obtain a corps of inspectors, when Congress limits their salaries to four dollars a day, who will serve long hours at trying duties, always maintain their equanimity, and be courteous in the face of much provocation to be otherwise, and always retain their integrity and repel efforts to corrupt them made by people occupying positions of high standing and respect in the community. Under President McKinley's administration it was determined to make the enforcement of the law, as it applied to returning travellers, much more rigid than had been the case, and the stricter enforcement which has since been in vogue has led to more criticism of the Treasury, probably, than has any other phase of its affairs.

In the minds of most people a customs law seems to be quite unlike other laws. It is a statute which it is more or less of a credit to evade, and methods of false witness and bribery may be brought to bear without troubling the traveller's conscience. It is this peculiarity of human nature that makes the task extremely difficult. There is much complaint about the Treasury treating returning travellers as if their word was not to be trusted, and submitting their baggage to search after sworn declaration has been made. Brief experience, from the inside, with this part of the Treasury administration will convince one how necessary such an attitude is. As an illustration of that statement, the case might be cited of fifteen prominent citizens of New York City who went abroad two or three years ago, and, on their return, all submitted sworn statements in regard to the contents of their trunks. Twelve declared they had no dutiable articles, and the remaining three paid an aggregate of $538. The next year the same fifteen citizens made their annual European pilgrimage and, on their return, were met by the stricter administration of the same law. In addition to their sworn declaration their baggage was carefully examined, with a result that they paid over $34,000 of duty. Is it small wonder that, after endless experiences, of which the foregoing is but an

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average illustration, a strictness of inspection should be put in force which is galling to men who have both honor and good memories and make out correct schedules of their purchases when they give their sworn declaration to a customs inspector?

In the administration of the customs there have undoubtedly been men who were not true to their oath of office and have accepted bribes. A considerable number of inspectors have at one time or another been summarily dealt with for such offence. In the handling of the vast sums of money which are a part of the Treasury's operations, there have, in very rare cases, been instances of petty pilfering. Taken by and large, however, the Treasury Department is a splendid great commercial machine, administered with an integrity reaching all the way from the head of the Department through the whole army of its thousands of subordinates, an integrity of which the country may well be proud. Everywhere in the administration the interests of the Government are paramount to all else.

The good faith and integrity of administration may meet with assault from political pressure; there may be men who seek by bribery to influence political action; there may be brought to bear all the wiles and ingenious methods which great pecuniary interests can evolve, but the Treasury withstands such assaults and is a clean, upright, honestly administered organization, with the interests of the Government always foremost. No one can become intimately familiar with its operation without respect for its integrity. There are men in the organization whose names never reach the public, but whose careers have been models of efficiency, intelligence, and probity. Some of those names it is an honor to mention, for the men have, with small compensation, given to the Department years of service of a character which has made success comparatively easy to a long line of Secretaries, and always through one administration after another have given devoted service to the Department and its changing head. Such men are A. T. Huntington, the head of the Loans and Currency Division, a man whose sound judgment has been a support to every Secretary for a generation; W. F. MacLennan, who, as the head of the Division of Bookkeeping and Warrants, has rendered services of such distinguished character that Congress has attached extra compensation to this position so long as he may hold it; Major J. F. Meline, who, as Assistant Treasurer of the United States, has most largely carried the responsibility for the safe custody of the vast sums of currency in the Treasury vaults, and whose integrity is as undoubted as that of any vault the Government possesses; C. N. McGroarty, who, under a succession of Registers of the Treasury, has been largely responsible for the conduct of that important office in a way to leave no doubt of the absolute accuracy of its work; Thomas E. Rogers, who, almost since the organization of the national banking system, has been in charge of the Bureau of Bank-note redemption, and through whose hands have passed $2,000,000,000.

The list might be much extended. There are many men in the service whom it is an honor to know, men whose character, fidelity, and intelligence, massed together, make the great Treasury machine what it is—a Department of the Government of which the people of the United States should be unreservedly proud.

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A PROCESSION OF UMBRELLAS

By F. Hopkinson Smith

Illustrations by E. M. Ashe

THIS all happened on the banks of the Seine, above St. Cloud—above Suresne, in fact, or rather its bridge—the new one that has pieced out the old one with the quaint stone arches that we love.

A silver-gray haze, a pure French gray, hung over the river, softening the sky-line of the near-by hills, and making ghosts of a row of gendarme poplars guarding the opposite bank.

On my side of the stream wandered a path close to the water's edge—so close that I could fill my water-cups without leaving my sketching-stool. Over this path, striped with shadows, big trees towered, their gnarled branches interlaced above my head. On my right, rising out of a green sward cleared of all underbrush, towered other trees, their black trunks sharp-cut against the haze. In the distance, side by side with the path, wound the river, still asleep, save where it flashed into waves of silver laughter at the touch of some frolicsome puff of wind. Elsewhere, although the sun was now hours high it dozed away, nestling under the overhanging branches that are making their morning toilet in its depths. But for these long straight flashes of silver light glinting between the tree-trunks, one could not tell where the haze ended and the river began.

As I worked on, my white umbrella tilted at the exact angle so that my palette, hand, and canvas would be hidden from the inquisitive sun, a group of figures emerged from a clump of low trees, and made their way across the green sward—the man in an ivory-black coat, evidently a priest, even at that distance; the woman in a burnt-umber dress with a dot of Chinese white for a head—probably a cap; and the third, a girl of six or eight in a brown madder dress and yellow-ochre hat.

An out-door painter, while at work, tumbles everything that crosses his path or comes within range of his vision into the crucible of his palette. The most majestic of mountains and the softest of summer clouds are to him but flat washes of cobalt, and the loveliest of dimples on the fairest of cheeks but a shadow-tone, and a high light made real by pats of indigo and vermilion.

So in the three figures went among my trees, the priest in the background against a mass of yellow light—black against yellow is always a safe contrast; the burnt umber woman breaking the straight line of a trunk, and the child—red on green—intensifying a slash of zinober that illumined my own grassy sward.

Then my interest in the group ceased. The priest, no doubt, was taking his sister, or his aunt, or his mother, with their own or somebody else's little girl, out for an airing, and they had come at the precise moment when I had begun to long for just such a collection of people; and now they could take themselves off and out of my perspective, particularly the reddish-brown girl who kept on dancing in the sunniest places, running ahead of the priest and the woman, lighting up and accentuating half a dozen other corners of the wood interior before me in as many minutes, and making me regret before the paint was half dry on her own little figure that I had not waited for a better composition.

Then she caught sight of my umbrella.

She came straight toward me with that slowing of pace as she approached the nearer, her curiosity getting the better of her timidity—quite as a fawn or a little calf would have done, attracted by some bit of color or movement which was new to it. The brown-madder dress I now saw was dotted with little spots of red, like sprays of berries; the yellow-ochre hat was wound with a blue ribbon, and tied

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with a bow on one side. I could see, too, that she wore slippers, and that her hair was platted in two pig-tails, and hung down her back, the ends fastened with a ribbon that matched the one on her hat.

She stood quite still, her face perfectly impassive, her little hands clasped together, the brim of her hat shading her eyes, which looked straight at my canvas.

I gave no sign of her presence. It is dangerous to break down the reserve of silence, which is often the only barrier between an out-door painter and the crowds that surround him. Persisted in, it not only compels their respect, even to the lowering of their voices and the tip-toeing in and out of the circle about you, but shortens the time of their visits, a consummation devoutly to be wished. So I worked on in silence, never turning toward this embodiment of one of Boutet de Monvel's drawings, whose absorbed face I could see out of one corner of my eye.

Then a ripple of laughter broke the stillness, and a little finger was thrust out, stopping within a hair's breadth of the dot of Chinese white, still wet, which topped my burnt-umber figure.

"Trés drôle, Monsieur!"

The voice was sweeter than the laugh. One of those flute-like, bird-throated voices that children often have who live in the open all their lives, chasing butterflies or gathering wild flowers.

Then came a halloo from the greensward. The priest was coming toward us, calling out, as he walked:

"Susette! Susette!"

He, too, underwent a change. The long, ivory-black cassock, so plain in the atmospheric perspective, became an ordinary frock coat; the white band of a collar developed into the regulation secular pattern and the silk hat, although of last year's shape, conformed less closely in its lines to one belonging exclusively to the clergy. The face, though, as I could see in my hurried glance, and even at that distance, was the smooth, clean-shaven face of a priest—the face of a man of fifty, I should think, who had spent all his life in the service of others.

Again came the voice, this time quite near.

"Susette! Susette!"

The child, without turning her head, waved her hand in reply, looked earnestly into my face, and with a quick bending of one knee in courtesy, and a "Merci, M'sieu; merci," ran with all her speed toward the priest, who stretched wide his arms, half lifting her from the ground in the embrace. Then a smile broke over his face, so joyous, so full of love and tenderness, so much the unconscious index of the heart that prompted it, that I laid down my palette to watch them.

I have known many priests in my time, and I have never ceased to marvel at the beauty of the tie which binds them to the little ones of their flocks. I have never been in a land where priests and children were not companions. These long frocked guardians sit beside their play-grounds, with noses in their breviaries, or they head processions of boys and girls on the way to chapel, or they follow, two by two, behind a long string of blue-checked aprons and severe felt hats, the uniform of the motherless; or they teach the little vagrants by the hour—often it is the only schooling that these children get.

But I never remember one of them carrying such a waif about in his arms, nor one irradiated by such a flash of heavenly joy when some child, in a mad frolic, saw fit to scrape her muddy shoes down the front of a clean, black cassock.

The beatific smile itself was not altogether new to me. Anyone else can see it who wanders into the Gallery of the Prado. It irradiates the face of an old saint by Ribera—a study for one of his large canvases, and is hung above the line. I used to stand before it for hours, studying the technique. The high lights on the face are cracked in places, and the shadows are blackened by time, but the expression is that of one who looks straight up into heaven. And there is another—a Correggio, in the Hermitage, a St. Simon or St. Timothy, or some other old fellow—whose eyes run tears of joy, and whose upturned face reflects the light of the sun. Yet there was something in the face of the priest before me that neither of the others had—a peculiar human quality, which shone out of his eyes, as he stood bareheaded in the sunshine, the little girl in his arms. If the child had been his daughter—his very own and all he had, and if he had caught her safe from some danger

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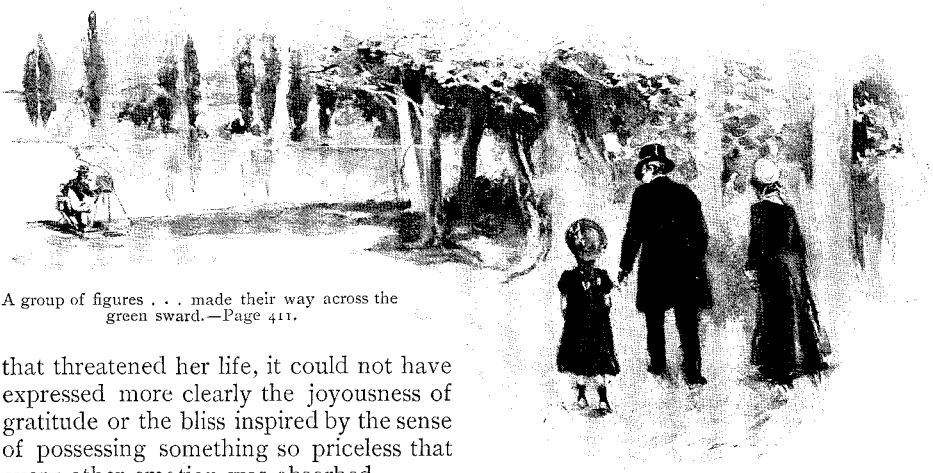

A group of figures . . . made their way across the green sward.—Page 411.

that threatened her life, it could not have expressed more clearly the joyousness of gratitude or the bliss inspired by the sense of possessing something so priceless that every other emotion was absorbed.

It was all over in a moment. He did not continue to beam irradiating beatitudes, as the old Ribera and the older Correggio have done for hundreds of years. He simply touched his hat to me, tucked the child's hand into his own, and led her off to her mother.

I kept at my work. For me the incident, delightful as it was, was closed. All I remembered, as I squeezed the contents of another tube on to my palette, was the smile on the face of the priest.

The weather now began to take part in the general agitation. The lazy haze, roused by the joyous sun, had gathered its skirts together and had slipped over the hills. The sun in its turn had been effaced by a big cloud with scalloped edges which had overspread the distant line of the river, blotting out the flashes of silver laughter, and so frightening the little waves that they scurried off to the banks, some even trying to climb up the stone coping out of the way of the rising wind. A cool gust of air, out on a lark, now swept down the path, and, with lance in rest, toppled over my white umbrella. Big drops of rain fell about me, spitting the dust like spent balls. Growls of thunder were heard overheard. One of those rollicking, two-faced thunder-squalls, with the sun on one side and the blackness of night on the other, was approaching.

The priest had seen it, for he had the child pickaback and was running across the sward. The woman had seen it, too, for she was already collecting her baskets, preparing to follow, and I was not far behind. Before she had reached the edge of the woods I had overtaken her, my traps under my arm, my white umbrella over my head.

He had the child pickaback.

"The Châlet Cycle is the nearest"—she volunteered, grasping the situation, and pointing to a path opening to the right as she spoke.

"Is that where he has taken the child?" I asked hurriedly.

"No, Monsieur—Susette has gone home. It is only a little way."

I plunged on through the wet grass, my eyes on the opening through the trees, the rain pouring from my umbrella. Before I had

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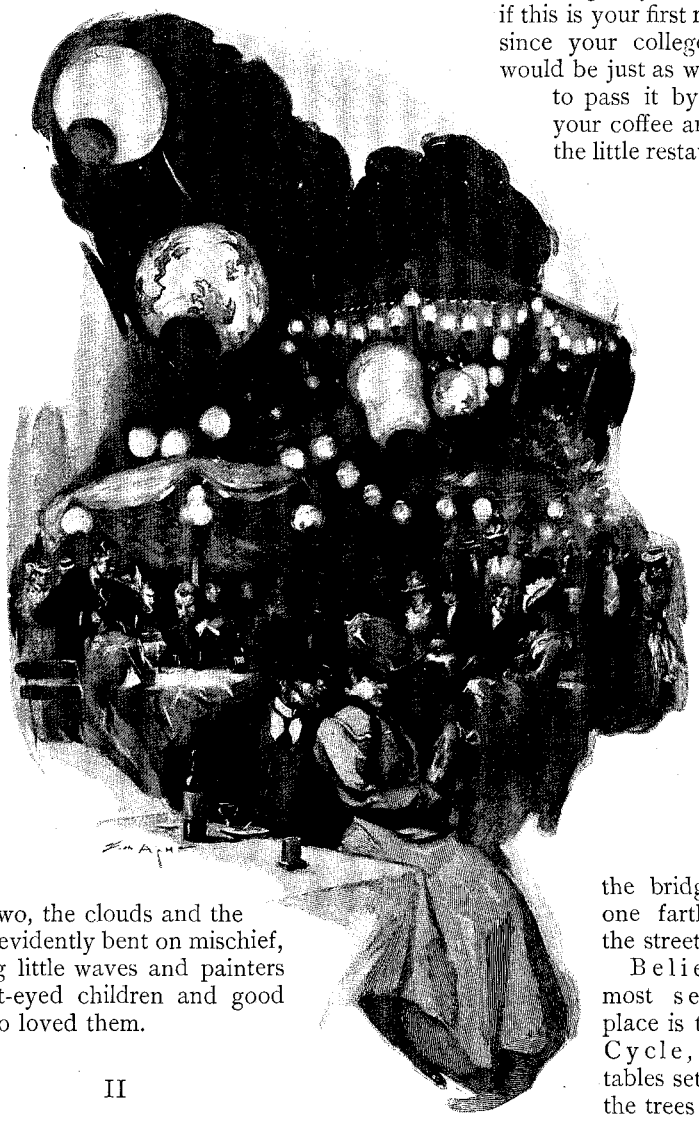
reached the end of the path the rain ceased as suddenly as it began, and the sun broke through, flooding the wet leaves with dazzling light.



These two, the clouds and the sun, were evidently bent on mischief, frightening little waves and painters and bright-eyed children and good priests who loved them.

II

Do you happen to know the Châlet Cycle?

If you are a staid old painter who takes life as he finds it, and who loves to watch the procession from the sidewalk without any desire to carry one of the banners or to blow any one of the horns —one of your three-meals-a-day, no heel-taps, and go-to-bed-at-ten-o'clock kind of a man, then make a note of the Cycle. The melons are excellent; the omelettes are wonders, and the salads something to be remembered. But, if you are two and twenty, with the world in a sling and both ends of the sling in your hand, and if this is your first real outing since your college days, it would be just as well for you to pass it by and take your coffee and rolls at the little restaurant over the bridge, or the one farther down the street.

A place, at night, all hanging lanterns and shaded candles.

Believe me, a most seductive place is this Châlet Cycle, with its tables set out under the trees!

A place, at night, all hanging lanterns and shaded candles on *tête-a-tête* tables, and close-drawn curtains about the kiosks. A place, by day, where you lunch under giant red and white umbrellas, with seats for two, and these half hidden by Japanese screens, so high that even the waiters cannot look over. A place with a great music-stand smothered

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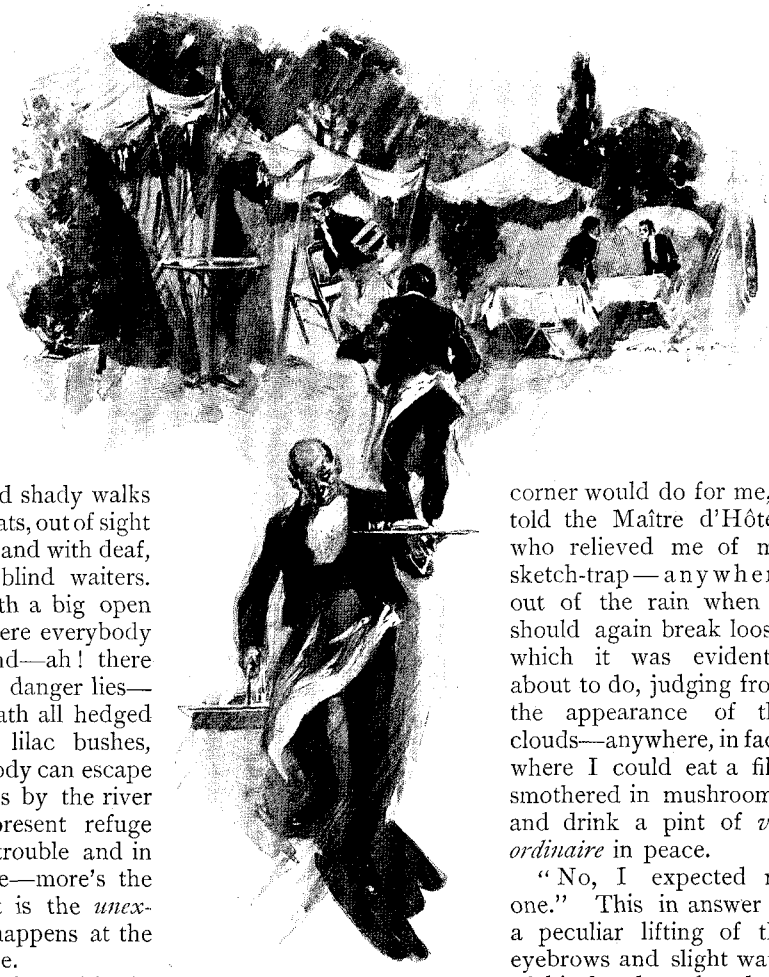

Waiters ran hither and thither.—Page 416.

in palms and shady walks and cosey seats, out of sight of anybody, and with deaf, dumb, and blind waiters. A place with a big open gateway where everybody can enter and—ah! there is where the danger lies—a little by-path all hedged about with lilac bushes, where anybody can escape to the woods by the river—an ever-present refuge in time of trouble and in constant use—more's the pity—for it is the *unexpected* that happens at the Châlet Cycle.

The prettiest girls in Paris, in bewitching bicycle costumes, linger about the music-stand, losing themselves in the arbors and shrubberies. The kiosks are almost all occupied. Charming little Chinese pagodas these—eight-sided, with lattice screens on all sides—screens so tightly woven that no curious idler can see in, and yet so loosely put together that each hidden inmate can see out. Even the trees overhead have a hand in the villany, spreading their leaves thickly, so that the sun itself has a hard time to find out what is going on beneath their branches. All this you become aware of as you enter the big, wide gate.

Of course, being quite alone, with only my battered, old umbrella for company, I did not want a whole kiosk to myself, or even half of a giant umbrella. Any quiet corner would do for me, I told the Maître d'Hôtel, who relieved me of my sketch-trap—anywhere out of the rain when it should again break loose, which it was evidently about to do, judging from the appearance of the clouds—anywhere, in fact, where I could eat a filet smothered in mushrooms, and drink a pint of *vin ordinaire* in peace.

"No, I expected no one." This in answer to a peculiar lifting of the eyebrows and slight wave of his hand as he drew out a chair in an unoccupied kiosk commanding a view of the grounds. Then, in rather a positive tone, I added:

"Send me a waiter to take my order—orders for one, remember." I wanted to put a stop to his insinuations at once. Nothing is so annoying when one's hair is growing gray as being misunderstood—especially by a waiter.

Affairs overhead now took a serious turn. The clouds, evidently disapproving of the hilarious goings-on of the sun—poking its head out just as the cloud was raining its prettiest—had, in retaliation, stopped up all the holes the sun could peer through, and had started in to rain harder than ever. The waiters caught the angry frown on the cloud's face, and took

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it at its spoken word—it had begun to thunder again—and began piling up the chairs to protect their seats, covering up the serving-tables, and getting every perishable article under shelter. The huge mushroom-umbrellas were collapsed and rushed into the kiosks—some of them into the one where I sat, it being the largest; small tables were turned upside down, and tilted against the tree-trunks, and the storm-curtains of all the little kiosks let down and buttoned tight to the frames. Waiters ran hither and thither, with napkins and aprons over their heads, carrying fresh courses for the several tables or escaping with their empty dishes.

In the midst of this mêlée a cab dashed up to the next kiosk to mine, the wheels cutting into the soft gravel; the curtains were quickly drawn wide by a half-drowned waiter, and a young man with jet-black hair and an Oriental type of face slipped in between them.

Another carriage now dashed up, following the grooves of the first wheels—not a cab this time, but a perfectly appointed coupé, with two men in livery on the box, and the front windows banked with white chrysanthemums. I could not see her face from where I sat—she was too quick for that—but I saw the point of a tiny shoe as it rested for an instant on the carriage-step, and a whirl of lace about a silk stocking. I caught also the movement of four hands — two stretched out from the curtains of the kiosk and two from the door of the coupé.

Of course, if I had been a very inquisitive and very censorious old painter, with a tendency to poke my nose into and criticise other people's business, I would at once have put two and two together and asked myself innumerable questions. Why, for instance, the charming couple did not arrive at the same moment, and in the same cab? or why they came all the way out to Suresne in the rain, when there were so many cosey little tables at Laurents's or at the Voisin, on the Rue Cambon, or in the Café Anglais on the Boulevard. Whether, too, either one were married, and if so which one, and if so again, what the other fellow and the other woman would do if he or she found it all out; and whether, after all, it was worth the candle when it did all come out, which it was bound to do some day sooner or later. Or I could have indulged in the customary homilies, and decried the tendency of the times, and said to myself how the world was going to the dogs because of such goings-on; quite forgetting the days when I, too, had the world in a sling, and was whirling it around my head with all the impetuosity and abandon of youth.

But I did none of these things—that is, nothing Paul Pryish or presuming. I merely beckoned to the Maître d'Hôtel, as he stood poised on the edge of the couple's kiosk, the order for their breakfast in his hands, and, when he had reached my halfway station on his way across the garden to the kitchen, stopped him with a question. Not with my lips — that is quite unnecessary with an old-time Maître d'Hôtel—but with my two eyebrows, one thumb and a part of one shoulder.

A young man . . . slipped in between them.

"The nephew of the Sultan, monsieur—" he answered instantly.

"And the lady?"

"Ah, that is Mademoiselle Ernestine

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Béraud of the Variété. She comes quite often. For Monsieur, it is his first time this season."

He evidently took me for an old *habitué*. There are some compensations, after all, in the life of a staid old painter.

With these solid facts in my possession I breathed a little easier. Mademoiselle Ernestine Béraud, from the little I had seen of her, was quite capable of managing her own affairs without my own or anybody else's advice, even if I had been disposed to give it. She no doubt loved the lambent-eyed gentleman to distraction; the kiosk was their only refuge, and the whole affair was being so discreetly managed that neither the lambent-eyed gentleman nor his houri would be obliged to escape by means of the lilac-bordered path in the rear on this or any other morning.

I saw the point of a tiny shoe.—Page 416.

And if they should, what did it matter to me? The little row in the clouds overhead would soon end in further torrents of tears, as all such rows did; the sun would have its way after all and dry every one of them up; the hungry part of me would have its filet and pint of St. Julien, and the painter part of me would go back to the little path by the river and finish its sketch.

Again I tried to signal the Maître d'Hôtel as he dashed past on his way to the kiosk. This time he was under one of the huge umbrellas which an "omnibus" was holding over him, Rajah-fashion. He had a plump melon, half-smothered in ice, in his hands, to protect it from the down-pour, the rain making gargoyles of the points of the ribs of the umbrella. Evidently the breakfast was too important and the expected fee too large to intrust it to an underling. He must serve it himself.

Up to this moment no portion of my order had materialized. No cover for one, nor filet, nor *vin ordinaire*, nor waiter had appeared. The painter was growing impatient. The man inside was becoming hungry.

I waited until he emerged with an empty dish, watched him teeter on the edge of the kiosk for a moment, grasp the giant umbrella and plunge through the gravel, now rivers of water, toward my kiosk, the "omnibus" following as best he could.

"A thousand pardons, Monsieur—" he cried from beneath his shelter as he read my face. "It will not be long now. It is coming—here, you can see for yourself—" and he pointed across the garden, and tramped on, the water spattering his ankles.

I looked and saw a solemn procession of huge umbrellas, the ones used over the *tête-a-tête* tables beneath the trees, slowly wending its way toward where I sat, with all the measured movement and dignity of a file of Eastern potentates out for an airing.

Under each umbrella were two waiters, one carrying the umbrella and the other a portion of my breakfast. The potentate under the first umbrella, who carried the wine, proved to be a waiter-in-chief; the others bearing the filet, plates, dishes, and glasses were ordinary "omnibuses," pressed into service as palanquin-bearers by reason of the storm.

The waiter-in-chief, with the bottle, dodged from under his bungalow, leaving it outside and still open, like a stranded circus-tent, stepped into my kiosk, mopped the rain from his coat-sleeves and hands with a napkin, and, bowing solemnly,

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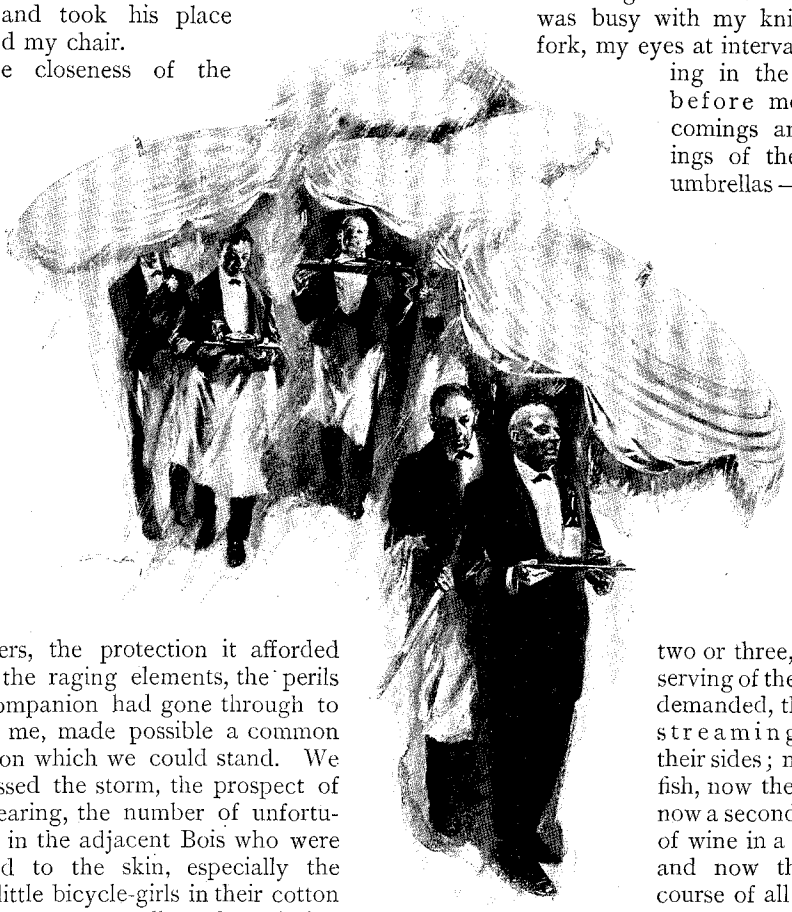
pointed to the label on the bottle. This meeting my approval, he relieved the rear-guard of the dishes, arranged the table, drew the cork of the St. Julien, filled my glass, dismissed the assistants and took his place behind my chair.

The closeness of the quarters, the protection it afforded from the raging elements, the perils my companion had gone through to serve me, made possible a common level on which we could stand. We discussed the storm, the prospect of its clearing, the number of unfortunates in the adjacent Bois who were soaked to the skin, especially the poor little bicycle-girls in their cotton bloomers, now collapsed and bedraggled. We talked of the great six-day cross-country bicycle race, and how the winner, tired out, had wobbled over the Bridge that same morning, with the whole pack behind him, having won by less than five minutes. We talked of the people who came and went, and who they were, and how often they dined, and what they spent, and ate and drank, and of the rich American who had given the waiter a gold Louis for a silver franc, and who was too proud to take it back when his attention was called to the mistake (which my companion could not but admit was quite foolish of him); and, finally, of the dark-skinned Oriental with the lambent eyes, and the adorable Ernestine with the pointed shoes and open-work silk stockings and fluffy skirts, who occupied the kiosk within ten feet of where I sat and he stood.

During the conversation I was busy with my knife and fork, my eyes at intervals taking in the scene before me; the comings and goings of the huge umbrellas — one, two or three, as the serving of the dishes demanded, the rain streaming from their sides; now the fish, now the salad, now a second bottle of wine in a cooler, and now the last course of all on an empty plate, which my companion said was the bill, and which he characterized as the most important part of the procession, except the *pour boire*. Each time the procession came to a full stop outside the kiosk until the sentinel waiter relieved them of their burdens. My sympathies constantly went out to this man. There was no room for him inside, and certainly no wish for his company, and so he must, perforce, balance himself under his umbrella, first on one leg and then on the other, in his effort to escape the spatter which now reached his knees, quite as would a wet chicken seeking shelter under a cart-body.



I looked and saw a solemn procession of huge umbrellas.—Page 417.

I say my companion and I "talked"

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of these several sights and incidents as I ate my luncheon. And yet really up to this time I had not once looked into his face, quite a necessary thing in conducting a conversation of any duration. But then one rarely does in talking to a waiter when he is serving you. My remarks had generally been addressed to the dish in front of me, or to the door opposite, through which I looked, and his rejoinders to the back of my shirt-collar. If he had sat opposite, or had moved into the perspective, I might once in a while have caught a glimpse, over my glass or spoon, of his smileless, mask-like face, a thing impossible, of course, with him constantly behind my chair.

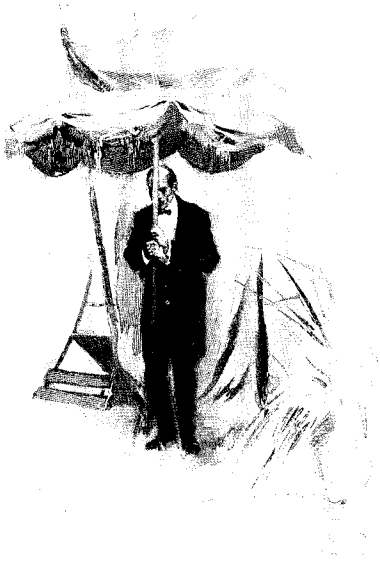
When, however, in the course of his monotone, he mentioned the name of Mademoiselle Ernestine Béraud and that of the distinguished kinsman of His Serene Highness, the Grand Pan-Jam of the Orient, I turned my head in his direction.

"You know the Mademoiselle then?"

My waiter shrugged his shoulders, his face still impenetrable.

"Monsieur, I know everybody in Paris. Why not? Twenty-three years a waiter. Twenty years at the Café de la Paix in Paris, and three years here. Do you wonder?"

There are in my experience but four kinds of waiters the world over. First, the thin, nervous waiter, with a set smile, who is always brushing away imaginary crumbs, adjusting the glasses—an inch this way, an inch that way, and then back again to their first position, talking all the time, whether spoken to or not, and losing interest the moment you pay him his fee. Then the stolid, half-asleep waiter, fat and perpetually moist, who considers his duties over when he has placed your order on the cloth and moved the wine within reach of your hand. Next the apprentice waiter, promoted from cook or scullion-boy, who carries on a conversation in signs behind your back with the waiter opposite him, smothering his laughter at intervals in the same napkin with which he wipes your plate, and who, when he changes a course, slants the dishes up his sleeve, keeping the top one in place with his chin, replacing the plates again with a wavy motion, as if they were so many quoits, each one circling into its place



The sentinel waiter.—Page 418.

—a trick of which he is immensely proud.

And last—and this is by no means a large class, the grave, dignified, self-possessed, well-mannered waiter; smooth-shaven, spotlessly clean, noiseless, smug and attentive. He generally walks with a slight limp, an infirmity due to his sedentary habits and his long acquaintance with his several employers' decanters. He is never under fifty, is round of form, short in the legs, broad of shoulder, and wears his gray hair cut close. He has had a long and varied experience; he has been buttons, valet, second man, first man, lord high butler, and then down the scale again to plain waiter. This has not been his fault but his misfortune—the settling of an estate it may be or the death of a master. He has, with unerring judgment, summed you up in his mind before you have taken your seat, and has gauged your intelligence and breeding with the first dish you ordered. Intimate knowledge of the world and of men and of women—especially the last—has developed in him a distrust of all things human. He alone has seen the pressure of the jewelled hands as they lay on the cloth or under it, the lawful partner opposite. He alone has caught the last whispered word as the opera-cloak fell about her shoulders, and knows just where they dined the next day, and who

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paid for it and why. Being looked upon as part of the appointments of the place, like the chandeliers or the mirrors or the electric bell that answers when spoken to but never talks back, he has, unconsciously to those he serves, become the custodian of their closest secrets. These he keeps to himself. Were he to open his mouth he could not only break up a score or more of highly respectable families, but might possibly upset a ministry.

My waiter belonged to this last group.

I saw it in every deferential gesture of his body, and every modulated tone of his voice. Whether his moral nature had become warped and cracked and twisted out of all shape by constant daily and nightly contact—especially the last—with the sort of life he had led, or whether some of the old-time refinement of his better days still clung to him, was a question I could not decide from the exhibits before me—certainly not from the calm eyes which never wavered, nor the set mouth which never for a moment relaxed, the only important features in the face so far as character-reading is concerned.

I determined to draw him out; not that he interested me in any way, but simply because such studies are instructive. Then, again, his account of his experiences might be still more instructive. When should I have a better opportunity? Here was a man steeped in the life of Paris up to his very eyelids, one thoroughly conversant with the peccadilloes of innumerable *viveurs* — peccadilloes interesting even to staid old painters, simply as object-lessons, especially those committed by the other gay Lothario: the fellow, for instance, who did not know she was dangerous until his letter of credit collapsed; or the peccadilloes of the beautiful moth who believed the candle lighting her path to be an incandescent bulb of joy, until her scorched wings hung about her bare shoulders: That kind of peccadillo.

One, two or three, as the serving of the dishes demanded.—Page 418.

So I pushed back my chair, opened my cigar-case and proceeded to adjust the end of my mental probe. There was really nothing better to do, even if I had no such surgical operation in view. It was still raining, and neither I nor the waiter could leave our Chinese-junk of an island until the down-pour ceased, or we were rescued by a life-boat or an umbrella.

"And this nephew of the Sultan," I began again between puffs, addressing my remark to the match in my companion's hand, which was now burning itself out at the extreme end of my cigar. "Is he a new admirer?"

"Quite new—only ten days or so, I think."

"And the one before—the old one—what does he think?" I asked this question with one of those cold, hollow, heartless laughs, such as croupiers are supposed to indulge in when they toss a five-franc piece back to the poor devil who has just lost his last hundred Napoleons at baccarat—I have never seen this done and had never heard the laugh, but that is the way the story-books put it—particularly the blood-curdling laugh.

"You mean Pierre Channet, the painter, Monsieur?"

I had, of course, never heard of Pierre Channet, the painter, in my life, but I nodded as knowingly as if I had been on the most intimate relations with him for years. Then, again, this was my only way of getting down to his personal level, the only way I could draw him out and get at his real character. By taking his side of the question, he would unbosom himself the more freely, and, perhaps, incidentally, some of the peccadilloes—some of the most wicked.

"He will *not think*, Monsieur. They pulled him out of the river last month."

"Drowned?"

His answer gave me a little start, but I did not betray myself.

"So they said. The water trickled along his nose for two days as he lay on the slab, before they found out who he was."

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"In the morgue?" I inquired in a tone of surprise. I spoke as if this part of the story had not reached me.

At last I had reached his tender spot.—Page 422.

"In the morgue, Monsieur?"

The repeated words came as cold and merciless as the drops of water that fell on poor Channet as he lay under the gas-jets.

"Drowned himself for love of Mademoiselle Béraud, you say?"

"Quite true, Monsieur. He is not the only one. I know four."

"And she began to love another in a week?" My indignation nearly got the better of me this time, but I do not think he noticed it.

"Why not, Monsieur? One must live."

As he spoke he moved an ash-tray deliberately within reach of my hand, and poured the balance of the St. Julien into my glass without a quiver.

I smoked on in silence. Every spark of human feeling had evidently been stifled in him. The Juggernaut of Paris, in rolling over him, had broken every generous impulse, flattening him into a pulp of brutal selfishness. That is why his face was so smooth and cold, his eyes so dull and his voice so monotonous. I understood it all now. I changed the subject. I did not know where it would lead if I kept on. Drowned lovers were not what I was looking for.

"You say you have only been two years in Suresne?" I resumed carelessly, flicking the ashes from my cigar.

"But two years, Monsieur."

"Why did you leave Paris?"

"Ah, when one is over fifty it is quite done. Is it not so, Monsieur?" This made with a little deferential wave of his hand. I noted the tribute to the staid painter, and nodded approvingly. He was evidently climbing up to my level. Perhaps this plank, slender as it was, might take him out of the slough and land him on higher and better ground.

"Yes, you are right. And so you came to Suresne to be quiet."

"Not altogether, Monsieur. I came to be near—Well! we are never too old for

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that—Is it not so?" He said it quite simply, quite as a matter of course, the tones of his voice as monotonous as any he had yet used—just as he had spoken of poor Channet in the morgue with the water trickling over his dead face. The fraud!

"Oh, then, even at fifty you have a sweetheart!" I blurted out with a sudden twist of my probe. I felt now that I might as well follow the iniquity to the end.

"It is true, Monsieur."

"Is she pretty?" As long as I was dissecting I might at least discover the root of the disease. This remark, however, was not addressed to him, but to a crumb of ashes on the cloth, which I was trying to remove with the point of a knife. He might not have answered, or liked it, had I fired the question at him point-blank.

"Very pretty—" still the same monotone.

"And you love her!" It was up to the hilt now.

"She is the only thing I have left to love, Monsieur," he answered, calmly. Then, bending over me, he added:

"Monsieur, I do not think I am mistaken. Were you not painting along the river this morning?"

"Yes."

"And a little child stood beside you while you worked?" Something in his voice as he spoke made me raise my head. To my intense amazement the listless eyes were alight with a tenderness that seemed to permeate his whole being and a smile of infinite sweetness was playing about his mouth—the smile of the old saint—the Ribera of the Prado!

"Yes, of course; the one playing with the priest," I answered quickly. "But——"

"No; that was me, Monsieur. I have often been taken for a priest, especially when I am off duty. It is the smooth face that misled you—" and he passed his hand over his cheeks and chin.

"You the priest!" This came as a distinct surprise. "Ah, yes, I do see some resemblance now. And so your sweetheart is the woman in the white cap." At last I had reached his tender spot.

"No, you are wrong again, Monsieur. The woman in the white cap is my sister. My sweetheart is the little girl—my granddaughter, Susette."

. . . . . .

I raised my own white umbrella over my head, picked up my sketch-trap, and took the path back to the river. The rain had ceased, the sun was shining—brilliant, radiant sunshine; all the leaves studded with diamonds; all the grasses strung with opals, every stone beneath my feet a gem.

I didn't know when I left what became of Mademoiselle Ernestine Béraud, with her last lover under the sod, and the new one shut up in the kiosk, and I didn't care. I saw only a little girl—a little girl in a brown-madder dress, and yellow-ochre hat; with big, blue eyes, a tiny pug-nose, a wee, kissable mouth, and two long pig-tails down her back. Looking down into her bonny face from its place, high up on the walls of the Prado, was an old cracked saint, his human eyes aglow with a light that came straight from heaven.

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THE NATURAL-BORN PREACHER

By Nelson Lloyd

ILLUSTRATION BY HOWARD PYLE

JOSEPH TUMBELL was a natural-born preacher. That was his way of putting it, and he was positive that he was right. Being thus divinely gifted, it was hard that he had never been called to minister to the people, for as a candidate for this high honor he had stood three times before the congregation in the old Mennonite meeting-house on the ridge-side, where the road runs across hills to the river.

"The lot is cast into the lap," the Bishop had said, "but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord."

The young man believed that. But the firmer his conviction, the harder to bear was the sight of another, one of poor parts, of halting speech and a barren brain, taking from the table the book in which lay the white slip that lifted him from the ranks to leadership, that transformed him from a silent listener into an expounder of divine truths. That a gifted man like William Larker, or one so devout as Hermann Appel, should have been called to the ministry before him was just, but when Joseph thought of Adam Snauffer, and recalled his smug countenance—fat, rosy red, and framed in rolls of shiny hair and a beard most fastidiously trimmed—when he remembered the little, restless, bulging eyes that seemed to ferret out in an instant all the good points of a horse and the bad ones of a man, then deep down in his heart he was inclined to suspect that there had been some grave error in "the whole disposing thereof." Perhaps not. There might be in Adam latent powers for good that would be developed now that he sat above the people with their ministers, but it had always seemed that he had laid up too many goods in this world to be giving much thought to the doubtful possessions of that to come.

Snauffer was a fine farmer. He was an excellent horse-trader. Yet to discover in him the elements of a forceful speaker required, indeed, a higher wisdom than Joseph's, or even that of the venerable Bishop and his fellows. The lot had been cast, and it was not to be questioned, but man is weak and rebellious, and when he is a natural-born preacher, too, he must take it a bit hard to be compelled on six days of the week to work from dawn until dark in his fields on a by-road, four miles from the turnpike, and then when Sunday comes sit silent in the congregation.

It was a day in early June. Joseph was working in his corn-field on the ridge-side, and long had been standing, leaning against the cultivator. He was at the end of the row. It was a fashion of his always to be at the end of the row. Even the store had noticed it and commented on it unfavorably, for they said that it showed in the corn. But a man cannot meditate when he is driving a blind sorrel mare and a fractious mule, and trying at the same time to steer a clumsy machine between two rows of delicate corn-stalks. Below him the valley lay, and a bustling place it was. A white line showed here and there against a green slope, marking the turnpike up and down which the great world hurried. There was the village, with the store, a vast and venerable structure, a centre of trade and thought, lifting its roof above the maples, and close beside it the mill that groaned all day like a living thing. Beyond the sweep of rolling fields arose another ridge, fringed at its crest with a stretch of pine woods, and there, standing out sharply against the dark hill-side, was the Mennonite meeting-house, the hundred white grave-stones that clustered about it now glittering in the noon sun. It was here that the young man's eyes were resting, and here, too, were his thoughts fixed, for to-morrow Adam Snauffer was to preach for the first time.

Joseph pictured it all in his mind. But when the minister arose before the great congregation, it was never Adam Snauffer who stood at the table looking down at the people; it was Joseph Tumbell called at last to the work for which he was so peculiarly fitted. How solemn the preach-

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Drawn by Howard Pyle.

"Humbility is the fountain of all wirtue."—Page 426.

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er looked! How deep and strong rang his voice as he exhorted his hearers to heed his warnings, to follow his leading! He heard the groans of the old men. He saw the earnest faces of the sisters. The sisters? The multitude of them faded away, and one alone remained. The brethren were forgotten, and now he was preaching to her. She did not need his exhortation. Who could look into that serene face, framed in the white prayer-covering and a wealth of soft brown hair —who could look into those frank blue eyes and say she needed exhortation? He was preaching for her; that she might see him as more than the humble toiler of the ridges; that she might know him as one peculiarly gifted and called, therefore, to prophesy before the people. She would place his talents in the balance against the fat farm down there in the valley, against the brick house with the two front doors and the portico, against the full barn and smoke-house with which Snauffer was seeking to win her. Snauffer? The very thought of the man dispelled all his dreams and brought him back to realities. If she wasted a glance on Joseph to-morrow it would be to see in him one not only inferior to Adam as regarded worldly possessions, but judged by the lot poorer in spiritual treasures.

Even now the fat figure uppermost in his mind was right before him, not in the pulpit of his fancy, but on the topmost rail of his own fence, complacently chewing a long piece of timothy and grinning.

"I seen you was talkin' to yourself, Joseph, so I 'lowed I wouldn't disturb you," he said.

"You did kind o' give me a start," growled the young man. "I was stedyin' a leetle, an' didn't know they was anyone 'round."

"You have a repytation for stedyin' a heap," returned Adam, pleasantly. "That's my weak pint—stedyin' an' medytatin'. I'm a stavin' worker 'hen they is somethin' to git a holt on, but 'hen it comes to shettin' me eyes an' grabbin' round for idees then I'm short."

"How are you goin' to preach?" inquired Joseph, with a supercilious toss of his head. "To be a preacher you'll have to have somethin' to say. To git somethin' to say, a man must medytate."

"That's it exactly. You couldn't 'a' put it better," returned Snauffer, not in the least disturbed by the other's contemptuous tones. "You see I'm most pestered to death, fer to-morrow I starts in preachin', an' to save my head I don't know what I'm goin' to say. All this week I've ben so busy gittin' out shingles from my woods I ain't had time to think. Last night I went to bed intendin' to lay late this mornin' an' stedy out some pints as I was dozin'. It was nearly five o'clock agin I got up, an' not an idee could I git my hands on to preach about."

Joseph became sympathetic. "Mighty souls!" he said, leaning on a wheel, and adjusting himself to hear a long story of trouble from his visitor.

"A feller with your talents can be surprised," Adam went on, "but fer a plain man like me it comes hard to start. I spent the whole mornin' settin' on a chicken-coop in the orchard tryin' to medytate, an' not a thing would come outen my head but how many foot o' scantlin' an' shingles I could cut offen the chestnut flats. At last I tho't o' you, Joseph. You are gifted; you have a heap o' idees. Now, s'posin' you uns was in my place, what 'ud you say?"

Joseph glanced at the blind sorrel mare, and from her to the fat figure of her former owner on the fence. He was very suspicious, and made no reply, save to nod his head knowingly and smile. Adam looked at the sorrel mare, too. He had smiled a year before, when he traded her for a good Durham cow and $10 to boot. Now he was all solemnity, and a pious picture he made in his wide-brimmed hat, and his brown coat with its great tails spread over the rail at either side of him.

"Well, Joseph?" he said, after a long silence.

"I might want to use my sermon sometim', mebbe, myself," replied the young man, brusquely.

"I trust that in good time the lot will fall on you," cried Adam, with great earnestness. "It otter 'a' done it last week, but fer some reason beyant me or you I was called. An' fer some reason beyant me was I drawed up here this mornin'. You can teach me."

Joseph looked again at the blind sorrel mare, and from her to the form on the

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fence, and then to the little meeting-house on the other ridge. He could not stand before the people to-morrow and preach. Years might pass or his life might pass without the lot falling on him. It was a poor substitute to have another utter his thoughts, but this was better than that they should never go beyond the confines of his fields and have no hearers but his dumb brutes.

"I have a sermon, Adam," he said at last, his tone becoming a little more genial. "I have a number of 'em, but I allus intended to begin with one about humbility."

"Humbility?" repeated Adam. "That is fine. Now, how'd you uns start if you was me?"

Joseph turned slowly, and removing his hat, dropped it on the cultivator. Then he laid one hand solemnly on the handle as though it were the pulpit, and raising the other and shaking it at his only auditor, he cried, "Humbility is the fountain of all wirtue. Be humbility——"

"Hol' on," Adam interrupted. "Wait tell I git that. Humbility is the fountain of all wirtue. That's good."

"Be humbility in this world we becomes bigitive in the next," continued the preacher. "The more bigitive we are in this world, the more humbiller will be our placet in that to come."

"Wait tell I catch that," pleaded Adam.

But Joseph went right on. "Oh, brethren, heed me warnin'! Mind how the prophet sayd pride goeth before the fall." He stopped suddenly, and smiled. "That's the way I'd open up," he added.

"Pride goeth before the fall," repeated Adam. "That is grand—pride goeth before the fall; but say now, wouldn't autumn sound fancier?"

"That ain't what the prophet sayd," replied Joseph, contemptuously. "It ain't what he meant, nuther. But I allus intended to run in a figger like this—before the fall—that is to say, brethren, how as in our summer-time, 'hen we are all covered with be-yutiful flowers, an' grass, an' wavin' fiel's, we are puffed up, but then comes the fall—that is jest a figger, mind ye, Adam—then comes fall. All the be-yutiful flowers dies an' the leaves begins flyin' round, leavin' our limbs all bare an' cold. Then, brethren, we can puff up, but it won't warm us, an' we'll be most a mighty glad for an humble hay-stack to crawl under. Do you catch the idee, Adam?"

"It's grand," cried Adam. "It's a splendid beginnin'. But that ain't all, is it? I have to fill in ten minutes, but I s'pose I can repeat."

"All?" exclaimed Joseph. "Mighty! Why, with a sub-ject like this here, it's hard to stop. There are some texts you'll preach on 'hen it'll be best jest to keep repeatin', but on humbility, never."

Adam was shaking his head dubiously.

"Well, now, mind me," said Joseph, reassuringly. "Havin' begin, I'd go on an' tell the brethren how wicked I'd ben oncet meself, an' how big-feelin', an' how I become humble agin—humble as a leetle child."

"Most a'mighty impressin'," said Adam, wagging his head approvingly. "I'll certainly do that."

Joseph had forgotten him. "I had a buddy oncet," he droned, grasping the wheel with both hands, throwing back his head and closing his eyes as though he were groping his way about the dreadful past. "He was a wicked young man, brethren, an' I was a follower o' the darkness. They was nothin' wrong to be done in this walley that me an' my buddy didn't do. Oh, but we was wild!"

He did not go much into details. While he gave a few specific instances wherein he and his boon companion on the broad way had erred, these were engulfed in dreadful generalities. The wonder was that the quiet valley could have nourished so much evil. But Joseph's story so transformed it that where Pleasantville lifted her three spires heavenward; where the white stones glistened in the Mennonite burying-ground; where below him the mill lay snoring in the slumbering village; where to the south hovered a cloud of smoke, marking the only place in the whole pious country into which that great iron serpent, the railroad, had driven its ugly body, one might well have looked to see the walls of Sodom and Gomorrah, of Nineveh and Tyre. Joseph Tumbell and his buddy escaped the gallows. Thither they were bound, and thus alone could their career have been checked had not a wild night adventure intervened to save them. Just what occurred to drag them back to the narrow way, the preacher did not explain;

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but his free use of adjectives made it evident that it was one of those terrifying manifestations of physical power that come at times from the most unexpected quarters to cause mental upheaval.

"Oh, it was awful!" cried Joseph, closing his eyes again as though to shut out the recollection. "We was miles from home, an' the night was dark, an' the thunder an' lightnin' was a-rollin' an' a-flashin' around us. But it changed me an' me buddy then an' there. Wild as we was, we became humbiller than leetle children. We made a promise, providin' we ever got home. It was a promise that regenerated us, an' brought us back outen our dark ways. We never danced agin."

Having demonstrated his own humility and shown its cause, and having by the words he was uttering proven its fruits, Joseph opened his eyes and picked up his hat. Then he smiled.

Adam Snauffer said nothing, but got down from the fence and climbed into his buckboard. For several minutes he sat there wiggling his whip pensively.

"It's grand," he said at last. "You certainly have helped me a heap, an' it's done me good to hear you. If I can jest remember, it 'll be fine: first, humbility is the fountain of all wirtue; secondly, pride goeth before the fall; and thirdly, how wicked I was. I allow I can holt it tell to-morrow."

He did remember with remarkable facility.

It was a fair day, and from every quarter of the valley the people had come to hear the new minister. The little white-walled meeting-house was crowded. Joseph tucked himself away in a corner, and had to crane his neck covertly to look over a score of hoary-headed brethren and see a certain white cap on the sisters' side. There were half a hundred of them, but he located this particular one, and by careful watching he could sometimes discover a break in that solemn wall of bearded men and through it get the briefest glimpse of the serene face and the mild blue eyes fixed so earnestly on the preachers. She did not see him, the humble toiler of the ridges. But Adam Snauffer was in the row of ministers, and one of the six great black hats hanging so gravely on the wall behind the pulpit was his. The Bishop was on his left hand, and on his right was the venerable William Larker. He was with the leaders, placed there by the lot that expressed the divine will. As compared to him, how small must Joseph Tumbell seem! Poor Joseph! A long-drawn nasal tone from an old brother on the front bench started the congregation swinging away into a hymn, but instead of sending his voice sounding above the others, as was his custom, he now went mumbling and stumbling through the buckwheat notes. He got behind and sang a bar all alone at the close. When he recovered himself, it was to see Adam Snauffer standing at the table, awkwardly fumbling his Bible.

There was a silence in the room. The preacher shifted uneasily from one foot to the other several times. Then in a voice hardly audible three benches away he began: "As I set here to-day a few tho'ts are suggested to me." A long pause followed, broken by a loud "Amen" from a brother in the congregation. "These few tho'ts was suggested—humbility is the fountain of all wirtue."

Adam dropped the book and folded his hands as though he were waiting for his first shot to land before firing again.

"Be humbility—" He made another violent attack on the book, and looked at the ceiling. "Be humbility——"

He wavered. Joseph Tumbell, in his obscure corner, forgot self and leaned forward eagerly. Would Adam remember? Oh, if he could only he'p—if he could only shout it to him!

Adam did remember. His first fear was gone; his old assurance returned. As though by a sudden inspiration he cried, "Be humbility we become bigitive in the next world."

He stopped again, and again he folded his hands, but now it was with perfect composure. He showed it by smiling. To be able to stand on both feet before an audience and at the same time smile has always been a proof of oratorical equilibrium. So Adam's next thought was put forth in an impressive, a deep and unctuous tone. "Another idee has been suggested as I set here on this be-yutiful day—pride goeth before the fall—mind ye, brethren, before the fall—that's a figger."

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Now the sermon moved splendidly, and the thoughts came as fast as they were suggested. At times the preacher was a trifle mixed, and again and again he disregarded his instructor's injunction and repeated, believing, perhaps, that by many repetitions the idea might once be correctly expressed. Recovering the use of his voice, he got entire control of his hands, and the eyes, that at first sought the table or the ceiling, now looked squarely into those of his hearers.

At length he paused. His arms were lowered, his hands grasped the table, his head was thrown back, his eyes closed, and in a solemn voice he said, "I had a buddy oncet."

Joseph Tumbell was astounded. This was the first time he had ever heard of Adam possessing an intimate friend of any kind, for his close ways and horse-trades had always made him rather unpopular in the valley. If he ever had a boon companion it had been kept very quiet, and the announcement now came as a surprise. But if this was unexpected, still more so was the bold declaration that Adam and his buddy were partners in wickedness. Joseph began to be angry, for he had expected that in following his suggestion Snauffer would supply a sketch of his own life, but it was quickly made evident that the sins he was fathering were not his at all. They belonged to Joseph Tumbell. There was a boastful ring in the preacher's voice, too, as he told how wicked he and his buddy had been. He even began to repeat. He was bemoaning the fact that in his young days he had been given to the vanity of fancy clothes, that he had played cards and even descended to dancing, yet he never referred to his recent bargain in trading off his blind sorrel. There were a hundred glaring omissions and commissions of a late date that he might well have mentioned, but instead he took Joseph's sins, multiplied them by three and claimed them as his own. Then followed the regeneration, for the Adam Snauffer the people saw before them was not the wild rake of years ago. He, too, had become "humbiller than a leetle child." The wayward, reckless youth and his buddy were miles from home on a stormy night, and the thunder was crashing around them when an awful thing happened. They saw the error of their ways and made a vow to live aright henceforth. They never danced again.

Whatever might have been the feelings of his instructor, the new minister that day established a high reputation in the minds of the valley. As he shouldered his way down the crowded aisle at the end of the service, Joseph heard on every hand: "Preacher Snauffer is a wonderful talker."

Even Mary said it. He was unhitching her horse, being too much wrought up to linger about the door and gossip. He wanted to see her alone, and to speak to her, if only to make a remark about the weather, that under the spell of Snauffer's eloquence she might not forget the simple farmer of the ridges.

"Adam is a wonderful talker," she said as she climbed into her buckboard and gathered up the reins.

"Wonderful—wonderful," replied Joseph, mechanically.

He stepped away from the fat horse's head, expecting that she would drive off. She did not.

"Mebbe I might give you a lift," she said, looking away up the ridge, thus hiding her face from his by her bonnet.

"Mebbe you might," said he.

When he saw her face again they were a half-mile down the road, and the meeting-house had disappeared behind the bend.

"Adam is a wonderful talker," she said, now looking frankly at the young man at her side.

Joseph was contemplating his left foot. It was swinging down beside the wheels. Wonderfully comforting it is when you are driving with a woman, to let one foot swing free of the wagon this way. It helps so in the long intervals between remarks to be occupied with something, for when one of your feet is likely at any moment to become tangled among revolving spokes you cannot be expected to keep up a continual gabble. So Joseph simply nodded.

They were at the covered bridge, where the road turns and goes straight across the valley, when she spoke again.

"I had no idee Adam was so wicked," she said.

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Joseph forgot his foot. "Oh, that's nothin'," he cried. "He never done all them things. That was jest preachin'."

"If he'd only done half of 'em it 'ud 'a' ben too much," said she. "No man who has ben so wicked as that is safe."

"I never knowd nothin' agin him but smart horse-tradin'," returned Joseph, stoutly. "That ain't sin, exactly."

Mary looked right at him.

"Joseph," she said, "don't you tell me that a man as has ben as bad as Adam Snauffer can ever git entirely over it. There ain't a thunderstorm goin' that'll scare him complete—it might all come back most any time."

Poor Joseph! These were his own precious sins she was talking about. The first feeling of elation that she should have turned against the sleek Snauffer was lost in the knowledge that the faults that had won Adam this condemnation were, after all, not the preacher's, but his own. If she knew, would she now be riding at his side? If the lot had fallen on him and he had arisen before her and descanted on the evil of his past, would she now be giving him a lift? The girl was gazing at him so frankly and trustfully that he turned his head, that his great hat-brim might interpose between them. He fastened his eyes on the swinging foot, now perilously near the wheel.

It was an age until she spoke again. They had passed the mill and were slowly climbing the long ridge hill.

"What was the awful thing that happened the night he was reginerated?" she demanded, suddenly.

"He—he dished a wheel," answered Joseph, ruefully.

"He done what?" she exclaimed.

"If the night he was tellin' of is the one I think, he dished a wheel," said he.

Mary tossed her head disdainfully and cried: "Dished a wheel! An' he says he was reginerated be dishin' a wheel!"

Joseph was silent. How different the plain truth sounded, stripped bare of its wordy covering of thunder and lightning, of storm and terror!

"It does seem a leetle weak," he stammered.

"I should 'low it was most a'mighty weak," said she. "He need never come to me an' tell how awful wicked he was, an' that be dishin' a wheel he was saved."

The girl looked away, hiding her face from him with her bonnet. There was a very long pause. Several times the fat horse almost stopped moving and turned his head inquiringly to discover why his mistress neither chirruped nor slapped him on the back with the reins.

"I wouldn't mind him bein' wicked so awful much," she said at last, with a little sigh, "but I hate to see a man so soft."

Joseph gave no answer until the top of the hill was reached. There he braced himself suddenly, and looked at her and laughed.

"I 'low it was lucky I didn't draw the lot," he exclaimed.

"If you had I'd 'a' took Adam Snauffer," said she.

Oh, these maddening poke bonnets that turn upward and downward and outward when you would have them point right at you!

Joseph has planted his left foot squarely in the wagon now. For when you love a woman and she loves you, and you know it and she knows it, it is foolish to watch your boots.

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BOOKS ABOUT NATURE

By Henry Childs Merwin

IT has become a commonplace of criticism that in the eighteenth century the reason was unduly exalted above imagination, and conventionality above nature. The reaction came almost with the beginning of the nineteenth century; it has lasted through it, nor does its strength seem to be impaired. Even the sceptical and critical spirit, which scientific studies have bred, does not count for so much in the history of the nineteenth century as the literary and religious spirit. The Catholic revival in the Church of England (which has been felt by every English-speaking Protestant in the world) is recognized as being only a part of that more general movement of which Scott and Coleridge were among the first exponents. It is remarkable how religious was the tone of literature in the nineteenth century. Much of the best prose and of the best poetry of our time has been written by men who were seekers after religion—seekers, but not finders. Such were Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, and Clough. It was inevitable that in an age of this character an intense love of nature should arise—a feeling quite different from what had been known before. Pope in his grotto, and Addison pacing to and fro on the gravelled walk beneath the limes of Magdalen College, were typical figures in the eighteenth century; but in the nineteenth century we have the poet ranging the hills, and haunting the woods and fields at all hours of the day and night. Scott's love of scenery amounted to hardly more than a taste, but in Wordsworth it became a passion, and in Richard Jefferies a religion. "Though I cannot name the ideal good," said Jefferies, "it seems to me that it will be in some way closely associated with the ideal beauty of nature."

Two other motives have also contributed to make men lovers of nature and observers of wild life. The first of these is that feeling of human brotherhood which has been stronger in the century just passed than it ever was before. This feeling has inspired such books as "Hodge and His Masters," and some of the best novels of George Sand; though its highest artistic expression will be found, I presume, not in literature, but in Millet's pictures. The second motive is allied to it; it is a sympathetic interest in the lower animals, especially in birds. From these several motives—from pure love of nature, from an interest in the farmer, the field-worker, the hunter and the backwoodsman, from a sort of affectionate curiosity as to those wild creatures which still exist close to the haunts of men (there are foxes within the bounds of London)—has arisen a whole crop of books, scarcely one of which is entirely devoid of interest.

Writers about nature have, however, one great difficulty to contend with, namely, that nature cannot bear to be looked at too directly, to be brought to book and interrogated in an up-and-down fashion. To learn the secrets of nature—the poetic as well as the practical secrets—a man must first put himself in sympathy with nature—he must become a part of the scene himself, and that he can do only by going about some labor; then, in a moment of rest, in a chance look, a stolen glance, he may obtain a sight of nature's secrets. Even Emerson, who was an offender in this respect, being neither farmer, nor sportsman, nor surveyor, nor naturalist, felt the difficulty. "A susceptible person," he writes, "does not like to indulge his tastes in this kind without the apology of some trivial necessity; he goes to see a wood-lot, or to look at the crops, or to fetch a plant or a mineral from a remote locality, or he carries a fowling-piece or a fishing-rod. I suppose this shame must have a good reason. A dilettanteism in nature is barren and unworthy. The fop of the fields is no better than his brother of Broadway."

Even the pleasure of a drive, as everybody knows, is enhanced by the fact of having some errand, real or pretended, to accomplish. I have known four able-bodied persons to conspire and travel fif-

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teen miles, in a two-horse wagon (the weather being pleasant), for the ostensible object of bringing home a small loaf of rye bread. This comes, I suppose, from the curse laid upon us—the curse of labor. A man does not feel easy in his conscience unless he has some task on hand; and, not being easy, he is not in that receptive mood which is necessary to the apprehension of nature. The pretended errand, or the unused rod, or the gun that doesn't go off (but it must be loaded), is simply the device by which man deceives himself, and so circumvents the universe. Thoreau has thus expressed this truth:* "Fishermen, hunters, wood-choppers and others spending their lives in the fields and woods, in a peculiar sense a part of nature themselves, are often in a more favorable mood for observing her in the intervals of their pursuits than philosophers or poets even, who approach her with expectation." In another place, after speaking of the wood-chopper's familiarity with the swamp, where he works every day, Thoreau says:† "Not so the naturalist; enough of his unconscious life does not pass there. A man can hardly be said to be *there* if he *knows* that he is there, or to go there if he knows where he is going.‡ The man who is bent upon his work is frequently in the best attitude to observe what is irrelevant to his work."

Mr. John Burroughs, an idle fellow himself, I fear, has snatched the same truth from some casual moment of labor. "I find," he writes, "that a kind of preoccupation, as the farmer with his work, the angler with his rod, the sportsman with his gun . . . affords conditions that are not to be neglected, . . . the unpremeditated glance, when the mind is passive and receptive, often stirs the soul."§ Mr. Maurice Thompson, who, I believe, always took a gun along, or at least a bow and arrows, made the same discovery: "There must be some excuse," he wrote, "for going out alone with nature other than the avowed purpose of filching her secrets and accumulating her suggestions."‖ Some gross attempts of the kind indicated by Mr. Thompson have been made upon nature. I remember one writer who climbed a mountain-top at night armed with a spy-glass, a thermometer, some matches, a pencil (with a knife to sharpen it), and a large note-book. His avowed object was to work up an essay from his observations with the thermometer, and otherwise; and in due course the essay was written and published. The bird-men are great offenders in this line. They ravage the fields and woods, ostensibly in search of birds, but really in search of "copy." What the birds do not supply in the way of literary material is eked out by reflections, comments, allusions, confessions, and pleasantries—all well enough in their way, and well expressed; but an essay thus produced, having no substantial *raison d'être*, is wofully thin and dry. "How good life is at its best!" "And, to be frank, I have never learned to look upon affectation and whim as synonymous with originality," are remarks which I quote from an essayist of reputation. "Plain fare is the secret of good health, as occupation is of a contented mind"—so another writer tells us, with equal triteness and untruth. Good health is not to be purchased so cheaply. "Flying about in this meadow and the higher woods adjoining it were two kinds of butterflies and a beautiful moth. I also found a partially developed locust. A pair of chickadees passed by and exchanged greetings with the nuthatch. Song-sparrows in all directions were singing. Now and then the wild note of a cow-bird, and the more distant and plaintive call of a meadow-starling, came to our ears. Robins were abundant and noisy." These discoveries I cite from a third writer. There are books full of just such observations as these; they have a certain value, no doubt, but they belong rather in some technical publication than in essays which purport to be literary.

On the other hand, in the technical papers, such as the *Auk*, one chances now and then upon a real bit of literature—upon a piece of unaffected eloquence or subtlety in description which has dropped from the writer as naturally—to quote Thoreau's expression—as a stone drops to

* Walden, 328. † Autumn, 293.

‡ The same idea occurs in a recent philosophical work; "Wherever we find people knowing they know this or that . . . they do not yet know it perfectly. . . . Knowledge dwells on the confines of uncertainty. When we are very certain we do not know that we know."—Butler's "Unconscious Memory," p. 30.

§ "Riverby," p. 218.

‖ "Byways and Bird Notes," p. 106.

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the ground. One such passage occurs in an interesting paper about robins. It may not be known to the reader; in fact, no one, I believe, knew till lately that robins in their summer haunts select roosts, which are resorted to regularly night after night, and season after season, by robins in flocks. They choose for this purpose low-lying woods, which are usually swampy and composed of deciduous trees. "These trees," says the writer in the *Auk*, "may be tall and old, with spreading tops, or crowded saplings only twenty to thirty feet in height, but it is essential that they furnish a dense canopy of foliage of sufficient extent to accommodate the birds who assemble there. As a rule, the woods are remote from buildings, and surrounded by open fields or meadows, but the latter may be hemmed in closely by houses." This is the case with a roost which exists near the Cambridge Museum, within the precincts of Harvard University. Robins resort to these roosts in astonishing numbers. At the Little River roost, in the town of Arlington, in Massachusetts, there were estimated to be at one time not less than 25,000 birds. More than half the robins arrive before sunset—some over-punctual birds coming too early, and flying off again for more food—whereas others hurry in after dark, to the great annoyance of their neighbors.

"During the entire period covered by the bulk of the flight, indeed, for some time after the last belated straggler has stolen in, there is incessant and general agitation of the foliage, as if a strong wind were blowing through the trees. This is caused by the movements of innumerable birds who, in the attempt to secure positions near the centre of the roost, or in thicker foliage, are continually darting from place to place, often plunging headlong into the branches, or dropping through the leaves with much awkward and noisy fluttering. . . . As the darkness deepens" (and now we come to the fine passage), "the tumult gradually subsides. One by one the shrill voices are hushed, and the nervous flutterings cease, until, when the light has quite gone from the west and the stars are all out in the great dome overhead, a person might pause under the trees and listen intently for minutes without hearing anything, save the occasional drowsy chirp or faint rustle of some half-awakened bird—sole token of the feathered host bivouacking in the leafy canopy above."*

This is an example of that unpremeditated eloquence which seems to rise out of the scene, the hour, and all the circumstances themselves, as if the writer were but the medium through which nature herself spoke. The effect is certainly very different from that produced by an author, however brilliant and clever, who laces up his boots and, with note-book in hand, sets out with the grim determination of getting up an essay before he comes home.

Mr. Maurice Thompson, in the same passage from which I have quoted already, goes on to say: "The direct study of nature is dry, and the result, however useful and entertaining, far from satisfactory from a literary or artistic standpoint. . . . Thoreau is a striking example of a poet spoiled by this direct study." It seems to me that Mr. Thompson is right. Thoreau himself remarks in his diary: "The habit of looking at things microscopically, as the lichens on the trees and rocks, really prevents my seeing aught else in a walk." I have noticed that artists—I mean, of course, not the great men, but the rank and file who paint pictures for a living—have no real love of the landscape. They are looking for a single tree, or a group of flowers, or a tumble-down house, something small enough to paint, and they care little for the *tout ensemble*. Even their interest in pictures is rather technical than poetic. It is a further proof of Mr. Thompson's statement that the best writers about nature—I mean particularly Thoreau in this country, and Richard Jefferies in England—are at their best when they treat not of nature, but of men or of ideas, or, in the case of Jefferies, at least, of art. There is nothing finer in his works than his account of the *Venus accroupie*, which, having never heard of it before, he suddenly came upon in the gallery of the Louvre. †

It is interesting to observe the resemblances and differences between Thoreau and Jefferies. Someone has truly said that each was typical of his own nation. There is a certain dryness or hardness about Tho-

* William Brewster, in the *Auk*, vol. 7, No. 4.
† "Field and Hedgerow," p. 263.

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reau, whereas Jefferies is more juicy and mellow. His sympathies are wider though not more deep than Thoreau's. Thoreau, again, is much the more intellectual, a more profound and consistent thinker. He delves deeper than Jefferies ever goes. Thoreau, it seems to me, is a great philosopher; fragmentary, as Emerson was, but a miner of intellectual nuggets. His diaries and essays, and especially, perhaps, his letters, are full of thought. He is known to the world chiefly as a writer about nature, but his real value is as a writer about man and his destiny. Jefferies, on the other hand, is more artistic. The perception of beauty was acute in each of them, but in Thoreau it was chiefly the perception of intellectual or moral beauty. Jefferies's perception of beauty was more sensuous. No one ever lived, I suppose, unless it was Keats, who took greater delight in the mere beauty of nature, apart from anything to be learned about nature or from its relation to mankind. "Never yet," he wrote, "have I been able to write what I felt about the sunlight only. Color and form and light are as magic to me. It is a trance." Here, on the other hand, is a typical passage from Thoreau: "The lover sees in the glance of his beloved the same beauty that in the sunset paints the western skies. It is the same daimon, here lurking under a human eyelid, and there under the closing eyelids of the day."

This is a beautiful idea, and in Thoreau's mind, at least, it was more than a fancy—it was an exact truth. Under all that he says is the solid fact. His honesty with himself and with the reader is perfect; and when that which he apprehends, either as philosopher or as naturalist, has a poetic aspect, he has the eye of a poet to see it. Thoreau and his brother were camping-out one windy night, after a heavy rain—a night during which summer changed to autumn abruptly, as sometimes happens. His description of it is in part as follows:

"There seemed to be a great haste and preparation throughout nature, as for a distinguished visitor. All her aisles had to be swept in the night by a thousand handmaidens, and a thousand pots to be boiled for the next day's feasting—such a whispering bustle, as if ten thousand fairies made their fingers fly, silently sewing at the new carpet with which the earth was to be clothed, and the new drapery which was to adorn the trees. And then the wind would lull and die away, and we, like it, fall asleep again." *

Mr. James Russell Lowell said that Thoreau had no sense of humor; but a grim, ironic something crops out now and then in his books which might, without violence, be classed as humor. Everyone has heard of the Bridgewater Treatises. Thoreau explains their origin as follows: "It is remarkable that almost all speakers and writers feel it to be incumbent on them, sooner or later, to prove or to acknowledge the personality of God. Some Earl of Bridgewater, thinking it better late than never, has provided for it in his will." † Thoreau's description of the ideal landlord, also, though too long to quote here, is full of humor, and his account of the generic fisherman is not devoid of it. "The fisherman is a natural story-teller. . . . He is ever waiting for the sky to fall. He has sent out a venture. He has a ticket in the lottery of fate, and who knows what it may draw?"

Jefferies's humor is ironic, like Thoreau's, but not so grim. From his account of the love-making at Brighton, I quote a sentence or two: "The only antidote known is to get married before you visit the place, and doubts have been expressed as to its efficacy. In the South Coast Seville there is nothing done but heart-breaking; it is so common, it is like hammering flints for road-mending; nobody cares if your heart is in pieces." ‡ In the same volume there is a humorous account of profanity on the Thames: "The Thames is swearing-free. . . . You may begin at the mouth, off the Nore, and curse your way up to Cricklade. A hundred miles for swearing is a fine preserve. It is one of the marvels of our civilization."

The common notion that Thoreau was a mere stoic, without much feeling for others, is a great mistake, as anyone who studies his writings will discover. He was reserved, and as shy as an Indian of expressing emotion. But he was fond of children, and children were fond of him; and there are passages in his letters, still

* "Concord and Merrimac Rivers," p. 439.
† Ibid., p. 98.
‡ "The Open Air," p. 60.

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more in the diaries, which show that he had a deep vein of pity. The episode of little Johnny Riordan, who is spoken of now and then in the diary, sometimes by name and sometimes as a nameless urchin, is sufficient proof of this fact. "They showed me Johnny Riordan to-day, with one thickness of ragged cloth over his little shirt, for all this cold weather, with shoes having large holes in the toes, into which the snow got, as he said. . . . This little specimen of humanity, this tender gibbet of the fates, cast into a cold world with a torn lichen-leaf wrapped about him. Is man so cheap that he cannot be clothed but with a mat or rug? That we should bestow on him our cold victuals?"* In another place we find this description of Johnny's going to school: "I saw a little Irish boy come from the distant shanty in the woods over the bleak railroad to school this morning, take his last step from the last snow-drift on to the school-house door-step, floundering still—saw not his face, nor his profile, only his mien! I imagined, saw clearly in imagination, his old, worthy face behind the sober visor of his cap. . . . Here he condescends to his a, b, c without a smile, who has the lore of worlds uncounted in his brain. He speaks not of the adventures of the Causeway. What was the bravery of Leonidas and his three hundred boys at the Pass of Thermopylæ to this infant's? They but dared to die; he dares to live, and takes his 'reward of merit,' perchance (without relaxing his face into a smile), that overlooks his unseen and unregardable merits. Little Johnny Riordan, who faces cold, and routs it like a Persian army." Elsewhere in the diary there is mention of Thoreau's giving a cloak to Johnny, and finally a statement that Johnny had turned out one of the foremost boys and best scholars in the school; but of his after-career we find no trace in literature or in history.

Thoreau has been misconceived in other ways. By many people, who know him chiefly as the occupant of a hut near Walden pond, he is looked upon as a sort of latter-day "hermit." But that affair was only an episode in his life, an experiment, an adventure, which he, at any rate, did not take too seriously. "I have sworn no oath," he said, "I have no designs on Society, or Nature, or God." The truth is, Thoreau was a reasonable man, temperate in all things—no fanatic.

Thoreau's account of Johnny Riordan may be compared with Jefferies's account of "John Brown," which shows the same sympathetic appreciation:

"Now the way they made the boy John Brown hardy was to let him roll about on the ground with naked legs and bare head, from morn till night, from June till December, from January to June. The rain fell on his head, and he played in wet grass to his knees. Dry bread and a little lard was his chief food. He went to work while he was still a child. At half-past three in the morning he was on his way to the farm-stables, there to help feed the cart-horses, which used to be done with great care very early in the morning. . . . At fifteen he was no taller than the sons of well-to-do people at eleven; he scarcely seemed to grow at all till he was eighteen or twenty, and even then very slowly, but at last became a big man. That slouching walk, with knees always bent, diminished his height, to appearance; he really was the full size, and every inch of his frame had been slowly welded together by this ceaseless work, continual life in the open air, and coarse, hard food. This is what makes a man hardy. This is what makes a man able to stand almost anything, and gives a power of endurance that can never be obtained by any amount of gymnastic training." †

I will permit myself just one more quotation from Jefferies, one of many passages which tend to show that, as I have ventured to say, he is at his best when writing of men, rather than of "nature":

"To understand a nation, you must go to the cottager. The well-to-do are educated; they have travelled; they are more or less cosmopolitan. In the cottager, the character stands out in the coarsest relief; in the cottager, you get to 'bed-rock,' as the Americans say; there's the foundation. Character runs upward, not downward. It is not the nature of the aristocrat that permeates the cottager, but the nature of the cottager that permeates the aristocrat."

Next to Thoreau and Jefferies, it seems to me that our own John Burroughs is the best modern writer upon this subject. He

* "Winter," p. 273.

† "Field and Hedgerow," p. 312.

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was brought up on a farm, he tells us, and he is a kind of farmer in literature. His books are put together in a careless, indolent fashion. In the middle of a chapter, Mr. Burroughs will take a day "off," apparently, and the reader is neglected. But every book that he has written contains at least a few ideas of much value, expressed with natural eloquence. John Burroughs smacks of the soil, and he has that soundness and sanity, that rightness of judgment, which is, I think, almost characteristic of men who lead solitary lives in the companionship of nature. There is an essay of his about building a house, from which I cannot forbear quoting a few lines: "We can miss almost anything else from a building rather than a look of repose. . . . Give it repose, and all else shall be added. This is the supreme virtue in architecture. . . . When you seriously build a house, you make public proclamation of your taste and manners, or your want of them. If the domestic instinct is strong in you, and if you have humility and simplicity, they will show very plainly in your dwelling; if you have the opposite of these, false pride or a petty ambition, or coldness and exclusiveness, they will show, also. A man seldom builds better than he knows, when he assumes to know anything about it. . . . Pride, when it is conscious of itself, is death to the nobly beautiful, whether in dress, manners, equipage, or house-building. . . . Unless, therefore, you have had the rare success of building without pride, your house will offend you by and by, and offend others." *

Among the minor writers about nature, there is apt to be a seeking after solitude which is not quite spontaneous, and an affected contempt for other people's society. I have read through the books of one voluminous author, and I find nothing in them quite so good as the remark which he records as having been made to him by an old hermit-fisherman: "Yes," said this worthy, "you live in the country, but the country doesn't live in you." And yet the author is at pains to tell us how soon he was weary of this man's society, and how quickly and unceremoniously he got rid of him. It might do for Thoreau to declare, as he does in his diary: "The man I meet with is not often so instructive as the silence he breaks." Thoreau, having the simplicity of a strong nature, was able to say this without affectation or bravado. He was proud with the pride that befits man as man, but humble so far as his own capacity and importance were concerned. There is a touching remark in one of his letters: "If I should turn myself inside out, my rags and meanness would, indeed, appear. I am something to him that made me, undoubtedly, but not much to any other that he has made."

Those writers who really know fishermen and country people have a much higher opinion of their acuteness and intelligence than the town-bred or churlish author. "How marvellously weather-wise some of the country folk are!" exclaims Mr. Maurice Thompson, "and what keen observers of nature." † Richard Jefferies often remarks upon the knowledge and rustic cleverness of the English peasant. "'Lamb is never good eating without sunshine,' said Hilary. . . . Hilary's saying was founded upon the experience of long years—such experience as is only to be found in farm-houses, where kindred succeed each other, and hand down practical observations from father to son." ‡ In another place he says: "Of old, the folk, having no books, watched every living thing, from the moss to the oak, from the mouse to the deer; and all that we now know of animals and plants is really founded upon their acute and patient observation. How many years it took even to find out a good salad may be seen from ancient writings, wherein half the plants about the hedges are recommended as salad herbs." §

In some writers about nature, especially in those who write about birds, one is conscious of a certain want of virility. Thus one author gives an account, not of his being lost, but of his being nearly lost, a few miles from home. "But what if I should lose my wits, also, as many a man had done in circumstances no worse, and with consequences most disastrous! Unpleasant stories came into my head, and I remember repeating to myself more than once (candor is better than felicity of phrase), 'Be careful, now; don't get rat-

* "Signs and Seasons," pp. 274, 288.

† "Byways and Bird Notes," p. 67.
‡ "Life of the Fields," p. 153.
§ "Field and Hedgerow," p. 296.

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tled.'" Then he tells us how, having shortly found his way back, and having eaten his supper, he walked up and down the piazza "in all the luxury of slippers and a winter overcoat."

The winter overcoat might perhaps be overlooked—the season may have been inclement—but as to the slippers, it is hard to see how they can be excused. I never knew a man accustomed to shuffle about in slippers (outside of his bed-room), who had not some fatal weakness of character. Twenty years ago, or thereabout, it was my misfortune to visit, occasionally, the dormitory of the Harvard Divinity School, where, at that time, free board and lodging were provided for all and sundry who chose to present themselves as students. This inducement brought in a most astonishing collection of persons, and it was a common thing among them to go about all day in slippers and dressing-gowns. I have had a horror of those articles ever since. Possibly, I exaggerate the significance of slippers, but it is undeniable that many writers about nature lack the strength, the latent savagery, which are necessary to make fit interpreters of nature and of natural persons. As Mr. Burroughs has put it: "Before genius is manliness, and before beauty is power;" and the same truth was expressed with greater felicity by Hawthorne: "For beauty, like woman, its human representative, dallies with the gentle, but yields its consummate flavor only to the strong."

Even in the poorest books about nature, however, one is likely to come across something of value, usually some piece of observation original with the author, and perhaps new in itself. Here, for example, is a remark which I have culled from a book not otherwise interesting: "If we closely observe the sand left bare by the receding wave, we shall see occasional perforations, from which the escaping air drives a little jet of water—minute pattern of a geyser. Such perforations are probably caused by the sinking of fine gravel."

In another book, I find three or four good paragraphs, of which the following is a fair sample: "I have noticed that, when the wind makes a deep swath through the pines, a hard-wood growth follows, and there is a streak of warm, bright color across the darker belt of evergreen."

The earliest writer in this country about nature, somewhat earlier even than Thoreau, was Wilson Flagg, and it is interesting to note Thoreau's criticism of him—made off-hand in a letter to a friend: "Your Wilson Flagg seems a serious person, and it is encouraging to hear of a contemporary who recognizes nature so squarely, and selects such a theme as 'Barns.' But he is not alert enough. He wants stirring-up with a pole." Wilson Flagg's writings (notably, perhaps, his "Studies in Field and Forest") have a certain serenity and dreamy beauty—something like the pictures of his contemporary, Kensett. He has given the most reasonable explanation that I have seen of the New England Indian summer. He says that it "is probably caused by the sudden check given to vegetable perspiration by the fall of the leaves. . . . Anything that increases evaporation from the earth's surface must cool it in the same manner," as sprinkling a floor with water. "Hence the fact, often noticed, that a rainy spell in autumn is commonly succeeded by severe frosts." After the leaves fall, "not only does this great extent of surface, thus laid open to the sun, receive from his rays an increased amount of heat, but there is a vast and sudden diminution, at the same time, of that evaporation which is caused by the leaves of plants."

An excellent account of the old district school of New England, too long for quotation here, will be found in Mr. H. W. Sylvester's "Prose Pastorals." From the "Waste Land Wanderings" of Mr. C. C. Abbott, an indefatigable observer, I take the following:

"One of the most wonderful of all the common incidents of bird life is when two small flocks merge into one. Having met, they discuss the matter. Sometimes they unite, and when so, upon signal, every individual rises into the air at the same moment; there is a brief circling about, and their ranks are closed. It is a beautiful manœuvre. But it sometimes happens that the small flocks, or one of them, prefers to keep its autonomy, at least for the present. There may be much discussion, but no quarrelling, and the matter is soon dropped."

Mr. Bradford Torrey is a well-known writer who has a talent for combining bird-

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lore and philosophy, weaving his materials with an easy grace of style. From his book entitled "A Rambler's Lease," I quote the following: "For who doubts that birds also have their more sacred intimate feelings, their esoteric doctrines and experiences, which are not proclaimed upon the tree-top, but spoken under breath, in all but inaudible twitters? . . . For my own part, I am through with thinking that I have mastered all the notes of any bird, even the commonest."

The late Frank Bolles was a manly, generous character, with a genius for observation, and a contagious love of outdoor life in all winds and weathers. "The Land of the Lingering Snow," is, perhaps, the best of his books.

In his essay on Thoreau, James Russell Lowell says: "I look upon a great deal of the modern sentimentalism about nature as a mark of disease. . . . To a man of wholesome constitution, the wilderness is well enough for a mood or a vacation, but not for a habit of life." An idle life in the wilderness would no doubt be depraving, as such a life would be anywhere. Moreover, it is agreed on all sides, as we have seen, that there is something forced and unnatural in the direct observation of the wilderness by an idle person. Man was intended to take a part himself in the struggle for existence—not to be a mere spectator of the struggle. But Mr. Lowell seems to go farther than this. It hurts one's feelings to have him speak so disrespectfully of nature—and he a poet, too! "Well enough for a mood or a vacation!" I think that a man might account himself fortunate if the "habit of his life" legitimately brought him into the wilderness. He would learn sincerity and simplicity there. "It is impossible," Thomas Hardy remarked, "for a person living on a heath to be vulgar;" and a heath is but a treeless wilderness. A man, no doubt, can be brutal in the wilderness, as elsewhere—even more so, perhaps. It was an acute observation by Coleridge, "When the country does not benefit, it depraves." But the tendency of life in the wilderness, "other things being equal," is toward refinement and thoughtfulness. At the least, it teaches a man to be quiet. There is a mystery in the beautiful, inanimate world, which has not yet been solved; men go to it for peace and rest, and return content. "A forest is in all mythologies a sacred place," said Thoreau. Let anybody wander alone upon some mountain-side or hill-top, and watch the wind blowing through the scanty, unmown grass, and it will be strange if the vague consciousness of some presence other than his own does not insinuate itself into his mind. He will begin to understand how it was that the ancients peopled every bush and stream with nymphs or deities. It is hard to depopulate the wilderness. When Christianity came in, great Pan died, we are told, and all the classic divinities fled away. But in the course of a few centuries they all came back again, with new names, to be sure, and under a more sinister aspect. De Quincey has beautifully described the trouble which the priests had to keep them within bounds in that forest of Domrémy where Joan of Arc dwelt. Then came the Protestant Reformation and a rationalizing spirit, and the wilderness finally got cleared again of witches and fairies; but Wordsworth has been accused of pantheism, and Richard Jefferies came near being a worshipper of nature, in the Pagan sense. Perhaps, after all, the instinct of the human race is not wholly wrong in this matter; perhaps there is something besides carbon in the wilderness.

There is a striking passage in one of Newman's sermons at Oxford which touches upon this subject. He has been speaking of that complacent feeling of superiority with which a modern student of natural science sets himself to analyze and dissect the material world. Then the preacher goes on to observe how intense would be the surprise, how deep the humiliation, of such a man if he were suddenly to discover that back of these manifestations there existed some being of an order higher than his own. What if he were to find that "every ray of light and heat, every breath of air, was but the skirts of their garments, the waving of the robes of those whose faces see God in heaven!" This may be only a beautiful fancy; and yet, considering that we do not know what substance is, or what life is, whence we came, or whither we go, it may be a closer approximation to the truth than is the more prosaic view taken by the man of science.

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AN EXPLORER-NATURALIST IN THE ARCTIC

By Andrew J. Stone

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE AUTHOR'S PHOTOGRAPHS

SUMMER-LAND OF ALASKA

THE Kenai Peninsula was the summer-land of the early Russian settlers in Alaska. A Russian settlement, or colony, was established there some years before the famous expedition of Lewis and Clark visited what is now the Northwest States of the Pacific coast, and on the south shores of the peninsula, some of the first ships ever constructed on the Pacific coast of America were built.

One who knows the country can readily understand its many attractions for the early Russian comers to the generally desolate shores of the north. For it is very unlike any other country in the north, and, at the time of their coming, was the best suited to the many needs of such a colony.

It is a land of magnificent, rugged mountains, and of beautiful, rolling meadow-lands; a land of eternal fields of glistening snow and ice, and of everlasting fires of burning lignite; of frozen moss and lichen-covered plains, and of vegetation that is tropical in its luxuriance; a land of extensive coal-fields, smoking volcanoes, and of earthquakes so frequent as to fail to excite comment among its native residents; of charming, quiet bays and harbors, and of tides and tide-rips, among the greatest in the world; of almost endless days of sunshine in summer, and of long, dismal winter-nights; of an abundant animal-life, both in the water and on the land, every feature of which is of great interest to zoölogists. Nowhere else in the world does Nature exert itself in so many ways as in the Kenai Peninsula. The very earth itself seems to be in constant motion, shifting and changing position. The waters, the mountains, the great rivers of ice, the vegetable and animal life, all vie with each other in the production of something unusual and wonderful; nor does this activity exist on the surface only; down deep in the soil numerous layers of coal are forming. Almost every stage of carbonization is taking place, from that of beds of peat, at the very moss-roots, to that of an exceedingly clean and excellent lignite coal, down deep in the earth. And yet, very much farther down in the depths, burn the fires that keep alive Chinabora, Iliamna, Redoubt, and other volcanoes.

When the first Russian colonies were established here, in 1793, they found a congenial climate, a romantically picturesque country, teeming with rich furs, wild meats and fruits, and tall grasses; whose shores were peopled with numerous and populous tribes of hardy, happy natives, that lived in villages, or communities, and whose kungas (houses) everywhere dotted its rich, green shores.

The waters abounded in the sea-otter, whose royal fur has been a valuable thing of commerce for many years. But they possessed no unusual value to these simple people, who parted with them for the merest trifles. Delareff, a Russian trader, obtained in one year more than three thousand of these beautiful skins. The sea provided the natives with the greater portion of their food, and with many of their other requirements. The waters abounded in the finest salmon, halibut, and other varieties of food-fishes. Porpoise, seal, sea-lion, white and black whale were plentiful, and were not only a source of food in abundance, but furnished skins for clothing, lashings, bidarkas (canoes), and for the covering of their kungas. Although the natives of the Kenai were never made slaves to the Russian-American Company, they were obliged to pay an annual tribute of furs. When Russian America was transferred to the United States and Fort

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Kenai, the old Redoubt St. Nicholas, near the mouth of the Kenai River, was garrisoned by United States troops, natives and sea-otter were still plentiful, but the white hunter soon exterminated them both. He was better equipped for the capture of the otter, and he could drink more bad whiskey, and live, than could the native. To-day the sea-otter is a stranger in these waters, the kunga is but a mass of mould, mingled with decaying vegetation, the bones of this once happy race are buried among the sands of the beautiful, pine-clad shores, and the baraboras (houses) of the early Russians are things of the past. Hardly a trace of old Redoubt St. Nicholas remains as it was. The one thing least alive on all the peninsula, to-day, is the small remnant of natives—they are a stolid, wretched, miserable, heart-broken people—utterly degraded, and entirely worthless, even in the one capacity to which they were best adapted—that of the hunter.

The eastern shores of the peninsula are washed by the waters of the beautiful Prince William Sound, and its southern shores by the broad Pacific, where it receives the full benefit of the warming influence of the Japan current. The Cook Inlet, with its mighty, rushing tides, sweeps its west and north coasts.

The most prominent features of geographical interest on the west coast of the inlet are Cape Douglass and the mountains of Chinabora, Iliamna, and Redoubt, all of which are active volcanoes. Redoubt volcano is an almost perfect symmetrical cone, rising to the height of 11,270 feet; Iliamna is the highest of a group of very high mountains, its own height, of 12,066 feet, towering but slightly above its neighbors. Although these giant-smokestacks pour forth volumes of black smoke, often visible for a hundred miles, yet, to all appearances, their covering of snow remains perfectly white to the top. Earthquakes are evidently caused by eruptions or explosions that take place deep down in the earth. I can find no more reasonable theory for those earthquakes, so frequent in western Alaska, than that the high-reaching tides of Cook Inlet, or the damming from some other source, must cause water to pour over into, and down through, great caverns, that lead to the mighty furnaces below, creating steam of such awful pressure as to shake the earth for hundreds of miles in every direction, in its mad effort to escape. At such times Nature's great smokestacks are utilized by it, and the usual volume of smoke gives way to steam, that carries with it every sort of thing that its powerful force dislodges from the interior of these great furnaces.

I shall long remember my first experience with an earthquake. Early in October of 1900, I was at Homer Spit, that lies between Chugachik and Kachemak bays. I was very anxious to get some men to go with me into the mountains, and, hearing there were four living in a cabin at Anchor Point, twenty-five miles north of Homer Spit, whose services I might secure, I started out a-foot to find the place. I did not leave Homer until one P.M., and night then came very early in these latitudes. I felt sure, however, that I should reach the place before it became very dark, and I might have done so, but the only route was along the beach, and in many places it was extremely rocky, affording very uncertain footing; then, at short intervals, small streams poured over the high sea-walls, and spread out over the sands of the beach, where I was compelled to wade them, and my footwear was soon full of water. I had not gone far when a cold rain commenced to pour down upon me in torrents, and I was soon thoroughly soaked, and my clothing, much increased in weight, clung to me, and greatly retarded my progress. After many trying adventures, I arrived at the cabin late at night, so tired that I lost no time in stretching myself in a pair of blankets, on the floor, and was soon asleep. I had slept several hours, when I was awakened by a very peculiar and unusual sensation. The cabin was rocking and creaking and performing all sorts of strange evolutions, and everything loose on the floor and walls was playing hide-and-seek, in and out of its dark corners. My first impression was that our hillside was sliding into Kachemak Bay. I hurriedly staggered to the door, very much after the style of walking in a rapidly moving express-train while running over a rough road-bed. When I opened the door, I could see by the coming light of day that our

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hillside was yet intact, and then I realized what was taking place. I was really delighted, for I had often wished for the experience, and, unlike almost all other experiences in the north, it came to me without any effort on my part. From that time, during my stay of several months on the peninsula, the shocks were frequent. The most violent ones were nearly always preceded by a rumbling sound, very much like that of heavy truck-wheels, rolling over cobble-stones in the distance. So really distinct were these sounds, that I soon learned to recognize them as unmistakable evidence of a coming shake. Slight tremblings and shakings of the earth were of such frequent occurrence as to fail to arouse any special comment.

The greatest feature of the Kenai Peninsula is the mountain-range, running the full length of the peninsula, a distance of more than one hundred and seventy-five miles. Next in importance are the enormous rivers of glacial ice that plough their way down through the scores of rugged cañons and break off into the great, salt seas. The most enthusiastic admirer of nature, in its wildest forms, could not picture a lovelier sight. From every point of the compass they present the same high and rugged outlines, always clothed in perfect white.

The climate is equable but humid. The humidity results in very heavy snow-falls in the higher mountains, that slide down the steep mountain-sides by the millions of tons, packing into solid masses that form into glacial ice. Where the pressure of this yearly creation is sufficiently great to keep the whole field of ice ahead of it moving—the term "live glacier" is applied.

The glaciers are extensive in both numbers and size. The beautiful college glaciers, Wellesley, Vassar, Bryn Mawr, Smith, Radcliffe, Harvard, and Yale, discovered and named by the Harriman expedition, are among the most easterly in the mountains. The one farthest west extends from Port Dick, on the south, completely across the mountains to Tutka Bay, on the north, a distance of about twenty-five miles. Throughout the entire length of the eastern and southern coast of the peninsula are many others as yet unexplored, several of which are very large. On the north are the beautiful twin glaciers, Doroshon, and Wossnessenski, and yet a little farther east the Gremingk and the Sud, all descending to Chugachik Bay.

The rolling meadow-lands to the north of Kachemak and Chugachik bays are beautifully dotted with spruce, cottonwood, and alder, and studded with numerous lakes, some of which are of considerable size.

Numerous coal-veins crop out all along the high sea-walls to the east of Kachemak and north of Chugachik bays, and many fires of burning lignite are found along the coast and among the high hills inland. Everywhere on the peninsula the wonderful beauty of the country is apparent. No park-lake ever grew pond-lilies to greater perfection than I have seen them in the shallow lakes, high up in the meadows. From the summit of the mountains I have overlooked the Pacific Ocean, Cook Inlet, and the mountains beyond the latter—from one position.

Both the water and land are abundant in animal life. Clams and crabs are of good quality and plentiful—the largest kelp I ever saw floating was in Kachemak Bay; and near Anchor Point grow large quantities of sponges, though of inferior quality; birds of many varieties are numerous in the summer months and some of the land-animals, especially the moose, seem to reach their greatest state of perfection in size and in the growth of their antlers.

To undertake to give people a correct conception of Arctic America, or of any part of it, is difficult. Although they know that the country is much larger than the United States, they look upon it as being all alike—a country of long, dark winters, fields of ice and snow, and barren wastes. In truth, within Arctic and sub-Arctic America there is much diversity of climate. And in this beautiful summer-land of Alaska, there are, in midsummer, endless fields of beautiful plant-life. Many times I have left my camp at the foot of the mountains, and, passing through a little meadow where a variety of wild grasses waved their tops above my head, I would commence to climb among the dense, tangled, and almost tropical jungle of alders, where grew several varieties of

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Lupinus (Lupine). *

the most beautiful ferns. Reaching the upper limits of the alders, great, waving fields of the purple lupine and dainty red columbine covered acres and acres of the high, rolling hills. Among them, wild celery and wild parsnip grew many feet high, and other luxuriant foliage-plants gave my surroundings an almost tropical appearance. A little farther, many little ponds grew beautiful, yellow lilies, with their great leaves resting on the surface of the water, and the purple iris bordered the shores.

Still higher came the yellow sunflowers, white and purple daisies in endless fields, and, higher yet, violets, pinks, forget-me-nots, buttercups, and blue bells, and dozens and dozens of dainty, blossoming plants in many colors.

Purple is the predominating color, then white and yellow and blue and pink dividing honors. But few red flowers were seen. I have travelled many miles where every foot of my way was one grand profusion of beautiful flowers in many varieties.

Achillea (Northern Yarrow).

WHERE EAST AND WEST JOIN

"CAST off the lines there!" shouted the ruddy, robust, good-natured captain of the little Newport, and we steamed away from the long sand-spit that divided Chugachik and Kachimak bays. In a few hours the beautiful shores of the Kenai Peninsula in southwestern Alaska, with their dark fringe of spruce and the rugged, snow-clad mountains above them, faded behind us.

It was now the middle of October, and I had

* This and the following flower pictures were taken on the Kenai Peninsula in July.

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been hunting on the Kenai since early summer.

I had often wanted to visit the land where join the East and West. *The land beyond the setting sun.* The land too far west and too young for trees to grow. The land of the Aleut and of smoking volcanoes. The land that had been made for us after the rest of the world was moulded into shape.

I would surely find there many new and interesting things; and in the thought of this my sombre feelings took on a more rosy hue.

Bringing Fuel to Camp at Chicago Bay.

The next day broke clear and bright, and a beautiful, rugged mountain-range, white to the sea, stood out in silhouette against the perfect blue of a northern sky; and I could actually breathe hope from the pure, cold, stimulating air.

During the day we left behind us the last of the tree-growth in western America, and all day the mountains of the Alaska Peninsula descended to the sea quite bare of everything but snow. The higher peaks, all dressed in the newest white, glared like huge diamonds in the brilliancy of a perfect sun. The day was wonderfully inviting, and the wind was not so strong as to prevent our being on deck. After this, however, followed typical western-coast winter weather. Storm, and cold, and fog, and cloud, and wild seas; and when we finally anchored in a little bay off the shore of Popoff Island, past the middle of a bleak, stormy night, the wind howled through the rigging of the ship in a manner that made the night ghostly hideous. After my baggage was lowered into one of the small boats, myself and the one man I had with me felt our way through the dark, down the ladder, and were rowed ashore at Sand Point, on Popoff Island, a little cod-fishing station. Popoff Island is one of the Shumagin group, far to the west. The Shumagins were named after a sailor from the St. Peter, Vitus Behring's ship—the first to ever touch these shores—who died while being carried ashore in August, 1741. The islands are barren of timber, but picturesquely diversified in topography; in places sloping gently down to the water, in others breaking abruptly into the sea from great heights, forming bold, rocky headlands. Gently rolling hills and rugged mountains complete the landscape. The climate is equable for such latitudes, but the winds blow almost constantly, and often with such terrific force as to compel even the traveller on land to seek shelter.

From Popoff Island I proposed to go in small boats across Unga Straits, about twelve miles to the mainland, and skirt the shores until I reached a favorable locality for hunting. I was a week occupied in securing two more men and two boats, and it was the very last of Kimadgin tugid (October—the hunting-month of the Aleuts) before I left Sand Point. All the time I was preparing for the trip to the hunting-grounds, the winds were terrific, and the seas running high. I began to have some fear as to whether I might find an opportunity to cross the straits; and I was delighted when Andrew Golovin, a Russian Aleut who was to travel with me, waked me early one morning, and reported that he thought it possible for us to cross.

I dressed and hurried through breakfast, and our boats were soon ready. There were four of us, and we were to travel in two codfisher's dories, a very light craft about eighteen feet in length.

The sea was high and breaking everywhere, but we hugged the lee-shore of Unga Island for about three miles, and then headed straight across the channel, under sail in a strong beam-wind. Our

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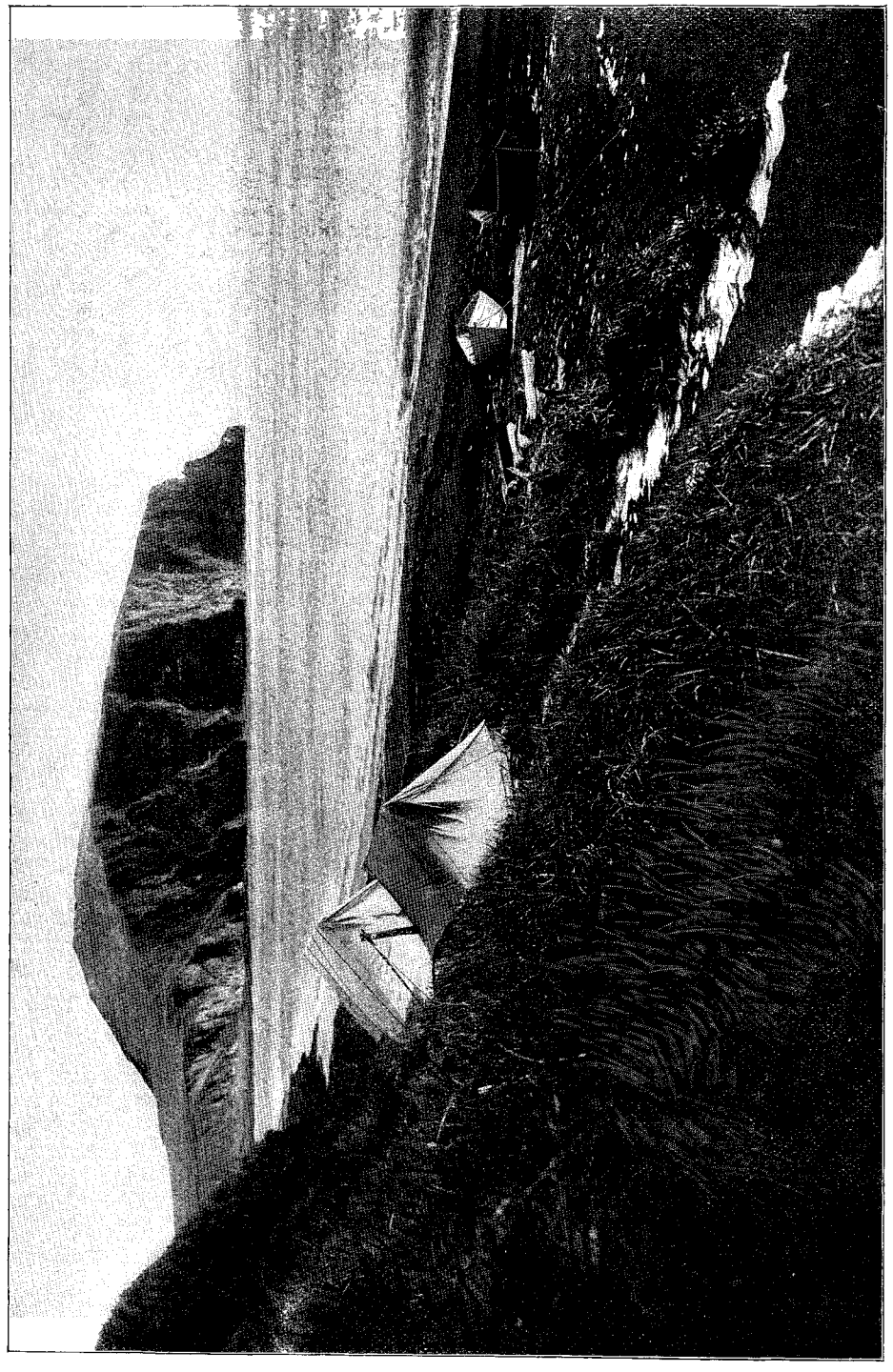

Chicago Bay Point, Alaska Peninsula, opposite Shumagin Islands. Our Camp in Foreground.

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Iris.

little boats were slow sailers, but as seaworthy as it is possible to make such small craft, and we shipped very little water. It did not seem possible that small craft could live in the sea that was running in Unga Straits that day, and I should indeed have been nervous, only for the reassurance that came from my native's countenance. He knew the straits perfectly, and was a splendid sailor, and very strong.

Delphinium (Larkspur).

Reaching the mainland, we found smooth water in the lee of a high, rugged shore-wall, along which we travelled until late in the afternoon, when we put ashore at the head of Santiago Bay. The night was perfect, clear, and beautiful, and we slept in an old, deserted barabara on a bed of dry grass, and cooked our supper on an open camp-fire made from driftwood gathered from the beach.

The following day we were driven ashore by storm, and were compelled to remain for two days. The winds blew a perfect gale and threatened to sweep our tent from over us, but calmed sufficiently for us to travel on the third day.

Most of the mainland was very high, even to the water's edge, and the irregular coast was slashed with narrow fiords that extend inland to the very base of the mountains; and the winds poured over the mountains and came whirling down these narrow water-ways as though under

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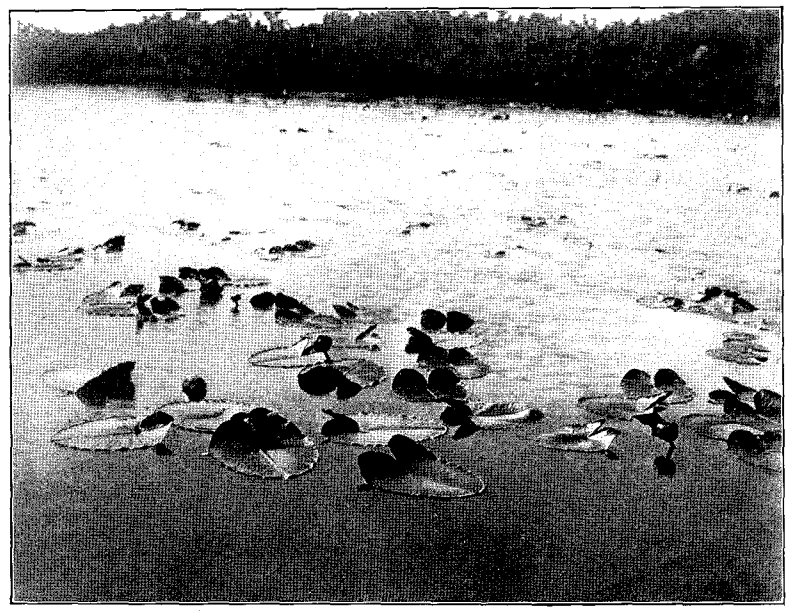

Nymphæa (Yellow Pond Lily).

force of some great pressure, producing what is known as woolies.

The last of these we had to cross before reaching the hunting-ground was Doinay Bay, a strip of water about four miles in width, and running inland a great distance between high and abrupt mountains. As we rounded a high point, before starting across, the water promised fair, with a light, favorable wind just tossing a few scattering white-caps; but we had not gone half-way across when we were caught in a squall that blew a living gale, driving before it blinding masses of snow, that beat in our faces with such fury as to almost blind us. The sea became very rough, and the wind carried immense sheets of water through the air, drenching us to the skin with the icy stuff, and every moment I thought our boat would either capsize or fill. But Andrew was equal to his task, and he handled the boat while I kept bailing out the water as fast as the waves boarded us.

My salt-water bath was cold, but I was so completely engaged in my work to save the boat that I felt no discomfort, and the excitement became so great that I began rather to enjoy than to fear our position.

We were almost surrounded by heavy breakers, any one of which might crush our boat to atoms, but in a few minutes, that seemed hours, our position was so changed as to show us a break in the

Veratrum (False Hellebore).

reef that was producing the heavy surf, and our boat glided through without accident, and we were inside a beautiful little bay about a mile in extent, nearly surrounded by low, rolling, grass-covered hills, with rugged snow-covered mountains in the back-ground.

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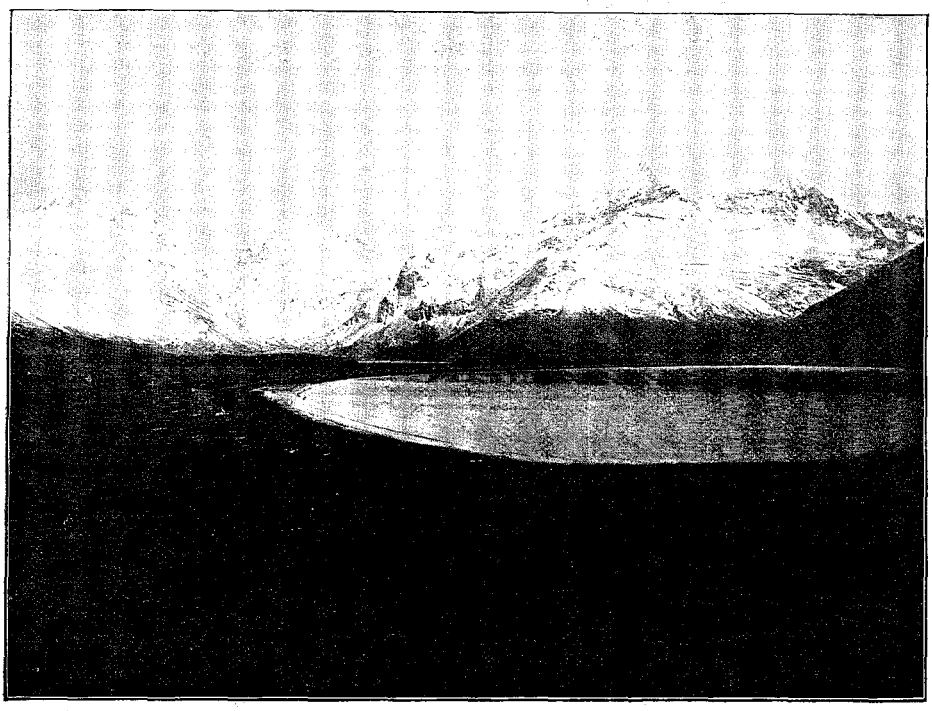

Chicago Bay and the Mountains beyond Alaska Peninsula.

As we crossed the little sheet of water, the clouds gave way to sunshine, and the wind calmed. On landing, we pitched our tents just above a pretty, sloping beach at the foot of the sea-wall, and prepared a hurried lunch with hot coffee that we enjoyed very much after our cold soaking.

Then we cut a lot of coarse grass with our skinning-knives, and put it in the bottom of our tents to put our beds on and to sit on. Next, we lashed down our tents with heavy ropes, made fast to stakes, and dragged up our boats and filled them half full with rocks, to keep them from blowing away. Then we made a trip across a high point to another small bay, where we collected firewood along the beach, which we carried to camp on our backs; and our temporary home was in order.

A change to dry clothing made me comfortable, and I climbed to the top of a high hill, back of camp. The day was nearly spent and I wanted to be alone for a short while, that I might better study and more perfectly understand my wonderful surroundings.

Here I was in the newest and strangest of all the lands of America. Ages upon ages after the rest of our continent came into existence, this land lay buried beneath the sea—when some mighty power below heaved with awful force, and a few of the heads of what are now the lofty snow-capped mountain-peaks in the background, peered above the surface of the water, huge masses of sharp and jagged rocks. Centuries passed, and the same forces again exerted themselves with renewed energy, and these great, black rocks were lifted higher above the water, and many new ones came to the surface, and in many places continuous ridges were formed. Even then the very country where I was sitting was deep down beneath the sea. Throughout other ages this great internal force lived and developed power, shoving again and again, until all this vast, picturesque, mountainous country came from beneath the sea. The winds and waters carried seeds, and grasses and mosses grew, and finally people came. In fact, people came when this strip of land was not yet finished, for high up the mountain-sides, just above where the rocks are smooth from the wash

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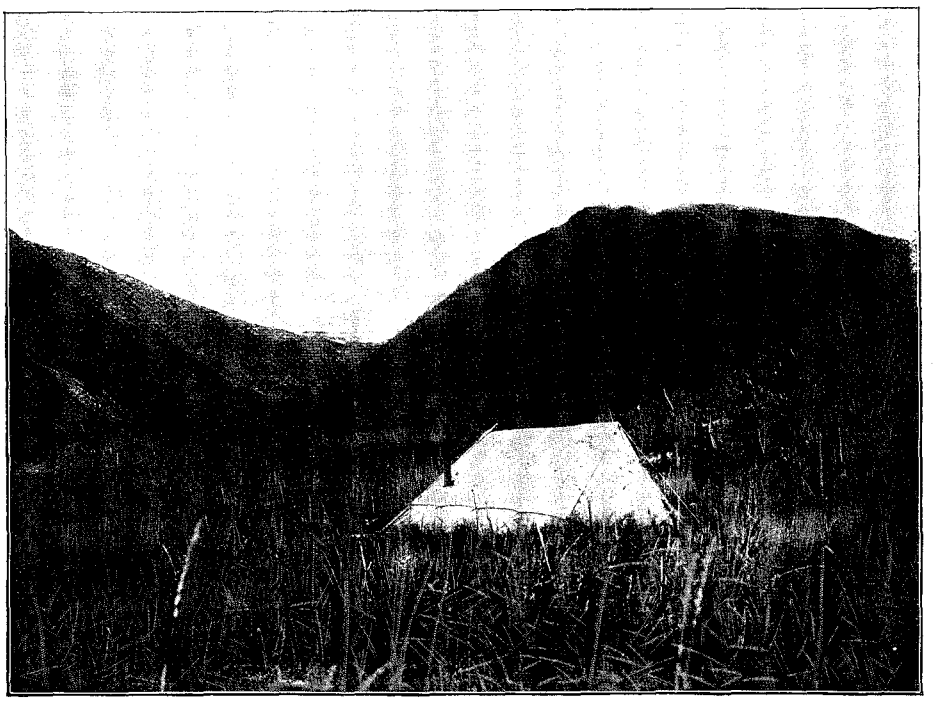

In Camp, Oisenoy Bay, Alaska Peninsula, where we were Storm-bound in October.

of the sea in ages past, are yet to be found reliable indications of the habitations of a people who once lived there, a people who obtained their living largely from the sea, and who always lived near the shore.

Back of me, and very near, rose the beautiful mountains upon whose sides once lived the first people to inhabit this country.

To the south of me stretched the broad Pacific and in the foreground the beautiful Shumagin Islands. It is but a century and a half since the first white man set foot on these islands; but the Aleut, who, perhaps, fled with his family from persecution on the eastern coast of Siberia, is to-day sleeping beneath the moss, the result of the coming of a cruel and stronger people.

Few countries ever possessed such valuable and interesting animal-life as the one that lay before me—the very centre of the greatest wealth of furs the world has ever produced. In the sea once lived vast herds of the sea-cow (Rhytini Stelleri), the only species of the Sirenia ever found north of the equator. These magnificent animals lived along the shores, feeding on seaweed, kelp, and marsh-grasses, and would have continued to live for ages, only for the coming of the white man, who succeeded in exterminating them in less than thirty years after his first arrival. The valuable fur-seals are being persecuted beyond endurance. The still more valuable sea-otter has been driven from the shores everywhere, and the miserable, scattered fragments of the most valuable of all fur-producing animals can no longer find either peace or safety near land. How inhuman and heartless is the destruction of such beautiful and valuable life.

As I looked on the scene around me—a land so strange—so full of interest—*the land where joins the East and the West*—I felt as though I had been transplanted to a new world.

The low-lying sun shed a gleam of red on the gold of the hills and the white of the mountains, and glistened on the waters below me. The little, Aleutian sparrow flitted from rock to rock and sang. The water ouzel fluttered from cañon-wall to cañon-wall of the mountain-streams,

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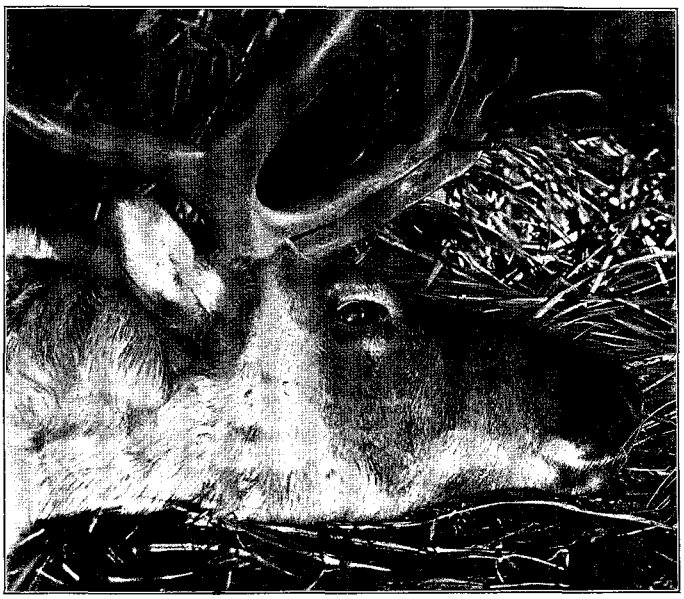
and bathed his dark, lead-colored plumage in the icy waters of its cataracts.

Falling shadows suggested camp; and as I turned toward the shore, I looked back once more over the hills, and there, on the crest of a little knoll, almost within gun-shot, sat a beautiful red fox, his magnificent bushy tail curled round his forefeet, eying me intently. Farther down the hill, on my way to camp, I flushed a small covey of snow-white ptarmigan, that flew but a short way, chattering and scolding at being disturbed.



Profile of the Nose of Rangifer Granti.

New species of caribou discovered by Mr. Stone in Autumn, 1901.

A camp, lighted with candles—clean, dry hay to sit upon, and a smoking-hot supper, were real luxury, and I enjoyed them all, and looked forward to another day, and the coming hunt.

We were nearly two weeks in camp, during which time we secured a magnificent series of caribou (the *Rangifer Granti*, named in honor of the Secretary of the New York Zoölogical Society), and a monster bear (the *Ursus Merriami*, one of the largest species of bears in the world), both of which proved new to science—a splendid addition to my year's work, and repaying me many times for the extra travel and effort they had cost.

I generally followed the course of small streams back into the hunting-ground. These would usually wind back and forth across a narrow cañon, from the base of the cañon-wall on one side, to that on the other, but they were rarely so deep that I could not wade them with my high boots. It was very cold one morning as I proceeded up one of these for several miles, and the ice was forming along the edges, and there was slush-ice everywhere and the stream was somewhat deeper than usual. Andrew was with me, and, after several miles of travel, we were successful in securing a magnificent bull-caribou, the measuring and skinning of which occupied considerable time; and I also noted the markings of its beautiful coat, and studied its anatomy.

I was not much surprised, on starting to camp, to find the stream damming with ice at short intervals, causing the water to back to a greater depth. The skin, and head, and bones were a heavy carry, but they must go to camp, and I wanted Andrew to carry meat. I glanced at the swollen stream, and then at the hills, that were everywhere cut into deep gulches, and I decided to try the course of the stream. Picking up my load, and pulling up my boots as far as I could stretch them,

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I started for camp. I was very careful in making the first two or three crossings, and succeeded in landing dry; but with every crossing the stream evidently grew deeper. In a very short time my high boots were full of ice and water, and every succeeding crossing poured in a fresh supply. At first, the warmth of my flesh succeeded in warding off any serious results from my repeated, ice-cold baths; but gradually my feet and legs began to suffer severely from the cold, and a little later to grow numb. I had intended to brave it out, but I soon began to suffer extremely, and my legs so rapidly became benumbed, that, at last, in trying to climb out of the stream, up one of the little, low banks, I fell, and my legs were so lifeless that I could not regain my feet. Andrew was taller and stronger, and had suffered less, and he hurried to my assistance. He removed my boots and emptied the water from them. Then he set to work pounding my feet and legs with his hands until I could feel the circulation in them once more. I did not suffer so seriously afterward, but when I finally left the stream, to climb the one high hill between us and camp, benumbed, cold, and fatigued, I thought I should surely never reach the top; and I was never more thankful than when I did finally reach the last rise on that long, steep climb. But the prize I carried with me was fully worth the effort, as such prizes always are to the naturalist. The species of caribou found here range high up in the mountains in summer, descending to the lower levels, even to the very sea-shore, in winter. They are a large variety of the barren-ground type, and are very uniformly marked, and grow magnificent heads of delicate antlers. The country ranged by them is generally quite accessible, and they are secured by the experienced hunter with but little difficulty.

Aleut tradition says that when their people first came to the country it was much warmer, and was blessed with more sunshine than it is now; that storms were not so frequent, and that the seas were calmer and easier of navigation by small craft. The most beautiful basket-work produced by any native people in the world is made by these Aleuts, from grasses that grow along the borders of the salt marshes.

The whole of the country is more or less mountainous, though the mountains of the peninsula do not form a continuous chain, but are separated, in many places, by low passes, that extend from the shores of the Pacific to those of Bering Sea. These were at one time channels connecting the two great bodies of water, and what is now the peninsula was then but a continuous chain of islands. The summits of the higher mountains are clothed in perpetual snow, below which, in summer, wild flowers and berries grow in magnificent variety.

Many of the volcanoes have become extinct, but Davlof, Shishaldin, Pogrumnof, Makushin, Tulik, and a few others, are still active.

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TEN CO-EDUCATED GIRLS TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO

By Mrs. H. M. Plunkett

Articles designed and made by Miss Mary Edwards.

Now in the Wadsworth Museum, Hartford, Conn.

ON November 6, 1694, Rev. Timothy Edwards, who had been chosen to become the pastor of a newly formed church in East Windsor, Conn.—sometimes known as Windsor Farms—was married in Northampton, Mass., to Miss Esther Stoddard, daughter of the minister of that town. There is no record of how the lady looked, nor of what she wore on the occasion, the chronicles of that time only noting the fact that Miss Stoddard had enjoyed superior advantages for education, having been sent to Boston for that purpose. The husband was twenty-four, the bride twenty-two. All New England looked to Harvard College, at that time, to stamp the hall-mark on ability, and no doubt Miss Esther was duly proud of the fact that the man of her choice had been endowed with the degree of Bachelor of Arts in the morning, and that of Master of Arts in the afternoon of the same day, an unprecedented act on the part of the college, and a tribute to the unsurpassed scholarship of Mr. Edwards—a scholarship that we shall see was always kept bright, and never allowed to lapse into desuetude, during a long life. The wedding journey of the couple, including some family visits, lasted eight days, when they arrived in the town where he was to be pastor for sixty-three years, and where she was to live a beautiful and influential life as his helper, and where, even after her husband's death, it is recorded that she was beloved for her Christian helpfulness in doing all that she could to increase the influence of his successor. Very few parishes could, in that primitive time, pay a salary adequate to support a minister, without some extraneous assistance—this assistance often taking the form of a farm. In Mr. Edwards's case, his father, who was a successful merchant of Hartford, made him the free gift of a farm and built him a house on it, but as this was not yet completed, the newly married pair occupied at first temporary quarters otherwhere. At length it was done, and it was an uncommonly fine and really "advanced" house, for the period. It stood with its long front to the street, the bare architectural blankness of this front being broken at the centre by a projection which formed a porch about the front door on the first story, and in the second, made a room of closet-like proportions, but called the "study"—within the walls of which were produced for sixty-three years the sermons that formed the chief intellectual pabulum of that people, outside the Bible. Few and small were the windows, made of tiny diamond panes set in lead, eloquent of the costliness of glass. Our ancestors held the theory that an air-space under a house made it cold, so this house had no visible underpinning, but seemed planted in the soil. The second story projected beyond the first—tradition has it, so as to be able to shoot Indian marauders, of which, in this vicinity, there were too many for the comfort of the intruding pale-faces. The roof was steep—made of "rived" shingles, which were never changed, and still serviceable one hundred and eighteen years afterward, when the house was taken down. The stepping-stone was utilized again by the man who built upon its site, but in 1834 it was bought from him, and made the corner-stone of the Theological Institute of Connecticut. The house had some very superior wood-work on the

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inside, one feature of which was a bench, running round three sides of one of the rooms, and which has an important relation to our theme. As New England parishes were rated, at that time, this of East Windsor was esteemed one of the best. Nearly every parishioner was a farmer; even the owner of the only grist-mill and the storekeeper had their farms. An account-book belonging to a deacon, and the Rev. Mr. Edwards's "rate-book" (really the parish record) are still extant, and as the latter gentleman had a habit of making quaint and piquant memoranda in connection with some of the items of cash or produce paid to him, they throw a flood of light on the manners, customs, and ideas of the time. Payments were faithfully, but not always promptly, made, and the minister found it impossible to live on his salary without adding the labor of a tutor; hence he always had young men fitting for college in his family, and his rate-book shows that young men who could not spare time in the day, came to him in the evenings to be instructed in penmanship.

The meeting-house was not completed till three years after Mr. Edwards's marriage—the congregation meanwhile assembling in a barn—and although he exercised every function of the Congregational priesthood, he was not formally ordained until the two ceremonies of dedicating the church and the complete induction of the pastor, called *ordination*, could be combined in one joyful occasion. It occurred in 1698. Previous to this his house had been completed, and two of the young women, whose completed circle is ten, had appeared on this earthly scene. This double ceremonial was the happy goal toward which both pastor and people had been looking for many years, and, accustomed as we are to think of those early Puritans as leading austere and joyless lives, it is a surprise to learn that the religious ceremonies were followed by an Ordination Ball in the minister's house—one of the invitations in the young pastor's handwriting, bearing his autograph, being still in existence. A careful list of "provisions laide in at the house of Mr. Edwards for his ordination," is still extant in the account-book of his accurate deacon. Of actual viands sent, there were 88 pounds of "beefe," 14 of mutton, 18 of veal; souger, 10 pounds; wheat, meal, cheese, butter, eggs, salt, pepper, sidar, rum, malt, hops, wine, and money distinctly called "wine-money" and also spice-money, while many gave actual cash. We feel justified in believing that "everybody who was anybody" was invited to partake of this generous feast, and we are certain that that parish had at least one "jolly good time" in its life.

Mrs. Edwards had a high ideal of the loftiness of the pastor's vocation, and, that her husband might be free to fulfil its duties, took upon herself the burden of their temporalities—so that her gifted and honored spouse could educate his young men, and care for the souls of his parishioners, unhampered by petty cares. When there was a question of how many and what hides the tanner ought to return to him, he says, "My wife knows;" and other references to her show that she "looked to the ways of her household," notwithstanding the superior Boston education she had received. Of her eleven children the fifth was a son—the celebrated and much-maligned Jonathan Edwards; the rest were daughters, the youngest born when the oldest was twenty-two. It was a busy and no doubt a lively household, and it is pleasant to read that "From the house the land sloped toward the east to a brook that flowed at the foot of a steeper hill, which was then crowned with a beautiful forest of primeval trees. . . . To this spot Mr. Edwards was accustomed to go for seclusion, and there his son Jonathan built the booth wherein he held soul-inspiring converse with God." We can imagine him escaping in desperation from such a girls'-nest as the house must have been to this precursor of the modern "den."

As the minds of the ten daughters began to unfold, and as there were no schools to send them to, the father undertook to train them himself. He did not stop to inquire whether co-educating his girls right along with the fitting-for-college students would lead to atrophy of the muscles, or of the affections, but just *did it*. He had a school, with a high standard, beneath his own roof. Harvard and Yale colleges accepted "Mr. Edwards's students" without examination; and that he held his girls to the same standard is proved by the fact

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that when called away from home, as he often was in his capacity of eminent divine, he left the instruction in Latin and Greek to his daughters, and particularly directs that they shall not fail to hear the recitations of the young men, in the letters that he sends back. In his account-book he records every day's instruction to these young men, which was paid for at the rate of three shillings a week, and makes note of the time given to them by his daughters, for we may be sure that the money value of these services by the co-educated ten was not ignored by them. Among the credits in his account-book is a memorandum of a shilling paid by one North to my daughter Mary for covering a fan, and there are other similar entries. That a knowledge of Latin and Greek had not eradicated the fondness for distinctively feminine work is shown by the fact that specimens of Miss Mary's embroidery — a scarf, an apron, and a pair of slippers—now owned by the Connecticut Historical Society, can to-day be seen in the Hartford Athenæum.

For this work the lady first spun and wove the linen cloth of the foundation and created the wools, discovering the dyes with which to color them, in the flowers and leaves and barks and nuts of trees. The picture shows that she could conventionalize the flowers of the field; and, as Mr. Edwards credits Deacon Rockwell, who was a worker in wood, with two pairs of "heals," we can be almost sure they were to be attached to Miss Mary's embroidered slippers: only lately a pair of needle-pointed slippers, with heels two and a quarter inches high, contemporaneous with these, have been found in the vicinity. So even these co-educated women had their little weaknesses and did not wear hygienic shoes; and while we are taught to believe that the simple dietetics of that day gave people sounder teeth than ours, there are frequent credits to Deacon Skinner for drawing a tooth for Esther—or Abigail—or Lucy.

An effort has been made to discover the specific effect of the education above described, or the subsequent character, conduct, and lives of the women whose scholarly father had boldly reared his daughters in scholarly ways. He knew the advantage of travel and contact with other circles than one's own, and one after another they were sent to Boston for some of the superior advantages afforded by that city. As Mr. Edwards had come to be a very influential man in all religious matters—in fact was *the* man to whom other parishes looked for counsel when in difficulties (which was not seldom)—his house was much frequented by ministers, old and young; and not a few were attracted thither by the charms of this galaxy of "Edwards's girls," seven of whom married. Two died—one at nineteen and one at twenty-one—we are led to infer from some swiftly fatal sickness, as Mr. Edwards's memoranda contain no allusions to any chronic illnesses, while he carefully notes all moneys paid for medicines and doctors' bills, which certainly were very small and infrequent. Of the seven who married, five lived to ages ranging from sixty to ninety-one, the one whose life was shortest living to sixty; so we must infer that the superior education did not tend to shortness of life; but we look again, and note that none of them married younger than twenty-four, and on studying the reason of this, we find that some of them had "long engagements," the fashion then being for a man to build a house before he literally brought a bride "home;" and of the three who married ministers, two had to wait till their lovers had been "called" by some parish, and proved worthy of that "settlement for life" that was then the fashion in ecclesiastical circles. It would be pleasant to know which of the daughters was affianced to a young Dr. Rockwell, who built a house in Windsor Farms, and had her initials moulded into one of the bricks of the chimney. Unfortunately, the course of love was interrupted, for the engagement was broken.

The one daughter who remained single was the support and helper of her father, living to the age of seventy-four, and outliving her sire by five years. Her epitaph reads thus:

> Genius, Knowledge, Prudence,
> Joyn'd with Social Words,
> By Grace refined, Adorned her life,
> Deserved a name
> Which few of either sex can claim.

These girls showed uncommonly good judgment in the selection of husbands, for we find them united to men of character

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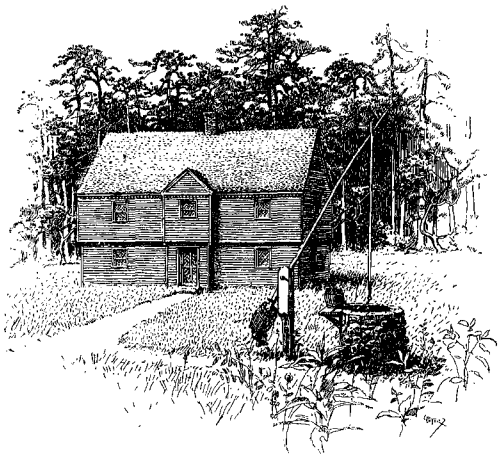
and high moral worth, who filled influential positions in their respective towns, even when not ministers, and at that time the minister was the dominant figure in every community. Mr. Edwards's oldest granddaughter—Elizabeth Huntington—was married to Abraham Davenport, of Stamford, of whom we find the following in the pages of Dr. Dwight: "The 19th of May, 1780, was a remarkably dark day. Candles were lighted in many houses; the birds were silent and disappeared, and the fowls retired to roost. The Legislature of Connecticut was then in session at Hartford. A very general opinion prevailed that the Day of Judgment was at hand. The House of Representatives, being unable to transact their business, adjourned. A proposal to adjourn the Council, also, was under consideration, when the opinion of Colonel Davenport was asked; he answered: 'I am against an adjournment. The Day of Judgment is either approaching or it is not. If it is not, there is no cause for an adjournment; if it is, I choose to be found doing my duty. I wish, therefore, that candles may be brought.'"



The House of Rev. Timothy Edwards, East Windsor, Conn.

Birthplace of Rev. Jonathan Edwards and the ten co-educated girls.

Whittier's poetical transfiguration of this incident, familiar as it is, will bear reading again:

All eyes were turned on Abraham Davenport.
He rose, slow cleaving with steady voice
The intolerable hush. "This well may be
The Day of Judgment which the world awaits;
But be it so or not, I only know
My present duty, and the Lord's command
To occupy till He come. So at the post
Where He hath set me in His providence,
I choose, for one, to meet Him face to face—
No faithless servant frightened from my task,
But ready when the Lord of harvest calls;
And therefore, with all reverence, I would say,
Let God do His work, we will see to ours.
Bring in the candles.

We fairly envy the daughter of the co-educated woman who had had the wisdom to choose such a husband. Among ten girls, born of parents with very positive traits, it is reasonable to expect to find some "peculiarities" and "idiosyncrasies;" and the youngest of these ten is said to have been a woman of very peculiar disposition, and led her husband an unquiet life. Mr. Edwards ought to have been an expert in girls, and when the Rev. Mr. Tuthill, whom this "peculiar" girl married—after the custom of the time—asked of her father the privilege of soliciting Miss Martha's hand, her father expressed a fear that she might not be a suitable companion for the would-be son-in-law. The matrimonial candidate supposed that the caution related to the spiritual condition of the lady's mind, and anxiously asked if "Miss Martha had not experienced the great change"—for it was thought a great hazard for a clergyman to be united to an unconverted woman. Mr. Edwards replied: "Oh, yes, yes, Martha is a good girl; yes, she *is* a good girl, but, Brother Tuthill, *the grace of God will go where man can't.*" When we recall how people in those days were judged by their neighbors, according to whether, in the language of the time, "they had experienced the great change," or "had passed from death unto life," we are pleased at the mention of the fact that Mrs. Edwards herself did not unite with the church till twenty years after her marriage, at a time of great religious interest, when also two of her daughters joined the visible church; and we feel sure that her husband did not nag or worry her, but waited "patiently for God" to complete His own spiritual work.

Of all this group of daughters who are

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said to have grown up "to fill positions of eminence and usefulness," but one has left any personal memorial. This gives us a true picture of her mind and heart, for at that day it was a common practice to record and communicate spiritual impressions and states with a frankness which our more reticent time finds it difficult to understand.

This memorial consists of a diary, in her own handwriting, on small bits of paper clipped from the tops and bottoms of letters, sometimes on the back of an entire letter—for paper was a scarce and precious commodity—running through nearly fifty years. The whole is wrapped in a large sheet of actual animal parchment, folded carefully, and endorsed in her own hand, "Esther Edwards's Diary." There is a tradition that, previous to 1723, when she was twenty-five, she had passed through a season of deep spiritual darkness and doubt, but that upon taking a journey to Boston, she immediately passed into a peaceful and happy state. Some would argue that her trouble was a physical one that "a change of scene" would set right, and, some would say, possibly a Boston preacher had the happiness to present the old truth at a fresh angle. On February 20, 1723, she says: "I am much indisposed in body, and in a very dead frame of mind. Will the second Adam become a quickening spirit to my dead soul? I experienced something I want words to express. It was superior to what I have found these many years, and hope it was that peace of God that passeth understanding."

"*Feb. 23d.*—I have this morning been refreshed with divine consolations." Somebody has wittily said that the consciousness of being well dressed has a more sustaining power than religion itself for a woman; and the next entry shows a genuine human touch that makes us love her.

"*March 7th.*—I was this day, upon my looking more comely than ordinary, stirred up in thankfulness to God, whom I saw to be the Fountain of all Perfection, and that I might of His fulness receive every good thing. He appeared to me a God able and ready to help me."

There is much of introspection and a minute record of the states of religious feeling experienced at different times. She made her petitions that "our negro fellow may be a blessing and comfort to us." This was a slave—and in making a comparison of the prices of the necessities, Mr. Edwards mentions that formerly he bought a servant for £90, but now must pay £200. Though bought like chattels, their souls were not neglected.

The second daughter had been betrothed and married in 1724. One of the invitations to her wedding is still extant and runs:

Sr. "This comes from myself and wife as an Invitation to y'self and Sister, to my Daughter Betty's Wedding, ye day intended for which is the next Tuesday. I therefore do hereby request you both to be at my house on that occasion that day, at about three of the Clock in the afternoon, whereby you will oblige

"Sr yrs to serve you,

"TIMO: EDWARDS."

Whether this precedence over Miss Esther had anything to do with some of her "low," "dull," and "dead" frames of mind is not known, but previous to 1726 there appear frequent allusions to a person who is not indicated even by initials, but certain cabalistic marks are made to do duty for the name of one who had evidently taken the first place in Miss Esther's heart. She still continues to pray for the "negro fellow," but every entry contains a petition for the cabalistic gentleman. A clergyman in those times looked for a parish before he allowed himself to think of marrying; and how long before the present date the Rev. Samuel Hopkins had been engaged to her we do not know, but on October 2, 1726, we find this entry: "I was inlarged in my thanksgivings because God had wrought the affair of my settling in the world to such a pass as it is. Also encouraged thereby to trust in Him still, yt He would appear and do great things, even as my case should require, in particular in respect to ——" (here the cabalistic mark). She occasionally chides herself for discontent, or pride, but the leading object in all is the cabalistic unknown,——. She says, "My eyes were to God all day long for ——" and even in reading a treatise on the eternity of God she was pleased to discover "my happiness in ——." In

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June of 1727 she was united in marriage to Mr. Hopkins, who had been settled as the pastor of West Springfield, Mass. She now records in her diary, especially on a communion Sabbath, that she "was inlarged in my petitions for my dear spouse that he may have all spiritual blessings, and all those ministerial accomplishments that may render him a man of God, thoroughly furnished." She passes forward in life through the experience of motherhood, and, as we should expect, is very earnest in prayers for the conversion of her children, but does not forget to pray for the "negro girl Filis" and "the younger one —Dido." In 1729 she was much reduced by fever and ague, and was advised to take a journey to New Haven. She started when so weak that she could hardly mount her horse, and reached Waterbury, where her husband's relatives lived, so exhausted that she stayed there two weeks, and, no sooner had she reached New Haven than she was met by a messenger bearing the news of the death of her daughter Esther. The entries in the journal show the tender mother, as well as the truly resigned Christian, and all along are notes of her earnest, anxious prayers for her sisters and children and husband.

In 1741 there occurred a great religious movement, known as the Great Awakening, which had spread from Northampton, where it began under the preaching of her brother, the eminent Jonathan Edwards. Whitefield's preaching had been instrumental in a great religious quickening and had inaugurated a new style of preaching. Barber—the historian of Connecticut—says: "The religious people were divided into the 'New Lights' and 'Old Lights.' The former were active and zealous in the discharge of everything which they conceived to be their religious duty, and were in favor of Mr. Whitefield and others itinerating through the country, stirring up the people to reform," etc. Whereupon the Grand Council at Guilford said: "That for a minister to enter into another man's parish, and preach, or administer the seals of the covenant, without the consent of or in opposition to the settled minister, is disorderly." Most of the council were "Old Lights," and expelled the "enthusiasts"—as they called them. Rev. Eleazar Wheelock—afterward President of Dartmouth College—when it was established to educate Indians for missionaries among their own people—and Jonathan Edwards were among the "New Lights" who approved of and took part in evangelistic services, supplementary to the regular services in many churches. "Dead" was the word applied to many churches that had fallen into routine. It is easily supposable that the irruption of an evangelistic "son of thunder" is not at all times the most welcome sort of a visit to a peaceful, steady-going pastor. Mrs. Hopkins records, on March 15, 1742, that she "has heard of Mr. Wheelock's arrival in Longmeadow," and the next day says she has "heard of some going round to get subscriptions for preaching in this place," and the next day says, "John Ely came to talk to Mr. H. about Mr. Wheelock's preaching among us; apprehends great danger to this people and much detriment to the interests of religion." One cannot repress a smile at the thought of that affectionate sister's requests at this time being chiefly for her distinguished brother, the great Jonathan Edwards—"that it would please God to enlighten him, and show him the way of truth, and that if he had embraced any error, that he might be recovered." On August 3, 1743, she says: "What is the matter? I was last night in company with one of the 'New Lights.' I could hardly bear the room." On March 12, 1744, she writes: "Some things occurred this morning which made it appear very doubtful whether my dear brother would ever come off of some principles which appeared to me were detrimental to religion."

The genuine New Englander *does* feel that he *is* the keeper of his neighbor's conscience, and the loving sister often poured out her soul in prayer for him, but he had a progressive mind, and in spite of Dr. Holmes's abhorrence of the extreme views at which he sneers, he calls him a "sweet-souled man," and evidently believes that he modified his views of "sinners in the hands of an angry God" before his untimely death, but intimates that they were suppressed by persons who thought it more important that Jonathan Edwards should be made to appear "consistent" than simply "true." Mrs. Hopkins survived eleven years after the death of the

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husband, who had remained the pastor of his first and only parish for thirty-six years. The record on her tombstone is: "Mrs. Esther Hopkins, Relict of ye late Revd. Mr. Sam.ll Hopkins (in whom a superior understanding, uncommon Improvements in Knowledge, Exemplary Piety, and exalted Virtue combined to form a distinguished female character), deceased June 7. 1766 in ye 72 year of her age." The whole is surmounted by a cherubic face, surrounded by stars—indicative of a beatified spirit.

Wherever we trace the history and posterity of those vigorous Co-Educated Girls we find distinguished intellectual achievement and high moral worth. They stand at the head of one line of what Holmes calls the "Brahmin caste of New England." In describing those whom he thus classifies, he says: "Their names are always on some college catalogue or other, they break out every generation or two in some learned labor which calls them up after they seem to have died out. A newer name seems to take their place—but you inquire a little, and you find it is the blood of the Edwardses, or the Ellerys, or the Chaunceys, or some of the old historic scholars, disguised under the altered name of a female descendant." The second son of Esther—Rev. Samuel Hopkins—was the pastor for fifty-four years of Old Hadley, when that town constituted one of the most commanding parishes in Massachusetts, and at one time four of his daughters were the wives of men filling four prominent New England pulpits. His college-bred son died soon after graduation, but another, Mr. John Hopkins—a merchant in Northampton—amassed a fine fortune, much of which was dedicated to religious teaching. He generously aided Austin Worcester—Esther's grandson—in preparing himself for a missionary to the Cherokee Indians, then in Georgia. He spent two years in a Georgia penitentiary, after the law forbidding the teaching of others than whites was enacted, and when the tribe went into what was an exile to them, accompanied them beyond the Rocky Mountains. His daughter, Mrs. Robertson, while an invalid in bed, translated the new testament and several of the more important books of the old into the Creek language, and many of our choicest hymns, and has been chief translator for the Indian Commission.

Mr. John Hopkins's son, Rev. Samuel, was the author of the three-volume work, "The Puritans and Queen Elizabeth"—a book that exhibits a wonderful industry and patience—a quarry of facts for the future historian. Members of the next three generations are still living, and it would be indelicate to characterize them further. The members of the seventh generation are still young, but give promise of maintaining the family standard of superior intellectual achievement and high moral worth—worthy successors of the ten Edwards girls.

Corner in the Oldest Graveyard in East Windsor.

Here are buried Rev. Timothy Edwards, his wife Esther Stoddard Edwards, and their three unmarried daughters.

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She found a photograph of a man.—Page 459.

THE BLUE DRESS

By Josephine Daskam

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH

I SHOULD never have dreamed of putting this in our Posterity Collection except for Ben. She says that stories about lovers—especially unhappy ones—last longer than any other kind and interest people the most. And after we have been to all the trouble, to say nothing of the cost of the paper, of writing down the really great events that took place in the Elmbank School and burying them in a sealed box far in the depths of the earth for people to dig up and read many, many years after we are dead and gone, I suppose we ought to try to interest them. Ben says that Laura and Petrarch, Launcelot and Guinevere, Romeo and Juliet will never die. (This is the first sentence of a composition she wrote and The Pie was very angry and wouldn't hand it back to her, even. The subject was The Love of Nature, and Ben said that human nature was the most important kind of nature, and so she looked up those people I mentioned and wrote about them. But she didn't care, because Miss Naldreth said it was a remarkable composition, and she needn't do another in its place, as The Pie said she must.)

I think myself that Eleanor Northrop was a silly thing about her blue dress, and I can't see why so many of the girls should have admired her so much while she was keeping her old vow, although I must admit that she was really quite noble once or twice about not giving way. But Ben says that nothing is silly when you are in love, and as she had to look up a great deal about it for her composition, I suppose she knows.

The way we happened to know Eleanor so well, for of course she wouldn't naturally go with girls of thirteen, was because of the Society for the Pretender which her aunt believed in. You have probably heard that some people don't believe in Queen Victoria—as a queen, I mean—but in Prince Charlie. Well, that was the kind Eleanor's aunt was. And Ben got up that society in the school, and of course Eleanor belonged to it. So even after the society broke up—you may have read how it happened to—we still knew her, though she went with her own set, and was always trying to get in with the quite old girls. But I believe she really enjoyed going with us, after all, for just about half

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All the girls saw it.—Page 459.

the time she wouldn't be speaking with her own crowd, and of course you couldn't expect that a girl like Pinky West, who goes out to parties in the town, and has evening dresses cut out low, and gets telegrams about the ball games, is going to be *really intimate* with a girl not quite sixteen.

It was from her that Eleanor heard about the O. L. L., and in an evil hour, as the song says, she came and bragged about it to us. Of course that got Ben interested and she went to work to get it out of her. If you knew Ben, you would know that she would succeed in this. I don't believe that there is a person living, young or old, that Ben couldn't get anything out of she wanted to know. And the funny thing about it is she doesn't ask them a thing! She just acts proud and as if she didn't care much, but all the time she knew all about it, and by and by they get so mad they tell.

She told me how she did it once, when I brought her up her hot lemonade the time she had a bad cold, and stayed in to read to her. She couldn't use her eyes and that nearly drove her wild. She said that if you acted as if you knew and just wanted to see if they did, they would get talking and finally they'd tell you all about it. She has found out a number of very interesting things in this way from older people.

So before long she found out that the O. L. L. was the One Love of a Life Club, and that it was six of the senior girls. You made a vow that you would love one and one only (the very words of the oath), and you wrote his full name on a paper and sealed it up, and the president of the society kept it. Then you put away all your other photographs—except your family, of course—and you only talked about that one, no matter how many the other girls talked about. That was all. Every bit of it. It seems to me about the silliest club that I ever heard of, myself. Ben could make up a better club than that with one hand behind her back. And one of the parts of it was too silly to speak about, even, for as I said as soon as I heard about it, if they kept his picture out, what was the good of sealing up his name so secretly? They hadn't thought of that, would you believe it?

Ben smiled that disgusting way she does sometimes, when I was making fun of the club, and said that the girls weren't really deadly earnest about it. She said they did it partly for fun. And maybe they did, but Eleanor didn't. As you will presently see, if you read on.

She thought it was perfectly grand, and

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She and Eleanor would sit in the window-seat and talk.—Page 460.

she cleared all her photographs of boys away and began to make up her mind who the One would be, in hopes to be taken in. She probably never would have been, though, if it hadn't been for an accident. She and Ben and I were down in the town together with Mademoiselle, and Mademoiselle took us up to the photographer's to see about some pictures of hers. She has them done there and not by the New York man that comes once a year for the graduating class, because they're cheaper. Well, while we were waiting around Eleanor looked in a waste-basket to get a piece of paper to wipe some mud off her shoe, and there she found a photograph of a man. It was perfectly good enough except for a big blot of ink on the lowest right-hand corner, and that was prob'ly why it was thrown away. Eleanor thought she'd take it just for fun, and so she slipped it into a book she had and carried it home.

She stuck it on the bureau, and that evening Pinky West came in to borrow something and so she saw it.

"Who's your friend?" she said, and Eleanor wanted Pinky to respect her as much as possible, so she said she'd prefer not to say. Then Pinky teased her, but still she wouldn't tell. Which she couldn't very well, as she didn't know, and she wouldn't lie. Finally Pinky told her if she could keep a secret as well as that she was almost good enough for the O. L. L.

Then Eleanor framed the picture in her best birch-bark frame and all the girls saw it. They came in on purpose. He was much too old for Eleanor, with quite a large mustache, but nobody thought of that. We all thought he was quite handsome, but Ben said he looked like the pictures in the backs of magazines of men that had never known a well day till they took a bottle of Dr. Somebody's something or other. Still she admitted he was handsome in a way. He had big eyes and curly hair and a kind of split in his chin.

At first Eleanor just called him "him," but one day two girls of the O. L. L. told her she was on probation, and so she got very excited, and when they told her that she must be willing to write his name, she said:

"Why shouldn't I write his name? I will write it now!" and she wrote it on a paper and gave it to them. She wrote *Edward Delancey St. John.*

Well, then she had to go on, and in a little while she really almost believed in him. She would talk by the hour about

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All of a sudden Ben pinched me.—Page 461.

him, and then Ben would ask her questions that if she answered they made long stories.

At first I thought it was fun, but by and by I got tired of it, and it wasn't true, anyway. But Ben never got tired of it. She and Eleanor would sit in the window-seat and talk and talk all the recesses. One day I really heard Ben ask her if Edward's sister was still as disagreeable, and she said :

"Heavens, yes ! She will break my heart if she keeps on. A few days ago she wrote me that Edward was very much interested in a girl next door ! " These were her very words !

"Well," said Ben, "you have his mother on your side."

"But you know she is only his half-mother," said Eleanor. I suppose she meant stepmother. But you can see how crazy they were. Ben just loves anything like that.

Well, finally all the girls knew about Edward, and they would write notes in class about him, and the O. L. L. talked to her and invited her into their rooms. As the history says, she was at the zenith of her fame. Once I went by her room and I looked in, and she was standing in front of the bureau with her elbows on it, just staring at Edward's picture. It really made me feel queer. I went in and said to her :

"Eleanor, you know there isn't any Edward. How can you look at him so? "

"There isn't? " she said to me, "isn't there? Who is this the photograph of, then? "

"But you don't know him," I said.

"I adore him ! " she said, "I simply adore him. He is the one man in the world for me." That, of course, she got out of a book. They often say it.

"But who is he? " I asked her.

"He is Edward Delancey St. John," she said, looking right straight at me, "and that is enough for me."

Those were her very words.

You really had to believe in him.

But now comes the climax of this story. The climax should come last, it says in the English book, but this climax didn't. I suppose what is true for compositions isn't always true in real life. Which is the way with a lot of the things you say in a composition, when you come to think of it.

One Sunday which ne'er forgot will be, like Annie Laurie, Mademoiselle told Eleanor and Ben and me to come up into the front pew with her instead of way in the back with old Weeksey. Ben was mad, because right in front of our usu-

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al seat there is the funniest old lady that bows over and crosses herself just like a Catholic, and shouts out the hymns till we used to nearly die. And Ben didn't think we should be apt to find anyone so interesting up in the front. Little did we dream what we were to find, as the novels say.

So up we went and everything was all right till the choir came in. They came marching along, first the soprano boys and then the altos and then the men, and of course we looked at them all. Just after the altos came a man with a very loud voice, and the man next him looked like somebody I knew, only I couldn't think who. And all of a sudden Ben pinched me so I made a noise and whispered,

"It's Edward!"

Eleanor made a kind of choking noise and tumbled right down into the seat, so we knew she saw. And it really was. It was Edward Delancey St. John.

Mademoiselle glared at Eleanor and got over between us, and Eleanor got up finally, but she kept wiggling all the time, and of course all we did was to stare at him. He was beautiful, though Ben does not like a man with red cheeks.

Well, it mixed us all up, if you see what I mean. I had never believed much in Edward, and there he was. How did he get there?

First I thought how funny it was that Eleanor never told us he was in the choir, and then I remembered that of course she didn't know he was in the choir, because she didn't know him, and yet it seemed as if she *must* know him. I looked at Ben every once in a while, and her cheeks were as red as could be, and she was whispering to herself that way she does when she's planning out some really big thing. Eleanor just wiggled around, as I said.

At the offertory the whole choir stayed up, and we thought they'd all sing, but would you believe it, the only one that sang was Edward! He sang,

Ye people rend your hearts, rend your hearts and not your garments, and he looked right at us. Eleanor's heart beat so hard I could see her waist stick out. Of course she was dreadfully proud that Edward sang so finely, and who could blame her? It was the most exciting church I have ever been to.

Edward Delancey St. John.

I don't know whether he had always been in the choir—Eleanor says not, for she would have known his voice among a thousand. I said how could she, because she'd never heard it; but Ben sat on me dreadfully, and said I didn't know much about love. Perhaps I don't, but all the same, she never *had* heard his voice. You see the church is so dark and we sit so far back, usually, that we can't tell one face from another in the choir.

Well, after we got back we had a terribly exciting time.

"He has followed you," said Ben, before Eleanor got a chance, "and he will *compel* you to be his! That is the way of it."

Eleanor said she s'posed he had.

"Where has he followed you from?" I asked her, but they wouldn't pay any attention to me, but went right on.

"His sister has driven him to take this step," said Ben, "and prob'ly they have tried to force him to get engaged to the girl next door."

So Eleanor said yes, indeed, and I asked her if she was engaged to Edward, but they wouldn't pay any attention to anything I said.

"Well," said Ben, "if they don't take you into the O. L. L. now, I miss my guess!"

And then Eleanor made her vow.

"Girls," she said, "do you see this dress I have on?"

And we said yes, what of it? It was

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I took her up a cake.—Page 464.

her blue henrietta cloth trimmed with black velvet baby-ribbon and a lace yoke. It was quite long for Eleanor; really about as long as a grown person's short skirt, and Eleanor used to pretend that she was wearing it for a short skirt.

"Well," she said, and she stared in front of her without looking at anything, that way you do when you're trying to add something up in your head, "I shall never wear this dress unless I am going to see him. Never. I had it on when I saw him first, and I shall never wear it again any place where he is not going to be. I will do that much at least for him." These were her very words.

"Oh," said I, "then you never *did* see him before!"

"You can get out right away, Miss," Ben said, "we've had enough of you."

"Thank you very much," I said, "I'm going. You can make up your lies by yourself after this—you and your old Edward."

Ben will turn round that way with her oldest friends. She doesn't seem to care for you at all, if you make her mad. You always feel the worst yourself.

But for once in her life Eleanor Northrop stopped a scrap.

"Oh, girls," she said, "don't quarrel the day I made my vow! I want everybody to be friends. Besides I want you for witnesses." She looked so solemn and of course I saw how she felt. So we made it up.

Only we didn't see how she could help wearing her dress except Sundays. There was Thursdays, when we go in to make a call on dear Miss Naldreth, and Saturday afternoon, when if there is a good matinée in the town the girls can go if their parents say so, and if it's rainy Sundays you put on your good dress just the same. But she made the vow, and wrote it down. It began, "I, Eleanor Fessenden Northrop, promise solemnly never to wear my blue henrietta cloth dress unless Edward Delancey St. John is to be there," etc.

The very next day she was put to the test, like *Edna* in "St. Elmo." It was dreadfully exciting.

Miss Demarest, that's the house-mother, came and told Eleanor that her aunt from Buffalo had come to see her, and for her to change her dress and go down.

"What are you going to do?" I said, because she just had her dancing-school dress and the blue one; her heavy street suit was having a braid put on.

"You'll see what I'll do," she said, and she went down just as she was. Miss Demarest didn't happen to see her till her aunt had gone, and then she went for her.

"Did you not hear me tell you to

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I heard the bed creak when I went out.—Page 464

change your dress, Eleanor?" she said, that soft, pussy way she does when she's mad.

"Yes, Miss Demarest, but I was so anxious to see Aunt Mary," said Eleanor, and so Miss Demarest let up on her. Really Eleanor hardly knows her Aunt Mary: I asked her if she didn't mind lying, and she said not when it was for Edward. And Ben said that was all right—it was always just that way.

Well, all went well till Thursday, and then we went in to see Miss Naldreth. From four till five the first fifteen, and from five till six the second. Eleanor is under sixteen, so she goes in with the second set, though next year she will be with the junior girls.

"What are you going to wear?" I asked her.

And again she replied, "You'll see."

We went in first, but as we came out we saw Eleanor in her dancing-school dress. It is pale-blue China silk with elbow sleeves and it looked very funny. I never believed she'd do it.

"What will Miss Naldreth say?" I said to Ben.

"She won't say anything, you silly," she said, "because she never criticises anything Thursdays. We are just her guests, she says, like any other ladies, and you wouldn't be apt to ask a lady that was calling why she had on her dancing-school dress, would you?"

Which was true, of course, and Ben was right. Really I suppose Miss Naldreth ought to have put on her ball-dress, like the king that drank out of the finger-bowl, you know.

But Miss Demarest is another person, and she grabbed Eleanor before dinner and said, "Eleanor, why are you dressed in this manner? Explain immediately."

"Oh, I just thought I'd put it on, Miss Demarest," said Eleanor, as cool as a cucumber.

"Where is your blue dress?"

"I like this better," said Eleanor.

We girls were just hopping with excitement. "Go and change it immediately," said Demmy.

"Oh, Miss Demarest, there isn't time before dinner," said Eleanor, "please let me keep it on!"

"I don't understand this at all, Eleanor," says Demmy, "but for this once I will not insist. Don't let it happen again, however."

So all through dinner we all looked at her and the girls wondered how it happened, and Eleanor was as big as you please.

On Sunday we looked at Edward all the morning and he smiled at Eleanor and she blushed. It was the first time she

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"Girls," she said, "do you see this dress I have on?"—Page 461.

ever blushed in church and she wrote it in her date-book, she told Ben. Ben said it would prob'ly not be the last.

In the afternoon Pinky West asked me if it was true that somebody had come to Elm City to see Eleanor and gone into the choir because it was her church. Pinky and the other O. L. L. girls are all Congregationalists. I didn't want to tell her a lie, because I admire her more than any girl in the school, but knowing Eleanor's oath and all, I thought I ought to stick up for her, and she certainly was in love with Edward. So I said,

"I don't feel at liberty to discuss it, Miss West. But she certainly has gone through a good deal for him."

"Heavens!" she said, "that mere child! Is it true that his parents are opposed on account of her youth?"

"I believe it's his sister principally," said I. I felt so excited to have Pinky talking to me, just as if I was as old as she is, that I forgot all about that Edward hadn't any sister. You see, you had to believe in him when you saw him every Sunday.

Well, so it went on. The next Thursday Eleanor said she had a headache and couldn't she be excused from Miss Naldreth's afternoon.

"Very well, Eleanor," says Demmy, "if you are not feeling well, you will not care to come down to dinner, of course. I will send you up some toast and hot milk."

"Yes, thank you," said Eleanor, and that's every bit the poor child got, and it was Thursday, mind you, when we have chicken and jelly with whipped cream for dessert! I must say I admired Eleanor for that.

I took her up a cake after the reading that evening, and she had Edward's picture stuck on the foot-board, and I think she had been crying. I told her if it was the jelly she minded not to care, for the cream was a little sour, anyway, but she only scowled at me and pushed the cake away, which broke the frosting. It fell on the floor and she pretended not to notice it, but I heard the bed creak when I went out, and I am quite sure she got it.

But the worst was to come. On Saturday there was a play at the Opera House and Mademoiselle was going to take us, and the Creepy-cat (that is Miss Katrina Kripsen) the older girls. Eleanor put on her street suit and went with us, as Mademoiselle wouldn't notice and the Cat would.

But at the door, who should pop up but Demmy.

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"Eleanor," she said, "may I ask why you have put on your heaviest dress to sit in that hot opera-house?"

"I just thought I would," Eleanor said.

"Where is your blue dress?" says Demmy, looking at her hard.

"I—I can't wear it," said Eleanor.

"Why not?"

"It has a spot on it," said poor Eleanor, and everybody could see that she felt dreadfully.

"What kind of a spot," said Demmy.

Eleanor looked all around and bit her lip, and finally she said, very softly, so she wouldn't have to lie out loud, at least,

"An ink-spot!"

"Eleanor," Demmy began in that nasty, calm way, "it is plain to me that you have, for reasons best known to yourself, decided not to wear your blue dress. The first time you wear a dress not good enough to receive a guest, and especially a favorite aunt, in; the second time you wear one far too elaborate; the third time you make an excuse to avoid the occasion of putting it on. Now you appear in a thoroughly unsuitable costume for a matinée. Go up and bring me the dress. I wish to see it. This behavior of yours, added to your stupidity this morning, may deprive you of an afternoon of pleasure."

She meant the Church History Class. Eleanor was planning how she would get out of wearing the blue dress, and when Dr. Belcher asked her to define Unitarianism, she said it came from the Latin word *unus*, meaning one, and referred to the celibacy of the clergy, and he burst out laughing, and then all the girls laughed, and they couldn't stop, and Miss Naldreth had to send down. I don't think that is so dreadfully funny myself, but all the teachers seemed to.

Well, we waited in fear and trembling, as Dr. Belcher says, and in a few minutes Eleanor came back with the dress on her arm. She had two round red places just under her eyes, and she looked awfully queer. And, would you believe it, right near the back pleats was an ink-spot! Miss Demarest looked at it and felt of it.

"Eleanor Northrop," she said, "this spot is wet. You have just made it!"

And she had.

Ben said she didn't believe she had it in her. She had to decide all in a minute, and especially about the size of it, so that it wouldn't be too big for Edward, and yet big enough for a reason, you see. It was one big blot from a pen. She told us that her hand quivered like an aspen (from a book, again) but that Edward seemed to smile at her from the photograph and she knew she had done right.

"Eleanor," said Demmy, "I do not pretend to understand this, nor will I seek to now. The dress is a perfectly good one, thoroughly appropriate and sufficiently becoming. You have never found fault with it before. In fact, I remember that you particularly admired it when it was sent to you." Her very words. "Am I not right?"

"Yes, Miss Demarest," said Eleanor.

"You may go to your room, and I will see you there," says Demmy, and Eleanor just gave us one terrible look and marched upstairs. I really felt proud to know her. She looked like a queen. And she felt like one, too, for she told us so afterward. And yet she said that she would gladly sacrifice even more, if it was possible, for him! Ben said that it was the real thing, and no mistake. She said it was as good as a book, and that is very high praise from Ben.

But Miss Demarest never came near her, after all. Miss Naldreth came in and talked to her and Eleanor wouldn't eat any dinner, and Miss Naldreth asked her if she'd like to go and stay all night with Mrs. Newcomb—that's a friend of her mother's, and they always have rusk for breakfast. And Eleanor's head really ached and she said yes, and she said she cried, too. But Miss Naldreth never asked her a thing. And Eleanor is sure she noticed Edward's picture, too. But that's the way she is.

So Mademoiselle took her over there before we got back.

And the next morning all was over, as it says, when someone dies. Ben says she never shall get over being sorry she couldn't have been there and seen it. It was this way.

Mrs. Newcomb's bath-tub burst in the night, and right after breakfast they found the water dripping into the library, and

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Mrs. Newcomb asked Eleanor to run quick for the plumber, and they would mop till he came. And Eleanor ran like a deer to where Mrs. Newcomb described the shop and burst into it and called out to a man in dirty overalls that was mixing a heap of putty in the corner,

"Are you a plumber?" she said, "then hurry up to Mrs. Newcomb's—the bathtub has burst. Can you go this minute?"

And he said, "Yes, ma'am," and turned around—*and it was Edward Delancey St. John!*

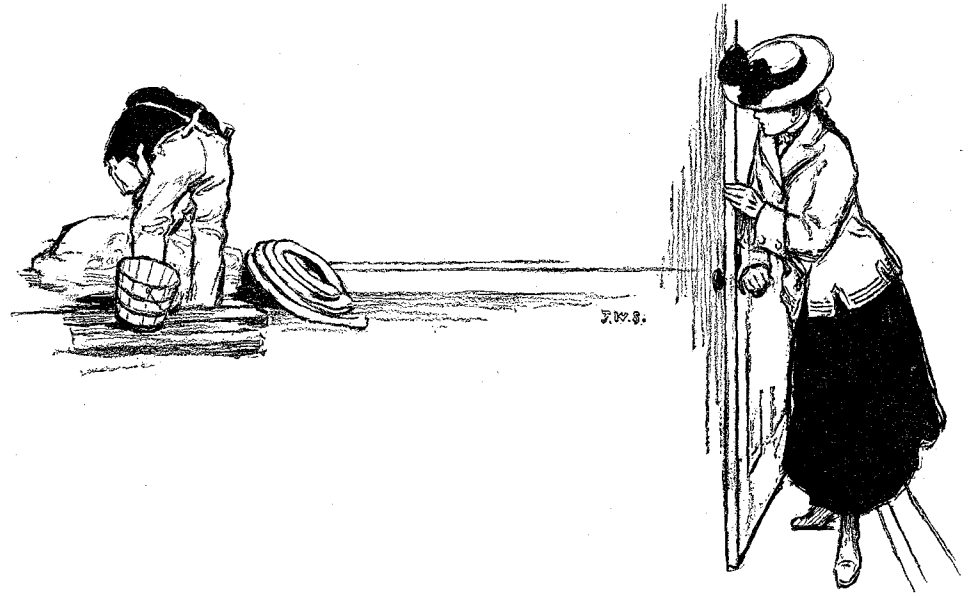
Eleanor says that she nearly fainted. She is sure she turned deathly pale, but of course there was no looking-glass. She says the stoves seemed to reel around her (of course you have read that before), but she kept up.

His nails were black as ink and he had a great big horse-shoe for a pin in his tie. Eleanor turned around and ran out. He didn't seem to know her. But he called out,

"I'll have to get my tools—I ain't got none here in the shop."

To think of Edward saying "ain't got none"! Of course all *was* over as I said, because though he wasn't dead, he might as well have been. You cannot love anyone that mends the bath-tub like that, very well. And think of the putty.

Eleanor was going to give up her church, and go with Mrs. Newcomb after that to the Presbyterian, for she said she could never enter St. Mark's again. But afterward she told us that she couldn't bear a black gown without any surplice, so she had to get used to going with us. But she asked if she couldn't sit in the back, and her mother let her give the blue dress away. So she couldn't belong to the O. L. L., and anyway they got tired of her, I know, for, after all, she was only sixteen!



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THE LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGDOM COME

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

XIII

BY degrees the whole story was told Chad that night. Now and then the Turners would ask him about his stay in the Bluegrass, but the boy would answer as briefly as possible and come back to Jack. Before going to bed Chad said he would bring Jack into the house:

"Somebody might pizen him," he explained, and when he came back he startled the circle about the fire:

"Whar's Whizzer?" he asked, sharply. "Who's seen Whizzer?"

Then it developed that no one had seen the Dillon dog—since the day the sheep was found dead near a ravine at the foot of the mountain in a back pasture. The morning after the killing, Melissa had found Whizzer in that very pasture when she was driving old Betsy, the brindle, home at milking-time. Since then no one of the Turners had seen the Dillon dog. That, however, did not prove that Whizzer was not at home. And yet,

"I'd like to know whar Whizzer is now!" said Chad, and, after, at old Joel's command, he had tied Jack to a bedpost—an outrage that puzzled the dog sorely—the boy threshed his bed for an hour—trying to think out a defence for Jack and wondering if Whizzer might not have been concerned in the death of the sheep.

It is hardly possible that what happened, next day, could happen anywhere except among simple people of the hills. Briefly, the old Squire and the circuit-rider had brought old Joel to the point of saying, the night before, that he would give Jack up to be killed, if he could be proven guilty. But the old hunter cried with an oath:

"You've got to prove him guilty." And thereupon the Squire said he would give Jack every chance that he would give a man—*he would try him;* each side could bring in witnesses; old Joel could have a lawyer if he wished and Jack's case would go before a jury. If pronounced innocent, Jack should go free: if guilty—then Jack should be handed over to the sheriff, to be shot at sundown. Joel agreed.

It was a strange procession that left the gate of the Turner cabin next morning. Old Joel led the way, mounted, with "ole Sal," his rifle, across the saddle-bow. Behind him came Mother Turner and Melissa on foot and Chad with his rifle over his left shoulder and leading Jack by a string with his right hand. Behind them slouched Tall Tom with his rifle and Dolph and Rube, each with a huge old-fashioned horse-pistol swinging from his right hip. Last strode the school-master. The cabin was left deserted — the hospitable door held closed by a deer-skin latch caught to a wooden pin outside.

It was a strange humiliation to Jack thus to be led along the highway, like a criminal going to the gallows. There was no power on earth that could have moved him from Chad's side, other than the boy's own command—but old Joel had sworn that he would keep the dog tied and the old hunter always kept his word. He had sworn, too, that Jack should have a fair trial. Therefore, the guns—and the school-master walked with his hands behind him and his eyes on the ground: he feared trouble.

Half a mile up the river and to one side of the road, a space of some thirty feet square had been cut into a patch of rhododendron and filled with rude benches of slabs—in front of which was a rough platform on which sat a home-made, cane-

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bottomed chair. Except for the opening from the road, the space was walled with a circle of living green through which the sun dappled the benches with quivering disks of yellow light—and, high above, great poplars and oaks arched their mighty heads. It was an open-air "meeting-house" where the rider preached during his summer circuit and there the trial was to take place.

Already a crowd was idling, whittling, gossiping in the road, when the Turner cavalcade came in sight—and for ten miles up and down the river people were coming in for the trial.

"Mornin' gentlemen," said old Joel, gravely.

"Mornin'," answered several, among whom was the Squire, who eyed Joel's gun and the guns coming up the road.

"Squirrel-huntin'?" he asked and, as the old hunter did not answer, he added, sharply.

"Air you afeerd, Joel Turner, that you ain't a-goin' to git justice from *me?*"

"I don't keer whar it comes from," said Joel, grimly—"but I'm a-goin' to *have* it."

It was plain that the old man not only was making no plea for sympathy, but was alienating the little he had: and what he had was very little—for who but a lover of dogs can give full sympathy to his kind? And, then, Jack was believed to be guilty. It was curious to see how each Dillon shrank unconsciously as the Turners gathered—all but Jerry one of the giant twins. He always stood his ground—fearing not man, nor dog—nor devil.

Ten minutes later the Squire took his seat on the platform, while the circuit-rider squatted down beside him. The crowd, men and women and children, took the rough benches. To one side sat and stood the Dillons, old Tad and little Tad, Daws, Nance, and others of the tribe. Straight in front of the Squire gathered the Turners about Melissa and Chad and Jack as a centre—with Jack squatted on his haunches foremost of all, facing the Squire with grave dignity and looking at none else, save, occasionally, at the old hunter or his little master.

To the right stood the sheriff with his rifle and on the outskirts hung the school-master. Quickly the old Squire chose a jury—giving old Joel the opportunity to object as he called each man's name. Old Joel objected to none, for every man called, he knew, was more friendly to him than to the Dillons: and old Tad Dillon raised no word of protest, for he knew his case was clear. Then began the trial, and any soul that was there would have shuddered could he have known how that trial was to divide neighbor against neighbor, and mean death and bloodshed for half a century after the trial itself was long forgotten.

The first witness, old Tad—long, lean, stooping, crafty—had seen the sheep rushing wildly up the hill-side "'bout crack o' day," he said, and had sent Daws up to see what the matter was. Daws had shouted back:

"That damned Turner dog has killed one o' our sheep. Thar he comes now. Kill him!" And old Tad had rushed indoors for his rifle and had taken a shot at Jack as he leaped into the road and loped for home. Just then a stern, thick little voice rose from behind Jack:

"Hit's was a God's blessin' fer you that you didn't hit him."

The Squire glared down at the boy and old Joel said, kindly:

"Hush, Chad."

Old Dillon had then gone down to the Turners and asked them to kill the dog, but old Joel had refused.

"Whar was Whizzer?" Chad asked, sharply.

"You can't axe that question," said the Squire. "Hit's er-er-irrelevant."

Daws came next. When he reached the fence upon the hillside he could see the sheep lying still on the ground. As he was climbing over, the Turner dog jumped the fence and Daws saw blood on his muzzle.

"How close was you to him?" asked the Squire.

"'Bout twenty feet," said Daws.

"Humph!" said old Joel.

"Whar was Whizzer?" Again the old Squire glared down at Chad.

"Don't you axe that question again, boy. Didn't I tell you hit was irrelevant."

"What's irrelevant?" the boy asked, bluntly.

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The Squire hesitated. "Why—why, hit ain't got nothin' to do with the case."

"Hit ain't?" shouted Chad.

"Joel," said the Squire, testily, "ef you don't keep that boy still, I'll fine him fer contempt o' court."

Joel laughed, but he put his heavy hand on the boy's shoulder. Little Tad Dillon and Nance and the Dillon mother had all seen Jack running down the road. There was no doubt but that it was the Turner dog. And with this clear case against poor Jack, the Dillons rested. And what else could the Turners do but establish Jack's character and put in a plea of mercy—a useless plea, old Joel knew—for a first offence? Jack was the best dog old Joel had ever known, and the old man told wonderful tales of the dog's intelligence and kindness and how one night Jack had guarded a stray lamb that had broken its leg—until daybreak—and he had been led to the dog and the sheep by Jack's barking for help. The Turner boys confirmed this story, though it was received with incredulity.

How could a dog that would guard one lone helpless lamb all night long take the life of another?

There was no witness that had aught but kind words to say of the dog or aught but wonder that he should have done this thing—even back to the cattle-dealer who had given him to Chad. For at that time the dealer said—so testified Chad, no objection being raised to hearsay evidence—that Jack was the best dog he ever knew. That was all the Turners or anybody could do or say, and the old Squire was about to turn the case over to the jury when Chad rose:

"Squire," he said and his voice trembled, "Jack's my dog. I lived with him night an' day for 'bout three years an' I want to axe some questions."

He turned to Daws:

"I want to axe you ef thar was any blood around that sheep."

"Thar was a great big pool o' blood," said Daws, indignantly. Chad looked at the Squire.

"Well, a sheep-killin' dog don't leave no great big pool o' blood, Squire, with the *fust* one he kills! *He sucks it!*" Several men nodded their heads.

"Squire! The fust time I come over these mountain, the fust people I seed was these Dillons—an' Whizzer. They sicked Whizzer on Jack hyeh and Jack whooped him. Then Tad thar jumped me and I whooped him." (The Turner boys were nodding confirmation.) "Sence that time they've hated Jack an' they've hated me and they hate the Turners partly fer takin' keer o' me. Now you said somethin' I axed just now was irrelevant, but I tell you, Squire, I know a sheep-killin' dawg, and jes' as I know Jack *ain't*, I know the Dillon dawg *is*, and I tell you, if the Dillons's dawg killed that sheep and they could put it on Jack—they'd do it. They'd do it—Squire, an' I tell you, you—ortern't—to let—that—sheriff—thar—shoot—my—dog—until the Dillons answers what I axed—" the boy's passionate cry rang against the green walls and out the opening and across the river—

"*Whar's Whizzer?*"

The boy startled the crowd and the old Squire himself, who turned quickly to the Dillons.

"Well, whar is Whizzer?"

Nobody answered.

"He ain't been seen, Squire, sence the mornin' atter the night o' the killin'!" Chad's statement seemed to be true. Not a voice contradicted.

"An' I want to know if Daws seed signs o' killin' on Jack's head when he jumped the fence, why them same signs didn't show when he got home."

Poor Chad! Here old Tad Dillon raised his hand.

"Axe the Turners, Squire," he said, and as the school-master on the outskirts shrank, as though he meant to leave the crowd, the old man's quick eye caught the movement and he added:

"Axe the school-teacher!"

Every eye turned with the Squire's to the master, whose face was strangely serious straightway.

"Did you see any signs on the dawg when he got home?" The gaunt man hesitated with one swift glance at the boy, who almost paled in answer.

"Why," said the school-master, and again he hesitated, but old Joel, in a voice that was without hope, encouraged him:

"Go on!"

"What wus they?"

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"Jack had blood on his muzzle, and a little strand o' wool behind one ear."

There was no hope against that testimony. Melissa broke away from her mother and ran out to the road—weeping. Chad dropped with a sob to his bench and put his arms around the dog: then he rose up and walked out the opening while Jack leaped against his leash to follow. The school-master put out his hand to stop him, but the boy struck it aside without looking up and went on: he could not stay to see Jack condemned. He knew what the verdict would be, and in twenty minutes the jury gave it, without leaving their seats.

"Guilty!"

The Sheriff came forward. He knew Jack and Jack knew him, and wagged his tail and whimpered up at him when he took the leash.

"Well, by ——, this is a job I don't like, an' I'm damned ef I'm agoin' to shoot this dawg afore he knows what I'm shootin' him fer. I'm goin' to show him that sheep fust. Whar's that sheep, Daws?"

Daws led the way down the road, over the fence, across the meadow, and up the hill-side where lay the slain sheep. Chad and Melissa saw them coming—the whole crowd—before they themselves were seen. For a minute the boy watched them. They were going to kill Jack where the Dillons said he had killed the sheep, and the boy jumped to his feet and ran up the hill a little way and disappeared in the bushes, that he might not hear Jack's death-shot, while Melissa sat where she was, watching the crowd come on. Daws was at the foot of the hill, and she saw him make a gesture toward her, and then the Sheriff came on with Jack—over the fence, past her, the Sheriff saying, kindly, "Howdy, Melissa. I shorely am sorry to have to kill Jack," and on to the dead sheep, which lay twenty yards beyond. If the Sheriff expected Jack to drop head and tail and look mean he was greatly mistaken. Jack neither hung back nor sniffed at the carcass. Instead he put one fore foot on it and with the other bent in the air, looked without shame into the Sheriff's eyes—as much as to say:

"Yes, this is a wicked and shameful thing, but what have I got to do with it? Why are you bringing *me* here?"

The Sheriff came back greatly puzzled and shaking his head. Passing Melissa, he stopped to let the unhappy little girl give Jack a last pat, and it was there that Jack suddenly caught scent of Chad's tracks. With one mighty bound the dog snatched the rawhide string from the careless Sheriff's hand, and in a moment, with his nose to the ground, was speeding up toward the woods. With a startled yell and a frightful oath the Sheriff threw his rifle to his shoulder, but the little girl sprang up and caught the barrel with both hands, shaking it fiercely up and down and hieing Jack on with shriek after shriek. A minute later Jack had disappeared in the bushes, Melissa was running like the wind down the hill toward home, while the whole crowd in the meadow was rushing up toward the Sheriff, led by the Dillons, who were yelling and swearing like madmen. Above them, the crestfallen Sheriff waited. The Dillons crowded angrily about him, gesticulating and threatening, while he told his story. But nothing could be done—nothing. They did not know that Chad was up in the woods or they would have gone in search of him—knowing that when they found him they would find Jack—but to look for Jack now would be like searching for a needle in a haystack. There was nothing to do, then, but to wait for Jack to come home, which he would surely do—to get to Chad—and it was while old Joel was promising that the dog should be surrendered to the Sheriff that little Tad Dillon gave an excited shriek.

"Look up thar!"

And up there at the edge of the wood was Chad standing and Jack sitting on his haunches, with his tongue out and looking as though nothing had happened or could ever happen to Chad or to him.

"Come up hyeh," shouted Chad.

"You come down hyeh," shouted the Sheriff, angrily. So Chad came down, Jack trotting after him with cheerful confidence. Chad had cut off the rawhide string, but the Sheriff caught Jack by the nape of the neck.

"You won't git away from me agin, I reckon."

"Well, I reckon you ain't goin' to

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shoot him," said Chad. "Leggo that dawg."

"Don't be a fool, Jim," said old Joel. "The dawg ain't goin' to leave the boy." The sheriff let go.

"Come on up hyeh," said Chad. "I got somethin' to show ye."

The boy turned with such certainty that without a word Squire, Sheriff, Turners, Dillons, and spectators followed. As they approached a deep ravine the boy pointed to the ground where were evidences of some fierce struggle—the dirt thrown up, and several small stones scattered about with faded stains of blood on them.

"Wait hyeh!" said the boy, and he slid down the ravine and appeared again dragging something after him. Tall Tom ran down to help him and the two threw before the astonished crowd the body of a black and white dog.

"Now I reckon you know whar Whizzer is," panted Chad vindictively to the Dillons.

"Well, what of it?" snapped Daws.

"Oh, nothin'," said the boy with fine sarcasm. "Only *Whizzer* killed that sheep and Jack killed Whizzer." From every Dillon throat came a scornful grunt.

"Oh, I reckon so," said Chad, easily. "Look thar!" He lifted the dead dog's head, and turned it over, showing the deadly grip in the throat, and close to the jaws that had choked the life from Whizzer—Jack's own grip.

"Ef you will jus' rickollect, Jack had that same grip the time afore—when I pulled him off o' Whizzer."

"By ——, that's so," said Tall Tom, and Dolph and Rube echoed him amid a dozen voices, for not only old Joel, but many of his neighbors knew Jack's method of fighting, which had made him a victor up and down the length of Kingdom Come.

There was little doubt that the boy was right—that Jack had come on Whizzer killing the sheep, and had caught him at the edge of the ravine, where the two had fought, rolling down and settling the old feud between them in the darkness at the bottom. And up there on the hill-side, the jury that pronounced Jack guilty pronounced him innocent, and, as the Turners started joyfully down the hill, the sun that was to have sunk on Jack stiff in death sank on Jack frisking before them—home.

And yet another wonder was in store for Chad. A strange horse with a strange saddle was hitched to the Turner fence; beside it was an old mare with a boy's saddle, and as Chad came through the gate a familiar voice called him cheerily by name. In the porch sat Major Buford.

XIV

THE quivering heat of August was giving way and the golden peace of autumn was spreading through the land. The breath of mountain woods by day was as cool as the breath of valleys at night. In the mountains, boy and girl were leaving school for work in the fields, and from the Cumberland foot-hills to the Ohio, boy and girl were leaving happy holidays for school. Along a rough, rocky road and down a shining river, now sunk to deep pools with trickling riffles between—for a drouth was on the land—rode a tall, gaunt man on an old brown mare that switched with her tail now and then at a long-legged, rough-haired colt stumbling awkwardly behind. Where the road turned from the river and up the mountain, the man did a peculiar thing, for there, in that lonely wilderness, he stopped, dismounted, tied the reins to an over-hanging branch and, leaving mare and colt behind, strode up the mountain, on and on, disappearing over the top. Half an hour later, a sturdy youth hove in sight, trudging along the same road with his cap in his hand, a long rifle over one shoulder and a dog trotting at his heels. Now and then the boy would look back and scold the dog and the dog would drop his muzzle with shame, until the boy stooped to pat him on the head, when he would leap frisking before him, until another affectionate scolding was due. The old mare turned her head when she heard them coming, and nickered. Without a moment's hesitation the lad untied her, mounted and rode up the mountain. For two days the man and the boy had been "riding and tying," as this way of travel for two men and one horse is still known in the hills, and over the mountain,

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they were to come together for the night. At the foot of the spur on the other side boy and dog came upon the tall man sprawled at full length across a moss-covered bowlder. The dog dropped behind, but the man's quick eye caught him:

"Where'd that dog come from, Chad?" Jack put his belly to the earth and crawled slowly forward—penitent, but determined.

"He broke loose, I reckon. He come tearin' up behind me 'bout an hour ago, like a house afire. Let him go." Caleb Hazel frowned.

"I told you, Chad, that we'd have no place to keep him."

"Well, we can send him home as easy from up thar as we can from hyeh—let him go."

"All right!" Chad understood not a whit better than the dog; for Jack leaped to his feet and jumped around the school-master, trying to lick his hands, but the school-master was absorbed and would none of him. There, the mountain-path turned into a wagon road and the school-master pointed with one finger.

"Do you know what that is, Chad?"

"No, sir." Chad said "sir" to the schoolmaster now.

"Well, that's"—the school-master paused to give his words effect—"that's the Wilderness Road."

Ah, did he not know the old, old Wilderness Road! The boy gripped his rifle unconsciously, as though there might yet be a savage lying in ambush in some covert of rhododendron close by. And, as they trudged ahead, side by side now, for it was growing late, the school-master told him, as often before, the story of that road and the men who had trod it—the hunters, adventurers, emigrants, fine ladies and fine gentlemen who had stained it with their blood; and how that road had broadened into the mighty way for a great civilization from sea to sea. The lad could see it all, as he listened, wishing that he had lived in those stirring days, little dreaming in how little was he of different mould from the stout-hearted pioneers who beat out the path with their moccasined feet; how little less full of danger were his own days to be; how little different had been his own life, and was his purpose now—how little different after all was the bourn to which his own restless feet were bearing him.

Chad had changed a good deal since that night after Jack's trial, when the kind-hearted old Major had turned up at Joel's cabin to take him back to the Blue-grass. He was taller, broader at shoulder, deeper of chest; his mouth and eyes were prematurely grave from much brooding and looked a little defiant, as though the boy expected hostility from the world and was prepared to meet it, but there was no bitterness in them, and luminous about the lad was the old atmosphere of brave, sunny cheer and simple self-trust that won people to him.

The Major and old Joel had talked late that night after Jack's trial. The Major had come down to find out who Chad was, if possible, and to take him back home, no matter who he might be. The old hunter looked long into the fire.

"Co'se I know hit 'ud be better fer Chad, but, Lawd, how we'd hate to give him up. Still, I reckon I'll have to let him go, but I can stand hit better, if you can git him to leave Jack hyeh." The Major smiled. Did old Joel know where Nathan Cherry lived? The old hunter did. Nathan was a "damned old skinflint who lived across the mountain on Stone Creek—who stole other folks' farms and if he knew anything about Chad the old hunter would squeeze it out of his throat; and if old Nathan, learning where Chad now was, tried to pester him he would break every bone in the skinflint's body." So the Major and old Joel rode over next day to see Nathan, and Nathan with his shifting eyes told them Chad's story in a high, cracked voice that, recalling Chad's imitation of it, made the Major laugh. Chad was a foundling, Nathan said: his mother was dead and his father had gone off to the Mexican War and never come back: he had taken the mother in himself and Chad had been born in his own house, when he lived farther up the river, and the boy had begun to run away as soon as he was old enough to toddle. And with each sentence Nathan would call for confirmation on a silent, dark-faced daughter who sat inside: "Didn't he, Betsy?" or "Wasn't he, gal?" And the girl would nod sullenly, but say nothing. It seemed a hopeless mission except that, on the way

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back, the Major learned that there were one or two Bufords living down the Cumberland, and old Joel shook his head over Nathan's pharisaical philanthropy and wondered what the motive under it was—but he went back with the old hunter and tried to get Chad to go home with him. The boy was rock-firm in his refusal.

"I'm obleeged to you, Major, but I reckon I better stay in the mountains." That was all Chad would say, and at last the Major gave up and rode back over the mountain and down the Cumberland alone, still on his quest. At a blacksmith's shop far down the river he found a man who had "hearn tell of a Chad Buford who had been killed in the Mexican War and whose daddy lived 'bout fifteen mile down the river." The Major found that Buford dead, but an old woman told him his name was Chad, that he had "fit in the War o' 1812 when he was nothin' but a chunk of a boy, and that his daddy, whose name, too, was Chad, had been killed by Injuns some'eres aroun' Cumberland Gap." By this time the Major was as keen as a hound on the scent, and, in a cabin at the foot of the sheer gray wall that crumbles into the Gap, he had the amazing luck to find an octogenarian with an unclouded memory who could recollect a queer-looking old man who had been killed by Indians—"a ole feller with the curiosest hair I ever did see," added the patriarch. His name was Colonel Buford, and the old man knew where he was buried, for he himself was old enough at the time to help bury him. Greatly excited, the Major hired mountaineers to dig into the little hill that the old man pointed out, on which there was, however, no sign of a grave, and, at last, they uncovered the skeleton of an old gentleman in a wig and peruke! There was little doubt now that the boy, no matter what the blot on his 'scutcheon, was of his own flesh and blood, and the Major was tempted to go back at once for him, but it was a long way, and he was ill and anxious to get back home. So he took the Wilderness Road for the Blue-grass, and wrote old Joel the facts and asked him to send Chad to him whenever he would come. But the boy would not go. There was no definite reason in his mind. It was a stubborn instinct merely—the instinct of pride, of stubborn independence—of shame that festered in his soul like a hornet's sting. Even Melissa urged him. She never tired of hearing Chad tell about the Blue-grass country, and when she knew that the Major wanted him to go back, she followed him out in the yard that night and found him on the fence whittling. A red star was sinking behind the mountains. "Why won't you go back no more, Chad?" she said.

"'Cause I hain't got no daddy er mammy." Then Melissa startled him.

"Well, I'd go—an' *I* hain't got no daddy er mammy." Chad stopped his whittling.

"Whut'd you say, Lissy?" he asked, gravely.

Melissa was frightened—the boy looked so serious.

"Cross yo' heart an' body that you won't *nuver* tell *no* body." Chad crossed.

"Well, mammy said I mustn't ever tell nobody—but I *hain't* got no daddy er mammy. I heerd her a-tellin' the schoolteacher." And the little girl shook her head over her frightful crime of disobedience.

"You *hain't!*"

"I *hain't!*"

Melissa, too, was a waif, and Chad looked at her with a wave of new affection and pity.

"Now, why won't you go back just because you hain't got no daddy an' mammy?"

Chad hesitated. There was no use making Melissa unhappy.

"Oh, I'd just ruther stay hyeh in the mountains," he said, carelessly—lying suddenly like the little gentleman that he was—lying as he knew, and as Melissa some day would come to know. Then Chad looked at the little girl a long while, and in such a queer way that Melissa turned her face shyly to the red star.

"I'm goin' to stay right hyeh, ain't you glad, Lissy?"

The little girl turned her eyes shyly back again. "Yes, Chad," she said.

He would stay in the mountains and work hard and when he grew up he would marry Melissa and they would go away where nobody knew him or her: or they would stay right there in the mountains where nobody blamed him for what he

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was nor Melissa for what she was; and he would study law like Caleb Hazel, and go to the legislature—but Melissa! And with the thought of Melissa came always the thought of dainty Margaret in the Blue-grass and the chasm that lay between the two—between Margaret and him, for that matter; and when Mother Turner called Melissa from him in the orchard next day, Chad lay on his back under an apple-tree, for a long while, thinking; and then he whistled for Jack and climbed the spur above the river where he could look down on the shadowed water and out to the clouded heaps of rose and green and crimson, where the sun was going down under one faint white star. Melissa was the glow-worm that, when darkness came, would be a watch-fire at his feet—Margaret, the star to which his eyes were lifted night and day—and so runs the world. He lay long watching that star. It hung almost over the world of which he had dreamed so long and upon which he had turned his back forever. Forever? Perhaps, but he went back home that night with a trouble in his soul that was not to pass, and while he sat by the fire he awoke from the same dream to find Melissa's big eyes fixed on him, and in them was a vague trouble that was more than his own reflected back to him.

Still the boy went back sturdily to his old life, working in the fields, busy about the house and stable, going to school, reading and studying with the school-master at nights, and wandering in the woods with Jack and his rifle. And he hungered for spring to come again when he should go with the Turner boys to take another raft of logs down the river to the capital. Spring came, and going out to the back pasture one morning, Chad found a long-legged, ungainly creature stumbling awkwardly about his old mare—a colt! That, too, he owed the Major, and he would have burst with pride had he known that the colt's sire was a famous stallion in the Blue-grass. That spring he did go down the river again. He did not let the Major know he was coming and, through a nameless shyness, he could not bring himself to go to see his old friend and kinsman, but in Lexington, while he and the school-master were standing on Cheapside, the Major whirled around a corner on them in his carriage, and as on the turnpike a year before, old Tom, the driver, called out:

"Look dar, Mars Cal!" And there stood Chad.

"Why, bless my soul! Chad—why, boy! How you have grown!" For Chad had grown, and his face was curiously aged and thoughtful. The Major insisted on taking him home, and the school-master, too, who went reluctantly. Miss Lucy was there, looking whiter and more fragile than ever, and she greeted Chad with a sweet kindliness that took the sting from his unjust remembrance of her. And what that failure to understand her must have been Chad better knew when he saw the embarrassed awe, in her presence, of the school-master, for whom all in the mountains had so much reverence. At the table there was Thankee-Mam waiting. Around the quarters and the stable the pickaninnies and servants seemed to remember the boy in a kindly genuine way that touched him, and even Conners, the overseer, seemed glad to see him. The Major was drawn at once to the grave school-master, and he had a long talk with him that night. It was no use, Caleb Hazel said, trying to persuade the boy to live with the Major—not yet. And the Major was more content when he came to know in what good hands the boy was, and, down in his heart, he loved the lad the more for his sturdy independence, and for the pride that made him shrink from facing the world with the shame of his birth; knowing that Chad thought of him perhaps more than of himself. Such unwillingness to give others trouble seemed remarkable in so young a lad. Not once did the Major mention the Deans to the boy, and about them Chad asked no questions—not even when he saw their carriage passing the Major's gate. When they came to leave the Major said:

"Well, Chad, when that filly of yours is a year old, I'll buy 'em both from you, if you'll sell 'em, and I reckon you can come up and go to school then."

Chad shook his head. Sell that colt? He would as soon have thought of selling Jack. But the temptation took root, just the same, then and there, and grew steadily until, after another year in the mountains, it grew too strong. For, in that year,

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Chad grew to look the fact of his birth steadily in the face, and in his heart grew steadily a proud resolution to make his way in the world despite it. It was curious how Melissa came to know the struggle that was going on within him and how Chad came to know that she knew—though no word passed between them: more curious still, how it came with a shock to Chad one day to realize how little was the tragedy of his life in comparison with the tragedy in hers, and to learn that the little girl with swift vision had already reached that truth and with sweet unselfishness had reconciled herself. He was a boy—he could go out in the world and conquer it, while her life was as rigid and straight before her as though it ran between close walls of rock as steep and sheer as the cliff across the river. One thing he never guessed—what it cost the little girl to support him bravely in his purpose, and to stand with smiling face when the first breath of one sombre autumn stole through the hills, and Chad and the school-master left the Turner home for the Blue-grass, this time to stay.

She stood in the doorway after they had waved good-by from the bend of the river—the smile gone and her face in a sudden dark eclipse. The wise old mother went indoors. Once the girl started through the yard as though she would rush after them and stopped at the gate, clenching it hard with both hands. As suddenly she became quiet. She went indoors to her work and worked quietly and without a word. Thus she did all day while her mind and her heart ached. When she went after the cows before sunset she stopped at the barn where Beelzebub had been tied. She lifted her eyes to the hayloft where she and Chad had hunted for hen's eggs and played hide-and-seek. She passed through the orchard where they had worked and played so many happy hours, and on to the back pasture where the Dillon sheep had been killed and she had kept the Sheriff from shooting Jack. And she saw and noted everything with a piteous pain and dry eyes. But she gave no sign that night, and not until she was in bed did she with covered head give way. Then the bed shook with her smothered sobs. This is the sad way with women. After the way of men, Chad proudly marched the old Wilderness Road that led to a big, bright, beautiful world where one had but to do and dare to reach the stars. The men who had trod that road had made that big world beyond, and their life Chad himself had lived so far. Only, where they had lived he had been born—in a log-cabin. Their weapons—the axe and the rifle—had been his. He had had the same fight with nature as they. He knew as well as they what life in the woods in "a half-faced camp" was. Their rude sports and pastimes, their log-rollings, house-raisings, quilting parties, corn-huskings, feats of strength, had been his. He had the same lynx eyes, cool courage, swiftness of foot, readiness of resource that had been trained into them. His heart was as stout and his life as simple and pure. He was taking their path and, beyond the Blue-grass world where he was going, he could, if he pleased, take up the same life at the precise point where they had left off. At sunset Chad and the school-master stood on the summit of the Cumberland foot-hills and looked over the rolling land with little less of a thrill, doubtless, than the first hunters felt when the land before them was as much a wilderness as the wilds through which they had made their way. Below them a farm-house shrank half out of sight into a little hollow, and toward it they went down.

The outside world had moved swiftly during the two years that they had been buried in the hills as they learned at the farm-house that night. Already the national storm was threatening, the air was electrically charged with alarms, and already here and there the lightning had flashed. The underground railway was busy with black freight, and John Brown, fanatic, was boldly lifting his shaggy head. Old Brutus Dean was even publishing an abolitionist paper at Lexington, the aristocratic heart of the State. He was making abolition speeches throughout the Blue-grass with a dagger thrust in the table before him—shaking his black mane and roaring defiance like a lion. The news thrilled Chad unaccountably, as did the shadow of any danger, but it threw the school-master into gloom. There was more. A dark little man by the name of Douglas and a sinewy giant by the name

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of Lincoln were thrilling the West. Phillips and Garrison were thundering in Massachusetts, and fiery tongues in the South were flashing back scornful challenges and threats that would imperil a nation. An invisible air-line shot suddenly between the North and the South, destined to drop some day and lie a dead line on the earth, and on each side of it two hordes of brothers, who thought themselves two hostile peoples, were shrinking away from each other with the half-conscious purpose of making ready for a charge. In no other State in the Union was the fratricidal character of the coming war to be so marked, in no other State was the national drama to be so fully played to the bitter end.

That night even, Brutus Dean was going to speak near by and Chad and Caleb Hazel went to hear him. The fierce abolitionist first placed a Bible before him.

"This is for those who believe in religion," he said; then a copy of the Constitution: "this for those who believe in the laws and in freedom of speech. And this," he thundered, driving a dagger into the table and leaving it to quiver there, "is for the rest!" Then he went on and no man dared to interrupt.

And only next day came the rush of wind that heralds the storm. Just outside of Lexington Chad and the school-master left the mare and colt at a farm-house and with Jack went into town on foot. It was Saturday afternoon, the town was full of people, and an excited crowd was pressing along Main Street toward Cheapside. The man and the boy followed eagerly. Cheapside was thronged—thickest around a frame building that bore a newspaper sign on which was the name of Brutus Dean. A man dashed from a hardware store with an axe, followed by several others with heavy hammers in their hands. One swing of the axe, the door was crashed open and the crowd went in like wolves. Shattered windows, sashes and all, flew out into the street, followed by showers of type, chair-legs, table-tops, and then, piece by piece, the battered cogs, wheels, and forms of a printing-press. The crowd made little noise. In fifteen minutes the house was a shell with gaping window, surrounded with a pile of chaotic rubbish, and the men who had done the work quietly disappeared. Chad looked at the school-master for the first time—neither of them had uttered a word. The school-master's face was white with anger, his hands were clenched, and his eyes were so fierce and burning that the boy was frightened.

XV

AS the school-master had foretold, there was no room at college for Jack. Several times Major Buford took the dog home with him, but Jack would not stay. The next morning the dog would turn up at the door of the dormitory where Chad and the school-master slept, and as a last resort the boy had to send Jack home. So, one Sunday morning Chad led Jack out of the town for several miles, and at the top of a high hill pointed toward the mountains and sternly told him to go home. And Jack, understanding that the boy was in earnest, trotted sadly away with a placard around his neck:

> I own this dog. His name is Jack. He is on his way to Kingdom Come. Please feed him. Uncle Joel Turner will shoot any man who steels him.
>
> CHAD.

It was no little consolation to Chad to think that the faithful sheep-dog would in no small measure repay the Turners for all they had done for him. But Jack was the closest link that bound him to the mountains, and dropping out of sight behind the crest of the hill, Chad crept to the top again and watched Jack until he trotted out of sight, and the link was broken. Then Chad went slowly and sorrowfully back to his room.

It was the smallest room in the dormitory that the school-master had chosen for himself and Chad, and in it were one closet, one table, one lamp, two chairs and one bed—no more. There were two windows in the little room—one almost swept by the branches of a locust-tree and overlooking the brown-gray slop-

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ing campus and the roofs and church-steeples of the town—the other opening to the east on a sweep of field and woodland over which the sun rose with a daily message from the unseen mountains far beyond and toward which Chad had sent Jack trotting home. It was a proud day for Chad when Caleb Hazel took him to "matriculate"—leading him from one to another of the professors, who awed the lad with their supernatural dignity, but it was a sad blow when he was told that in everything but mathematics he must go to the preparatory department until the second session of the term—the "kitchen," as it was called by the students. He bore it bravely, though, and the schoolmaster took him down the shady streets to the busy thoroughfare, where the official book-store was, and where Chad, with pure ecstasy, caught his first new books under one arm and trudged back, bending his head now and then to catch the delicious smell of the fresh leaves and print. It was while he was standing under the big elm at the turnstile, looking across the campus at the sundown, that two boys came down the gravel path. He knew them both at once as Dan and Harry Dean. Both looked at him curiously, as he thought, but he saw that neither knew him and no one spoke. The sound of wheels came up the street behind him just then, and a carriage halted at the turnstile to take them in. Turning, Chad saw a slender girl with dark hair and eyes and heard her call brightly to the boys. He almost caught his breath at the sound of her voice, but he kept sturdily on his way, and the girl's laugh rang in his ears as it rang the first time he heard it, was ringing when he reached his room, ringing when he went to bed that night, and lay sleepless, looking through his window at the quiet stars.

For some time, indeed, no one recognized him, and Chad was glad. Once he met Richard Hunt riding with Margaret, and the piercing dark eyes that the boy remembered so well turned again to look at him. Chad colored and bravely met them with his own, but there was no recognition. And he saw John Morgan—Captain John Morgan—at the head of the "Lexington Rifles," which he had just formed from the best blood of the town, as though in long preparation for that coming war—saw him and Richard Hunt, as lieutenant, drilling them in the campus, and the sight thrilled him as nothing else, except Margaret, had ever done. Many times he met the Dean brothers on the playground and in the streets, but there was no sign that he was known until he was called to the blackboard one day in geometry, the only course in which he had not been sent to the "kitchen." Then Chad saw Harry turn quickly when the professor called his name. Confused though he was for a moment, he gave his demonstration in his quaint speech with perfect clearness and without interruption from the professor, who gave the boy a keen look as he said, quietly:

"Very good, sir!" And Harry could see his fingers tracing in his class-book the figures that meant a perfect recitation.

"How are you, Chad?" he said in the hallway afterward.

"Howdye!" said Chad, shaking the proffered hand.

"I didn't know you—you've grown so tall. Didn't you know me?"

"Yes."

"Then why didn't you speak to me?"

"'Cause you didn't know *me*."

Harry laughed. "Well, that isn't fair. See you again."

"All right," said Chad.

That very afternoon Chad met Dan in a foot-ball game—an old-fashioned game, in which there were twenty or thirty howling lads on each side and nobody touched the ball except with his foot—met him so violently that, clasped in each other's arms, they tumbled to the ground.

"Leggo!" said Dan.

"S'pose you leggo!" said Chad.

As Dan started after the ball he turned to look at Chad and after the game he went up to him.

"Why, aren't you the boy who was out at Major Buford's once?"

"Yes." Dan thrust out his hand and began to laugh. So did Chad, and each knew that the other was thinking of the tournament.

"In college?"

"Math'matics," said Chad. "I'm in the kitchen fer the rest."

"Oh!" said Dan. "Where you liv-

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ing?" Chad pointed to the dormitory, and again Dan said "Oh!" in a way that made Chad flush, but added, quickly:

"You better play on our side to-morrow."

Chad looked at his clothes—foot-ball seemed pretty hard on clothes—"I don't know," he said—"mebbe."

It was plain that neither of the boys was holding anything against Chad, but neither had asked the mountain lad to come to see him—an omission that was almost unforgivable according to Chad's social ethics. So Chad proudly went into his shell again, and while the three boys met often, no intimacy developed. Often he saw them with Margaret on the street, in a carriage or walking with a laughing crowd of boys and girls; on the porticos of old houses or in the yards; and, one night, Chad saw, through the wide-open door of a certain old house on the corner of Mill and Market Streets, a party going on; and Margaret, all in white, dancing, and he stood in the shade of the trees opposite with new pangs shooting through him and went back to his room in desolate loneliness, but with a new grip on his resolution that his own day should yet come.

Steadily the boy worked, forging his way slowly but surely toward the head of his class in the "kitchen," and the schoolmaster helped him unwearyingly. And it was a great help—mental and spiritual—to be near the stern Puritan, who loved the boy as a brother and was ever ready to guide him with counsel and aid him with his studies. In time the Major went to the president to ask him about Chad, and that august dignitary spoke of the lad in a way that made the Major, on his way through the campus, swish through the grass with his cane in great satisfaction. He always spoke of the boy now as his adopted son and, whenever it was possible, he came in to take Chad out home to spend Sunday with him; but, being a wise man and loving Chad's independence, he let the boy have his own way. He had bought the filly—and would hold her, he said, until Chad could buy her back, and he would keep the old nag as a brood-mare and would divide profits with Chad—to all of which the boy agreed. The question of the lad's birth was ignored between them, and the Major rarely spoke to Chad of the Deans, who were living in town during the winter, nor questioned him about Dan or Harry or Margaret. But Chad had found out where the little girl went to church, and every Sunday, despite Caleb Hazel's protest, he would slip into the Episcopal church, with a queer feeling—little Calvinist of the hills that he was—that it was not quite right for him even to enter that church; and he would watch the little girl come in with her family and, after the queer way of these "furriners," kneel first in prayer. And there, with soul uplifted by the dim rich light and the peal of the organ, he would sit watching her; rising when she rose, watching the light from the windows on her shining hair and sweet-spirited face, watching her reverent little head bend in obeisance to the name of the Master, though he kept his own held straight, for no Popery like that was for him. Always, however, he would slip out before the service was quite over and never wait even to see her come out of church. He was too proud for that and, anyhow, it made him lonely to see the people greeting one another and chatting and going off home together when there was not a soul to speak to him. It was just one such Sunday that they came face to face for the first time. Chad had gone down the street after leaving the church, had changed his mind and was going back to his room. People were pouring from the church, as he went by, but Chad did not even look across. A clatter rose behind him and he turned to see a horse and rockaway coming at a gallop up the street, which was narrow. The negro driver, frightened though he was, had sense enough to pull his running horse away from the line of vehicles in front of the church so that the beast stumbled against the curb-stone, crashed into a tree, and dropped struggling in the gutter below another line of vehicles waiting on the other side of the street. Like lightning, Chad leaped and landed full length on the horse's head and was tossed violently to and fro, but he held on until the animal lay still.

"Unhitch the hoss," he called, sharply.

"Well, that was pretty quick work for a boy," said a voice across the street that

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sounded familiar, and Chad looked across to see General Dean and Margaret watching him. The boy blushed furiously when his eyes met Margaret's and he thought he saw her start slightly, but he lowered his eyes and hurried away.

It was only a few days later that, going up from town toward the campus, he turned a corner and there was Margaret alone and moving slowly ahead of him. Hearing his steps she turned her head to see who it was, but Chad kept his eyes on the ground and passed her without looking up. And thus he went on, although she was close behind him, across the street and to the turnstile. As he was passing through, a voice rose behind him:

"You aren't very polite, little boy." He turned quickly—Margaret had not gone around the corner: she, too, was coming through the campus and there she stood, grave and demure, though her eyes were dancing.

"My mamma says a *nice* little boy always lets a little *girl* go *first*."

"I didn't know you was comin' through."

"Was comin' through!" Margaret made a little face as though to say—"Oh, dear."

"I said I didn't know you *were* coming through this way."

Margaret shook her head. "No," she said; "no, you didn't."

"Well, that's what I meant to say." Chad was having a hard time with his English. He had snatched his cap from his head, had stepped back outside the stile and was waiting to turn it for her. Margaret passed through and waited where the paths forked.

"Are you going up to the college?" she asked.

"I was—but I ain't now—if you'll let me walk a piece with you." He was scarlet with confusion—a tribute that Chad rarely paid his kind. His way of talking was very funny, to be sure, but had she not heard her father say that "the poor little chap had had no chance in life;" and Harry, that some day he would be the best in his class?

"Aren't you—Chad?"

"Yes—ain't you Margaret—Miss Margaret?"

"Yes, I'm Margaret." She was pleased with the hesitant title and the boy's halting reverence.

"An' I called you a little gal." Margaret's laugh tinkled in merry remembrance. "An' you wouldn't take my fish."

"I can't bear to touch them."

"I know," said Chad, remembering Melissa.

They passed a boy who knew Chad, but not Margaret. The lad took off his hat, but Chad did not lift his; then a boy and a girl and, when only the two girls spoke, the other boy lifted his hat, though he did not speak to Margaret. Still Chad's hat was untouched and when Margaret looked up, Chad's face was red with confusion again. But it never took the boy long to learn and, thereafter, during the walk his hat came off unfailingly. Everyone looked at the two with some surprise and Chad noticed that the little girl's chin was being lifted higher and higher. His intuition told him what the matter was, and when they reached the stile across the campus and Chad saw a crowd of Margaret's friends coming down the street, he halted as if to turn back, but the little girl told him imperiously to come on. It was a strange escort for haughty Margaret—the country-looking boy, in coarse homespun—but Margaret spoke cheerily to her friends and went on, looking up at Chad and talking to him as though he were the dearest friend she had on earth.

At the edge of town she suggested that they walk across a pasture and go back by another street, and not until they were passing through the woodland did Chad come to himself.

"You know I didn't rickollect when you called me 'little boy.'"

"Indeed!"

"Not at fust, I mean," stammered Chad.

Margaret grew mock-haughty and Chad grew grave. He spoke very slowly and steadily. "I reckon I rickollect ever'thing that happened out thar a sight better'n you. I ain't forgot nothin'—anything."

The boy's sober and half-sullen tone made Margaret catch her breath with a sudden vague alarm. Unconsciously she quickened her pace, but, already, she was mistress of an art to which she was born and she said, lightly:

"Now, that's *much* better." A piece

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of pasteboard dropped from Chad's jacket just then, and, taking the little girl's cue to swerve from the point at issue, he picked it up and held it out for Margaret to read. It was the placard which he meant to tie around Jack's neck next day when he sent him home, and it set Margaret to laughing and asking questions. Before he knew it Chad was telling her about Jack and the mountains; how he had run away; about the Turners and about Melissa and coming down the river on a raft—all he had done and all he meant to do. And from looking at Chad now and then, Margaret finally kept her eyes fixed on his—and thus they stood when they reached the gate, while crows flew cawing over them and the air grew chill.

"And did Jack go home?"

Chad laughed.

"No, he didn't. He come back, and I had to hide fer two days. Then, because he couldn't find me he did go, thinking I had gone back to the mountains, too. He went to look fer me."

"Well, if he comes back again I'll ask my papa to get them to let you keep Jack at college," said Margaret.

Chad shook his head.

"Then I'll keep him for you myself." The boy looked his gratitude, but shook his head again.

"He won't stay."

Margaret asked for the placard again as they moved down the street.

"You've got it spelled wrong," she said, pointing to "steel." Chad blushed. "I can't spell," he said. "I can't even talk—right."

"But you'll learn," she said.

"Will you help me?"

"Yes."

"Tell me when I say things wrong?"

"Yes."

"Where'm I goin' to see you?"

Margaret shook her head thoughtfully: then the reason for her speaking first to Chad came out.

"Papa and I saw you on Sunday, and papa said you must be very strong as well as brave, and that you knew something about horses. Harry told us who you were when papa described you, and then I remembered. Papa told Harry to bring you to see us. And you must come," she said, decisively.

They had reached the turnstile at the campus again.

"Have you had any more tournaments?" asked Margaret.

"No," said Chad, apprehensively.

"Do you remember the last thing I said to you?"

"I rickollect that better'n anything," said Chad.

"Well, I didn't hate you. I'm sorry I said that," she said, gently. Chad looked very serious.

"That's all right," he said. "I seed—I *saw* you on Sunday, too."

"Did you know me?"

"I reckon I did. And that wasn't the fust time." Margaret's eyes were opening with surprise.

"I been goin' to church ever' Sunday fer nothin' else but just to see you." Again his tone gave her vague alarm, but she asked:

"Why didn't you speak to me?"

They were nearing the turnstile across the campus now, and Chad did not answer.

"Why didn't you speak to me?"

Chad stopped suddenly, and Margaret looked quickly at him, and saw that his face was scarlet. The little girl started and her own face flamed. There was one thing she had forgotten, and even now she could not recall what it was—only that it was something terrible she must not know—old Mammy's words when Dan was carried in senseless after the tournament. Frightened and helpless, she shrank toward the turnstile, but Chad did not wait. With his cap in his hand, he turned abruptly, without a sound, and strode away.

(To be continued.)

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"Squire," he said and his voice trembled, "Jack's my dog."—Page 469.

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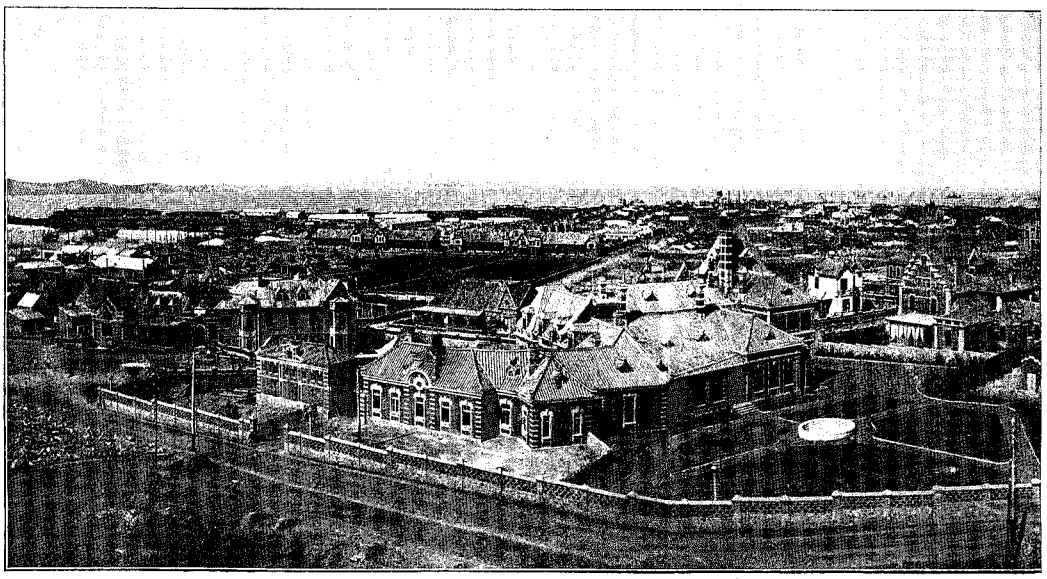

A Group of Administration Buildings.

DALNY, A FIAT-CITY

By Clarence Cary

IT is not yet a common thing in the line of human endeavor to evolve a seaport, railway terminal city, with all the essential modern appliances, including ample provision for future residence, trading, and manufacturing facilities, before the advent of an expected population. Dalny, the new and chief commercial terminus of the great Trans-Siberian Railway System on the North China Pacific Coast, is unique in this respect as well as otherwise important and interesting.*

The present article embodies the essential notes of a personal investigation made on the spot in August last, and in a presentment of them the accompanying illustrations may happily do much of the explanation, or so to say, speak for themselves.

Dalny, the name of which in the Russian tongue signifies "Far Away," was thus picturesquely entitled from its apparent remoteness to the geographical standpoint of St. Petersburg at the time of its inception. It owes its existence to the will of the Russian Emperor, who, in 1899, by an Imperial *Oukas* decreed, apropos of certain then recent arrangements with the Bogdo-Khan (or Emperor) of China concerning an outlet for the Trans-Siberian Railway connections on the Yellow Sea, that this new city should be established on the shores of Talienwan (Bay) as a port "to be opened to the fleets of all nations."

With what result, may be gathered from the photographs which are here reproduced; from the circumstance that sundry millions of roubles have since been effectively devoted to the work thus pictured, and from the further fact that in less than three years there is now already nearing completion a measurably adequate ocean terminal for the vast and magnificent creations of His Majesty's remoter Empire, known as the Trans-Siberian, the Chinese

* The principal features of this curious fiat-city have already been discussed in an excellent official report by Mr. Henry B. Miller, the United States Consul at Newchwang (under date of September 29, 1900; published as Number 1,291, of March 17, 1901, by the Bureau of Foreign Commerce of the Department of State at Washington); but a description is now possible with the aid of fresher details and recent photographs, as the evolution of the place has since materially advanced.

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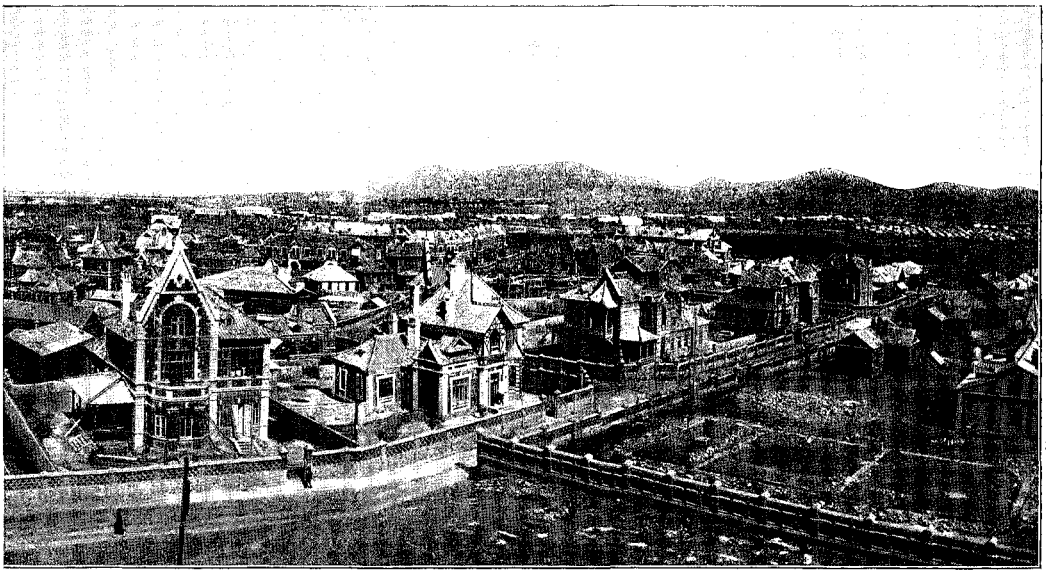
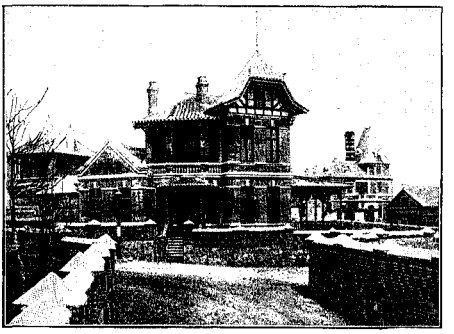


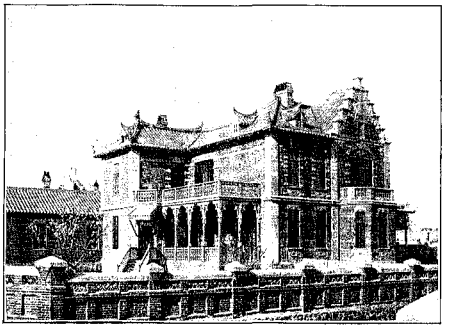
A Bit of the Residence Quarter; Bay in distance at top on left.



Typical House of Dalny Official.

Eastern, and the Trans-Manchurian railways.

But here, however, before proceeding further with the discussion of Dalny, it may be well to supply a few words of explanation concerning these railways, and the system that includes them; the new harbor-town being an outer gate-way, or sally-port, so to speak, of Russia's impregnable occupation, and of her advance in the Farther-Eastern world: a movement which might seem appropriately to bear the device "Russie-Réussie" upon its triumphant banners.



The Governor's House.

And yet the "Great Siberian Railway," as the Russians call it, can hardly need much description now that it has become a stupendous fact, and as such largely figures in every-day literature. Briefly, it was begun in 1891, when the then Tsarevich, who is now the Emperor, laid the first stone of its construction at Vladivostock on the Pacific coast; has since been finished sufficiently to admit of unbroken rail-connection—except as to the Lake Baikal crossing—from its China-coast terminals back to the older Russian systems at Moscow, and covers, with the Manchurian lines above referred to, more than twice the distance between New York and San Francisco.

One of the four Far-Eastern ends of this considerable line, and indeed what is prospectively the chief one of its system, may be noted, in the illustration on page 487, as it reaches and fringes Dalny's docks in readiness for the handy service of freight

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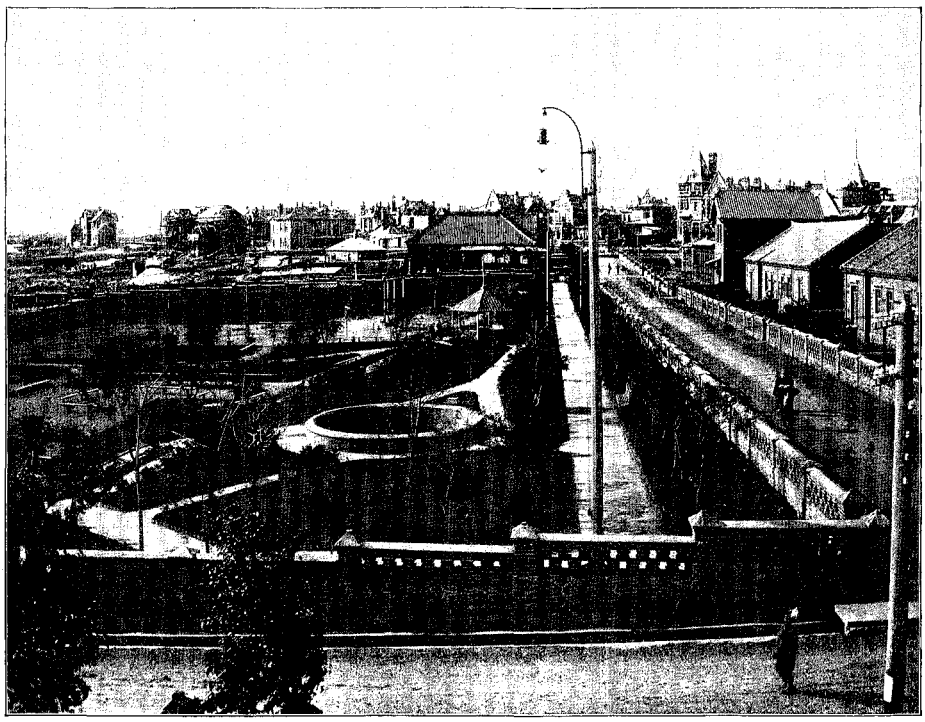

Interior City Park; A "Breathing" space for later needs.

and passengers. The other Pacific-coast terminals lie respectively some forty-five miles to the southwest, at Russia's formidable naval and military stronghold, Port Arthur; at Vladivostock, about 600 miles up the Pacific coast to the northeastward, and at Inkou near Newchwang, some 150 miles to the north and west, where the Gulf of Petcheli is conveniently reached, on the inner-side of the Liau-Tong Peninsula.

These effective constructions, with what their presence implies, are sufficiently imposing in themselves, but their continuous rail and river connections back into the far spaces of Siberia and Europe stagger the imagination in reach and potentiality, and require as well a fairly comprehensive geographical knowledge to be accurately followed out even with the aid of a map.*

* For those who seek further information concerning the Trans-Siberian Railway, its connections, present condition, service, etc., the writer ventures to refer to the account of his recent journey over the line (published by the New York Evening Post Job Printing office). Mr. Henry Norman's recent valuable work "All the Russias," deals with the subject on a larger and more comprehensive scale, although from less recent contact with the railway and its rapid changes. As to Manchuria, its character, trade, resources, etc., including the preliminaries of railways therein, Mr. Alexander Hosie's interesting volume ("Manchuria," etc., London, 1901) is a complete authority.

Small wonder then that the Russian railway accomplishments of such relatively remote regions, and the marvellous speed with which they have come about, should have startled the world, and in especial waked-up our British friends, as well as sorely depressed their spirits; since these latter, although here facing what is as reasonable as it is inevitable, have the care of their neighboring India frontier, as well as a prospectively waning North China trade-predominance, ever on their minds.

Among their own chief writers, Mr. Colquhoun is found to remark, touching the Trans-Siberian, that it is "no longer a purely internal enterprise . . . it has become the world's highway from West to East, a route which is to bring the vast map of China for the first time into intimate touch with Europe . . . it now promises to develop into one of the greatest arteries of traffic the world has ever seen. . . . Still more assured is the prosperity of the line as a great international undertaking."

And Mr. Norman: "Since the Great Wall of China, the world has seen no ma-

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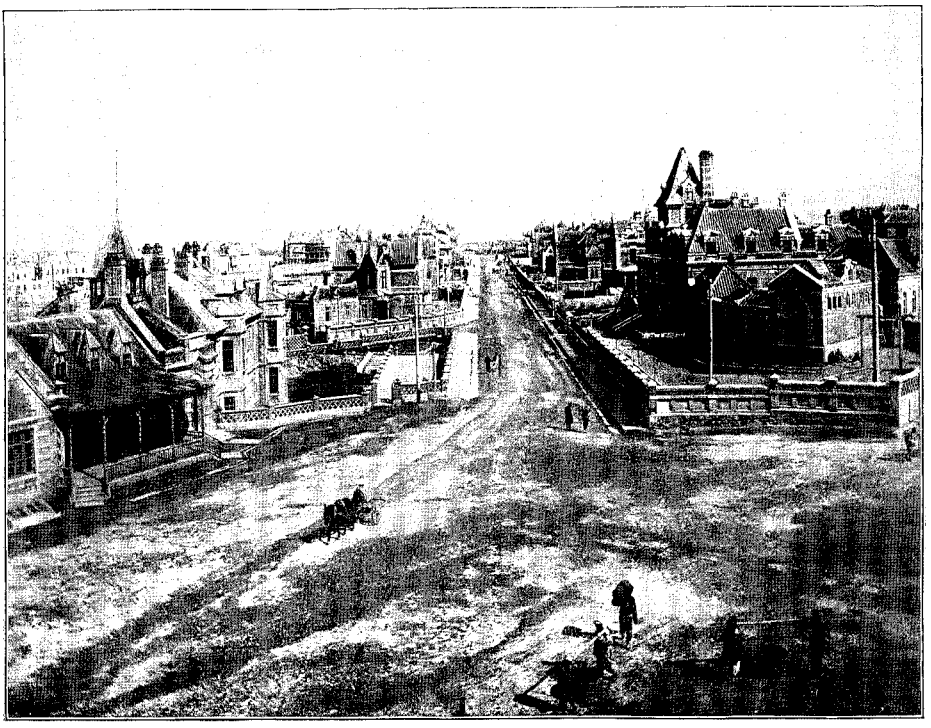

A Busy Thoroughfare of the Future.

terial undertaking of equal magnitude. That Russia should have conceived it and carried it out makes imagination falter for her future influence upon the course of human events."

In the face of these competent opinions, the justice of which will be borne out by all careful observers, it is safe to say that Dalny, as the chief conduit of future commerce for the great railways here concerned, will soon acquire more consequence than it now enjoys in the consideration of the outside world; will cease, indeed, to be to most of us a mere geographical expression of doubtful whereabouts. Far away though Dalny may have originally seemed to its projectors both in respect of distance and completion, it now looms large on the horizon, and whether to the people of western Russia, or to us of the hither Pacific shore, the name must presently lose this former significance in our easy, come-and-go modern methods of intercommunication.

Even now, the possibilities of conveniently reaching the place by the railway in a ten day's journey from Moscow, or one of but a trifle more by steamer from San Francisco, are safely to the fore, and there is a rising tide of travel waiting to make it one of the familiar four corners of the world.

Under the existing arrangements, the great Manchurian sections of the Trans-Siberian System, aggregating some 1,800 miles of track, and including the Trans-Manchurian branch from Harbin on the main Port Arthur, or Dalny line, to Dalny's twin Pacific Terminal Vladivostock, are operated by the *Kitaiskaya Vostochnaya Jeleznaya Doroga*, or "Chinese Eastern Iron-road," a Chino-Russian company enjoying full leasehold rights for the necessary tracks and terminals in that province.

And it is this company that has been charged with the creation of Dalny, and as yet stands as the ultimate landlord in its affairs, the construction being still in the hands of its engineers and other officials, although the fee of the town lots is salable, and the future control and maintenance of the municipality to be presently delegated to a "Council of Rate-payers" to be formed in somewhat incomplete anal-

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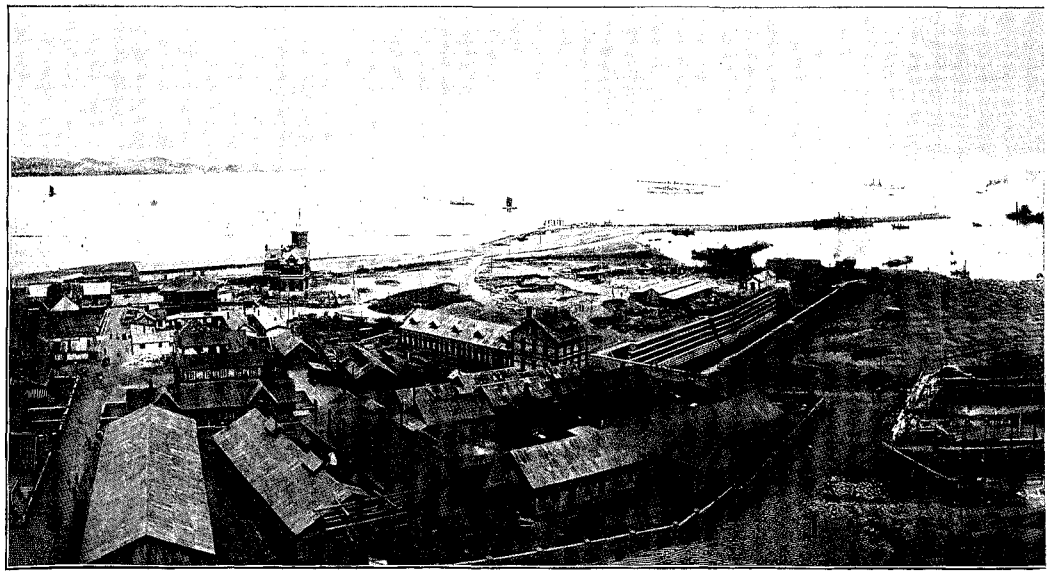

Shore-front, Talien Bay and Dock-work.

ogy to that of the Foreign Concessions of Shanghai.

The interesting work thus in hand is now deemed to have sufficiently progressed to admit of at least tentative sales or leasings to the desired and expected outsiders, and to justify a transfer of the railway and steamship offices, administration-staff and headquarters generally of the China ends of the Trans-Siberian System from Port Arthur and Harbin to the new city.

Mr. Miller's report sufficiently explains the general scope of the enterprise, the conditions of sales or leases of lots, etc., but there are more recent publications, in English and other languages, which may show sundry modifications of the regulations in the latter regard. And notices of the dates of the proposed sales and leasings are to appear from time to time in the newspapers of New York and other larger cities throughout the world. This article will rather seek to indicate the underlying plans of the new municipality, its larger functions and management questions, with perhaps the hazard of a prediction as to future results and influence.

On the first of these points, the Russians, it may be said, are generally pursuing a wise and liberal policy, and show not only great foresight, but also that sensible quality which is manifested in an ability to profit by the experience and mistakes of others.

Thus, while prudently discouraging mere speculators, or such persons as do not propose to reside as well as build in the town, they invite the presence and participation of all nationalities, even opening the local doors to the Jews who can here freely buy and own property, as they may not do in other territory under Russian control. That the natives are likewise welcomed, goes without saying, since everywhere in Asia these must necessarily supply the foundation of any successful trading community, and since the Russians generally admit the Chinese to a more kindly intimacy—and thus to a better understanding—than do any of the other foreigners who are settled along the Asian Pacific coast.

But in this instance, the multitudinous poorer classes of the indigenous folk are not to swarm among the foreign residents as they have elsewhere been imprudently suffered to do, being, instead, held conveniently aloof from the main city by an intervening park, a precaution the manifold advantages of which will be readily appreciated by those who know the unpleasant and detrimental *grouillement* of the British colony of Hong-Kong and of the Foreign Concessions of Shanghai.

Then, too, Dalny is, by its fundamental

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From Ship to Shore. The Chief Eastern Terminal of the Trans-Siberian.

charter—the Imperial *Oukas* above referred to—to be and to remain a *free port* as to customs charges, and moreover will otherwise be relieved to the utmost practicable extent from those harassing dock and harbor dues which elsewhere commonly obtain; an exemption of prime consequence in that scheme of paramount attractiveness which here is expected to allure both shipping and manufacturing commerce, and which is supported by the already suggested local conditions of thoroughly up-to-date and adequate facilities, plus a fine and wholesome climate, easy access, and ample supply of cheap fuel and labor.

The presence of the railway in the new port should alone sufficiently insure a large shipping trade, but the astute Dalny managers are looking for more than this, expecting, as they confidently do, and apparently with excellent reason, that the ample shores of Talien Bay will soon be dotted with manufacturies, drawn from the world over to avail of an exceptionally economical assemblage and manufacture of raw materials, for whatever market, there or elsewhere, the resultant product may be designed.

Such materials, it will be observed, may always enter and depart in freedom, with handy rail and ocean shipping facilities, as well as a local labor-supply which is unhampered by fantastic union complications, and as reasonably constant in quantity as it is in extreme moderation of cost. Should the manufactured products thus resulting be destined for Manchurian or other adjacent outlets beyond the limits of the Dalny district, the usual Chinese tariffs may be locally paid (possibly with complete safeguards against vexatious Likin, or inland-barrier taxes). So, too, if the shippers' aim should concern the great markets which are presently to follow the current developments in Siberia, or even those of nearly equal expansive possibilities farther on in Russia itself, an economical transfer may be made by rail, *in bond*, through any intervening Chinese territory with no greater burden than the usual Russian tariff, this likewise being subject to convenient local adjustment. And to this end, consular agencies appropriate for these as for other countries are to be duly established in Dalny. What the demands of the outside world may prove to be for such manufactures must remain to be seen, but in this respect the goods need encounter only the moderate handicap of ocean-transit rates; the trade concerning them generally being conducted under circumstances wherein a cheapness of first-cost should prove of dominant advantage in competition with rival products from less favored manufactories.

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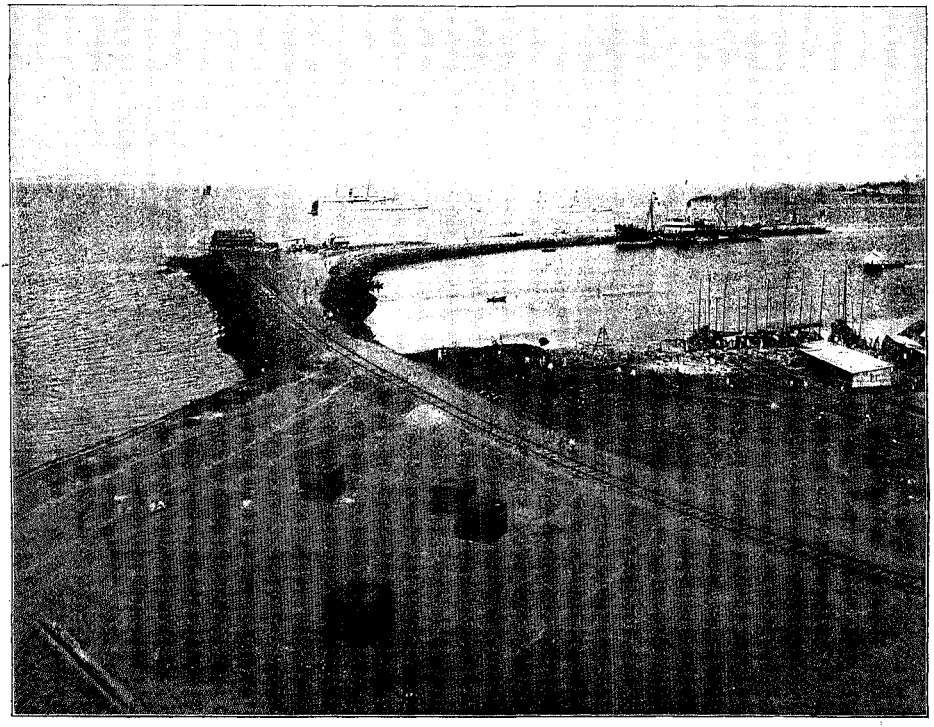

New Jetty Construction and Filling Work. Visiting War-ships in the Bay.

A glance at the panoramic photograph reproduction* on pages 486–87 will give a fair idea of the area of the splendid bay which supplies the facilities for thus grouping the expected industries, the loop-railways designed to augment these ample water-connections being readily imaginable. Here also may be discerned the outlines of an elaborate dock and jetty system, with ample break-water enclosures, and modern loading and discharging devices already well in hand and nearing readiness for safe and prompt accommodation of that extensive traffic which must inevitably seek an ocean terminus of over 7,000 miles of railway; especially where, as here, such railway affords the shortest and best highway of communication between the more highly developed of the greater sections of the world.

That Dalny, in addition to her facilities for the loading and discharging of vessels, will enjoy equally full convenience for their repair, and even for their construction, is a matter of course in a project so thorough-going as this; and there may likewise be seen in the picture on page 489 a completed dry-dock (of 375 feet in length and eighteen feet on the sill) with the beginnings of another which is designed to accommodate the largest ocean-going ships.

So far, the constructors of the new city, in addition to their preparations for the residence, manufacturing, and trading facilities above referred to, have thus addressed themselves chiefly to the construction of docks and shipping accommodation. It is believed that a large trade must speedily accrue to the port by reason of the presence there of the railway, and indeed that the principal Trans-Pacific steamer lines of all nations will ultimately make Dalny their most important Far Eastern port-of-call, whatever they may intermediately continue to do with Yokohama and Nagasaki, and whatever may be their existing affiliations with Shanghai or Hong-Kong. Mr. Miller's report suggests that the Canadian Pacific Company has already prudently reached out for Dalny's connection service. Where, then, in this new and

*The writer begs to express thus his acknowledgments to Mr. Saharoff, the Governor and Chief of Engineering Construction, and to Messrs. Trenuhen and Soper, of the Engineering staff, for many civilities shown him while at Dalny, and as well for the photographs and various details of information.

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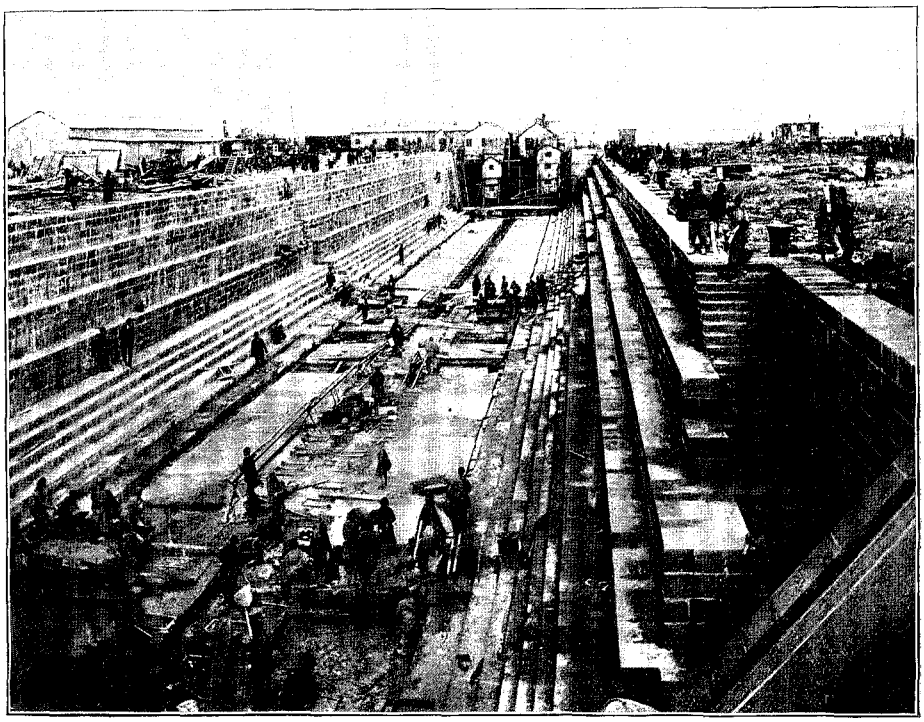

Dalny's Lesser Dry-Dock.

promising field, are the big American lines; the great steamers of the Hill railways; the Pacific Mail, and the Occidental and Oriental ships of San Francisco, or the minor freight-carriers of the Puget Sound Ports? That these will all soon be on the lookout hereaway is probable (however little one hears or sees of any of them as yet on Dalny's horizon), and would seem to be an inevitable necessity of the geographical and economic situation when Dalny gets a-going.

To return, however, to our more immediate subject, there are many features besides the docks and shipping facilities which deserve attention in the Dalny scheme.

Some of the more material of these are measurably indicated by the illustrations: enough to show, in a general way, how it has already been demonstrated that the manifold requirements of modern city construction may be created at demand, and in double-quick order, by the exercise of an alert and intelligent foresight, backed with a generous purse. The pictures, however, can scarcely express such details as the already created wide, well-paved, sewered and guttered streets or roads; public parks, stone and brick administration and other buildings, hospitals, hygienic water-supply, electric-lighting plant, tramways—the latter presently to include an extension to a bathing-beach of the future—or, in short, all that nowadays goes by the term of "public utilities." Nor can the pictures indicate the curious fact that these have been made or are nearing completion on a scale suitable for comfortable use and economical maintenance of a considerable population which is yet to appear.

In most of these respects the plan on page 492 may be of service, but even this will not suffice to indicate an important fact which those of us accustomed to job-ridden municipalities can scarcely appreciate, viz.: that all these good and useful things are presently to be turned over to the coming citizens free and clear of all aldermanic jobs or ineptitudes, on highly favorable terms, and under ample security for their safe and profitable future enjoyment. That such prospective citizens will presently materialize from everywhere about the world, is both expected and

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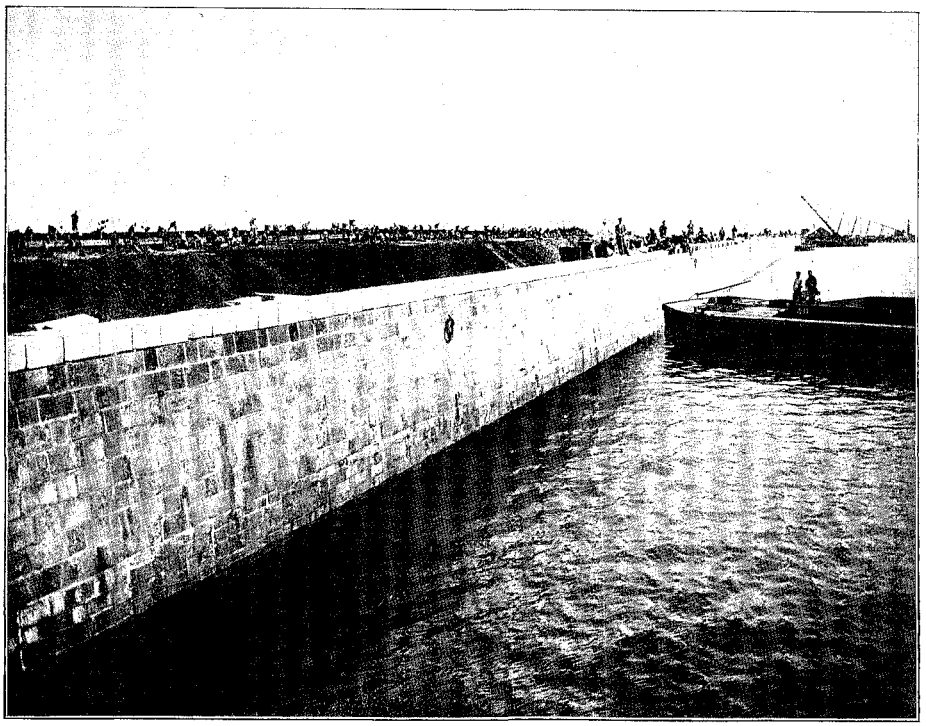

Dalny's solid Jetty Construction.

desired by the Russian authorities; for the theory of Dalny's future and thoroughly adequate protection has been wisely based upon a wide-spread international investment to be thus created therein.

And hence, although Port Arthur, which is only some forty miles away, like other adjacent points that command the railways outside the extensive district allotted to the new town and harbor, and as well those farther on in Manchuria, may fairly bristle with guns, or swarm with capable Cossacks, there is not to be the slightest suggestion of military safeguard present or contemplated at Dalny. Just here, the astute Russians are borrowing a leaf from the experience of Shanghai, which, under like conditions, has been able to summon the fleets and troops of the outside great powers to her aid in time of stress, and this too without thereby encountering an unpleasant expense-account. Per contra, the nearby German creation of Tsintau, on Kiao-chou Bay, lies open to inspection as an object-lesson, and is an example of what the Dalnians have prudently sought to avoid. Here a proposed commercial town, though admirably constructed and possessing the necessary deep-water access to docks (and even a railway back to good coal, with likewise a possible future freight connection), is found cheek-by-jowl with a military stronghold, where it must forever stand or fall, or be perturbed, according to the fate of its adjacent fortifications; its trade development meanwhile suffering the blight of *militarismus* in the usual tightly buttoned form.

Dalny thus on the one hand advantaged, and on the other free, would seem fairly equipped to enter on a career of safe and unimpeded development. What are her present or prospective rivals for the commercial supremacy of the future along the China coasts?

Of these, the great entrepôts of Hong-Kong and Shanghai, now, of course, stand far-and-away in the front, with the nearer neighbors Tientsin and Newchwang well up in present importance; but each and all of these are handicapped by a heavy charge of lightering transshipments, not to speak of crowded or insufficient "bunds"

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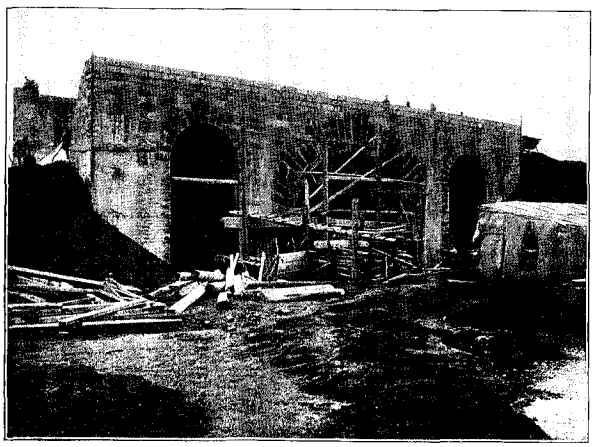
or water-fronts; the three ports last-mentioned having to deal also with ever-vexing and costly problems of comparatively narrow rivers and their shifting bars. Hong-Kong enjoys no railway, while Tientsin and Newchwang, although somewhat better off in this respect, must encounter closed seasons of ice; the latter settlement having a trade too, which, following an inevitable economic law, must sooner or later largely forsake the river for a more certain railway outlet to and from the sea. Ch'in-wang-tao, a new, neighboring, enclosed port, near Shan-hai-kuan, on the Gulf of Petcheli, will probably have both handy railway facilities and ice-free conditions, and therefore offers promise, although, as yet, rather a potentiality than a factor in the race.



Front of Sunken Railway Tracks.

To say that Dalny's development has been, or will continue, wholly free from mistakes, or that her future presents no difficulties, would be beyond the mark; tantamount perhaps to a contention that counsels of perfection are implicitly followed in human affairs. Thus, there are here and there features on which the severely practical criticism of the American point of view may fasten, such, for example, as an apparent confusion or division of authority in management, and as well unnecessary expenditure in premature improvements. On the side of policy, there would still appear to be some ambiguity as to the unrestricted functions of the proposed rate-payer's governing-council, and as to whether, if there must be a final appeal in purely local affairs, where this body is concerned, the same is to run, as it should do, to the civil rather than to the military arm of Russian supervision. Again, there is here of course no lack of Prophets of Evil—generally in the shape of jealous neighbors, such as some of those at Port Arthur and Vladivostock—who whether from malice or timidity fill the air with dismal vaticinations, like other obstructors elsewhere that seek to block the way of progress with inertia—often, fortunately for the rest of us, only to be finally worsted, as Stephenson's well-known "Coo" would have been. If we are to believe the fastastic notions of these *myopes*, it would appear that Dalny is already a failure; that it will be impossible to work ships past vaguely conjured rocks and ice-packs into the harbor; that no one anyhow will care to settle there, and, in short, that the sponge of a considerate oblivion and abandonment had best be wiped over the entire project, and a return made, while there is yet time, to some other place or places more favored by, or favoring to the particular objector of the moment.

But Dalny seems to have come to stay, nevertheless, and Mr. Witte, the famous Finance Minister of the Imperial Russian Government, who is generally credited with knowing his way about, has recently visited it and affixed thereto the seal of his

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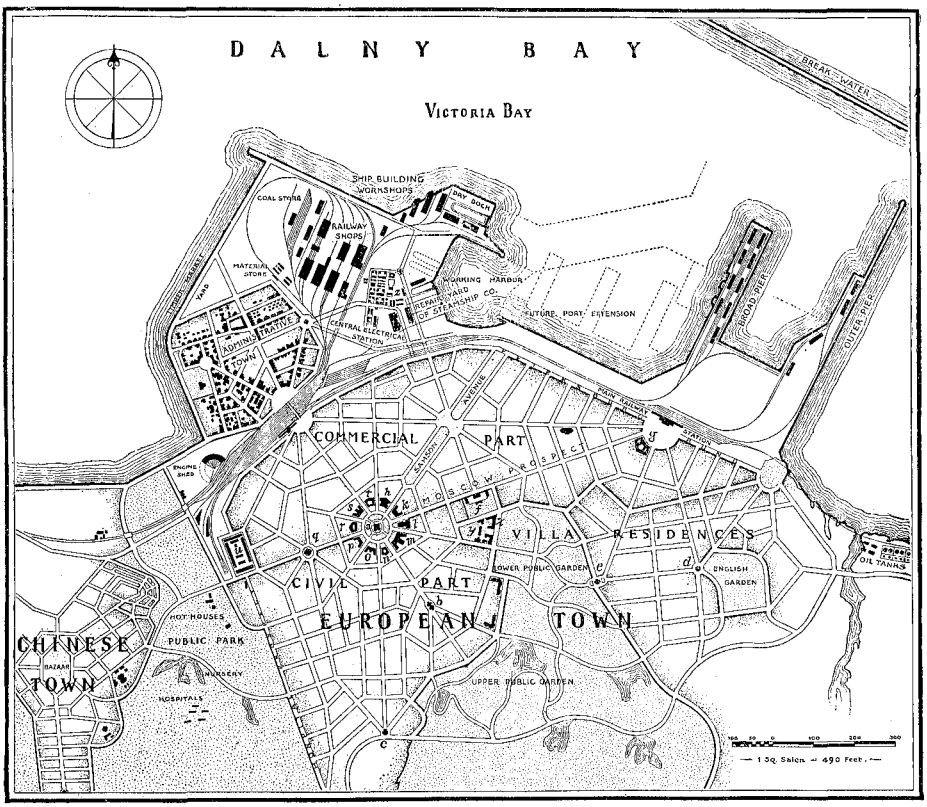

Plan of Dalny.

1. The length of streets in European Town is 25,960 sajen. 2. Area of Building spaces; The Villa Part, 136,500 squares; the Civil Part, 180,600 squares; in Administrative Town, 57,000 squares. 3. Garden Squares and Nursery, 375,860 squares. Principal Buildings: *a*, The Cathedral; *b*, The Catholic Church; *c*, Lutheran Church; *d*, English Church; *e*, Museum; *f*, Governor's Offices; *g*, Hotel; *h*, Russo-Chinese Bank; *k*, Post and Telegraph Offices; *l*, Theatre; *m*, Private Bank; *n*, Police and Fire Brigade Station; *o*, Town Offices; *p*, Town Club; *q*, Town Auction Hall and Exchange; *r*, Private Bank; *s*, Law Courts; *t*, Private Bank; *u*, Covered Market; *x*, High School for Boys; *y*, High School for Girls; *z*, Workingmen's Dwellings.
N. B.—1 square sajen = 490 feet.

potent approval.* That we of the United States should give the new city and all it stands for, cordial greeting, and wish it God-speed and success in its career, seems to be plain enough, whether we look at the subject on business or on sentimental grounds, supposing for the moment that the latter view may nowadays be suffered to figure in the dominating presence of trade considerations and in international affairs.

But even if we exclude all kindly sentiments, and incidentally assume that memories of various substantial past Russian attentions in our behalf (including their nominal-priced transfer of that fruitful *cadeau* Alaska) may be tossed aside, as in the way when an "enlightened self-interest" occupies the floor, it will be of value to consider where this latter motive would guide us in North Asian affairs.

Here, we find Russia busily opening up markets for us throughout Siberia—a region alone greater in extent than the United States, to say nothing of Manchuria, or Russia proper—contrasted with

* Late advices from there indicate that the recent visit of Mr. Witte has caused a renewed flow of appropriations for, and consequent greater activity in, the work of completion; that many obstructive questions have now been settled by him; that the land-sales and leasings which began November 14th with most favorable prices, will be continued as fast as may be practicable, although foreigners, apparently through misunderstanding of the conditions affecting the same, have thus far rather held aloof; that private house-building operations are now expected to make speedy progress; that the important thoroughfares are already lighted electrically, and the harbor buoys with gas; that ships of 18 feet draft are alongside the docks, and a further stretch of stone-wharf of 3,000 feet in length (with 28 feet low-water depth) nearly completed for them; that cargoes of tea from Hankow, which formerly went by sea to Russia via Odessa, have been received and forwarded by the railway, and finally that preferential rates by the latter in favor of the port, together with other substantial inducements to attract foreign trade, are now actively under consideration or arrangement.

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which our existing trade outlets in these vast areas are but trifling beginnings; markets, too, that may be as easily commanded and retained by us for many years to come through the exercise of ordinary neighborly consideration, as they might readily be prejudiced by our whimsical rudeness or neglect. For here, at least, the "party of the other part" in the trade is one to which sentiment does appeal, and the case peculiarly of a kind in which the sting of rejected advances may have ample scope for quick severe and concrete application.

Our British cousins, lacking our own independent position and our agreeable market prospects hereabouts, with ever before their eyes the certain bogy-scares above referred to, may fume over Russia's triumphant progress, or our erstwhile protégés, the Japanese, continue (for other reasons, but with equal futility), to "kick against the pricks;" but what have we of the United States of America to do in either of their *galères?*

As for the Chinese, here again how are we concerned? The arrangements with their Russian neighbors are clearly their own affair, and not ours, especially seeing that thus far no abridgment of any of our antecedent treaty-port rights, which might otherwise be sought to be asserted as against the Middle Kingdom, has arisen in consequence thereof. With this as the fact, the law, and the equity of the existing situation, would it not seem to be preeminently one in which Americans should prudently heed the pregnant maxim as to minding one's own business? The more so, as we may thereby readily find such business growing with rapid strides and profitable results, thanks not only to the good-will and needs of our Russian friends, but to the new railways and outlets of which their port of Dalny is to be to us the front, and in this case, wide open door?

Returning now for a final word about Dalny, it should be admitted that when visited in August last there was difficulty in recognizing either its forwardness or that ultimate importance which is here suggested. The long empty roads, scaffolded buildings, and up-turned surfaces had rather an air of inchoate desolation; and the scene generally, the somewhat melancholy expression which is a concomitant of dishevelled habitation-places wherever an appropriate sum of human life and endeavor is lacking, whether because this is yet to come, or has had its little day. In the matter of climate there was nothing further to demand, with the atmosphere and sunshine then prevailing, thanks to a somewhat belated rainy season; for these were simply magnificent in tone and quality, and suggested the best periods of our Northern summers on the Maine or Nova Scotia coasts. That the climate, except for a steady but brief downpour during the rains of midsummer, is uniformly fine (with a quality of air too bracing perhaps to suit some wakeful persons), seems to be the universal testimony; and even the sharp, clear cold of the winters is said to be of a highly agreeable nature. As to malaria and mosquitoes, these, although not wholly unknown, are inconsiderable factors, attributable by general report to the inevitable but temporary upturning of things during construction; and indeed it would appear to be quite likely that Dalny, with its cool, equable summers, must become a much sought and desirable resort for the people of the southern coasts or of the tropical regions of Asia generally.

In any event, it is there that we shall presently transfer ourselves and our belongings, between ship and shore, in the 'round-the-world concerns of trade or travel; and whether it thus affords a first contact with triste and mysterious China, or precedes a like essay of the long rollers of the wide Pacific, some thrill of interest must ever thereafter be associated in our minds with the new port.

"*Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon, aut bimarisve Corinthi mœnia.*" But Dalny and what it typifies are both as impressive and commanding.

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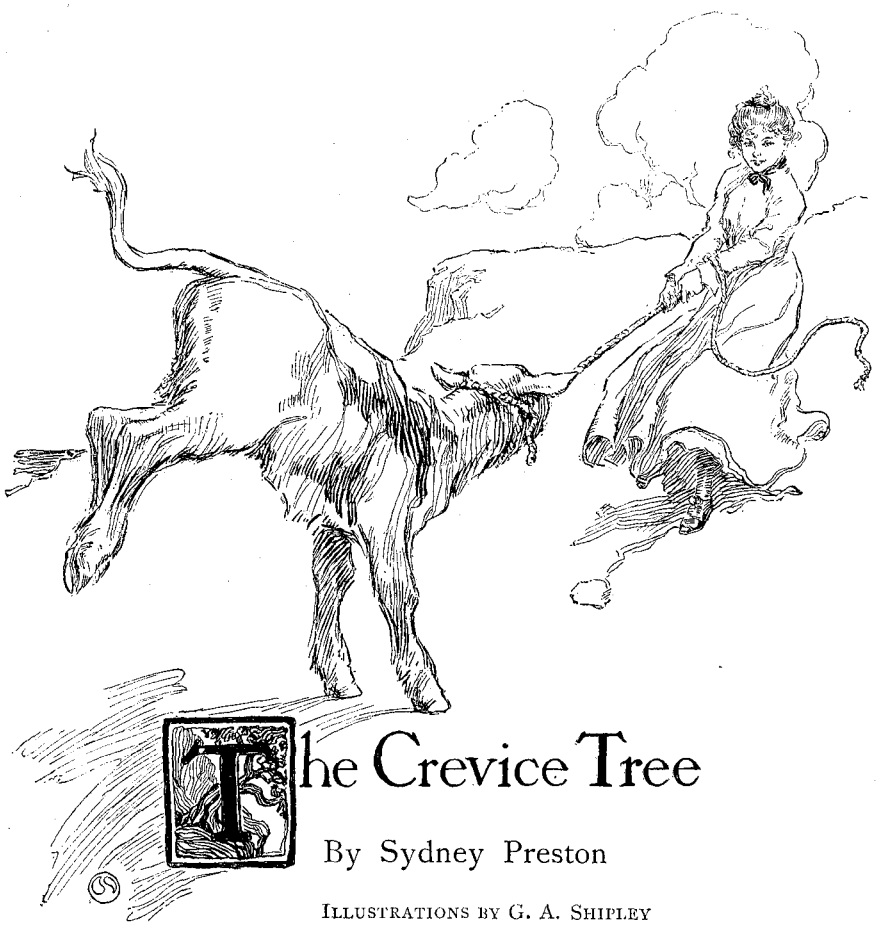

The Crevice Tree

By Sydney Preston

Illustrations by G. A. Shipley

I

THE girl stood on the narrow plateau that lay between the brink of the steep sea-cliff on one side, and the sheer drop into the rocky bed of the stream that tumbled down the face of the mountain and gashed the valley on the other. On either side of the road that stretched like a strip of brown carpet from end to end of the ridge, the emerald turf lay so rich and sweet that every little while the grazing red-and-white calf lifted up her head and snorted with joy, playfully curvetting in circles, as if about to jerk the restraining rope from the hands of the girl.

"Aisy, now—aisy," she admonished the animal, as a sudden leap interrupted a prolonged gaze toward the end of the ridge where the road dipped out of sight in the direction of the market town; "if I let go, wouldn't you like as not just jump over into the sea or down to the rocks with your capers? Whisht now, darlin'—kape quiet for a minute."

Again she shaded her eyes and stood motionless, a wind-swept, hatless, erect little figure, with straggling locks of wavy hair tossing about her shapely head, and a scarlet skirt to her ankles that fluttered like a flag in the fresh breeze. There was no one in sight, and for the hundredth time Maggie Tierney, with a little sigh of relaxed expectancy, allowed her intent gaze to wander from the distant dip of the road to a pair of trim little shoes and stockings that showed beneath her fluttering skirt. The shoes were new and a trifle tight, but shapely; the stockings of a sober black that followed the graceful curves of her ankles with the demure effect of a pretty face in a Quaker

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bonnet, and Maggie smiled with approval as she raised her skirt a trifle and advanced first one foot and then the other for inspection. Micky, if ever he looked, must have seen hundreds of prettier shoes and stockings in Dublin City, but these were neat enough for her, and well-filled at that, and she would have no cause this year to keep out of his way, as she had for the last two summers, on account of bare feet and shabby clothes. Let him come with his fine manners and college learning, and she'd soon find out the truth about his being a priest. If his mother's tale was true, then he might pass her by and welcome; if it wasn't? —if—it—wasn't!

Maggie tossed back her head like a mettlesome steed, and the unbidden tears sparkled in her eyes but for a moment, then vanished in the fiercer light of resolve; the elfish laugh of her childhood rang out with a fuller note of defiant glee as she turned her back to the sea and looked across the brawling stream below to the fertile fields on the lower slope of the mountain. On the left, almost hidden by trees, rose the chimneys of the big brick house where lived the rich old woman who now owned nearly all the surrounding land; on the right, the humble thatch-roofed cabin of the Tierneys, surrounded by splatches of red and white, where Maggie and her mother had hung out the washing on the bushes in the morning. The girl looked from one dwelling to the other, her lips unsmiling, her brows contracted. There had been no difference between her and Micky in the old days when they played together, when his mother lived in a thatch-roofed cabin like hers, before that brother in America died and she became the rich widow Ryan; but now it was the difference between the big house and the little one, the rich and the poor. Yet if Micky were poor and she were rich—her lips relaxed and her eyes softened—would there be any barrier betwixt them? If Uncle Shandy had died and left the Tierneys a fortune, would *her* mother have become purse-proud and ruled her family and servants with a rod of iron, like Micky's? The girl laughed at the fancy, then shook a resentful clenched hand in the direction of the chimneys, and for an instant afterward she envied the old woman the possession of the one object that made wealth desirable: the tall mirror in the big room, in which you could see yourself all at once, from the toe of your new shoes to the bow of ribbon on the top of your head; before which you could walk forward and sideways and backward, and smile at yourself to think how you would look to someone who remembered you as a wild, little, barefooted girl.

Again the calf made a strenuous break for liberty, and when Maggie, breathless with laughter and exertion, had quieted the animal, she had to stand on the rope while she used both hands to tuck away vagrant locks of hair, and once more make sure with light deft touches here and there that nothing about her had gone awry. Somewhere among the trees near the big house in the valley, Micky's old mother would be watching the ridge for the first glimpse of him coming along the road; would she see Maggie Tierney grazing the calf and guess, too late, why she was dressed in her best and waiting where Micky would see her as he passed by, a full half hour before he reached home? And if he should care to stop and loiter awhile by the way, what matter if an old woman beyond was looking on and thumping her stick—with anger? Maggie Tierney cared not a toss of her head for that; if Micky had the makings of a priest in him he'd run home like a dutiful son; if he hadn't—well, there was a girl by the road grazing her heifer calf, and never a word or sign would she give him to stop.

Once more her eyes turned to the dip of the road. Around the bend appeared the figure of a man, clutching the flapping brim of a soft hat as he pushed his way against the strong sea-breeze. She saw him halt and stand erect, shading his eyes as he gazed inland over the stream to his right in the direction of the big house among the trees; then he strode on toward her, his head bent against the wind and the hat-brim over his eyes. The rich color surged into her face, then ebbed again as she clutched at a sudden choking lump in her throat, for the young man coming so swiftly had not even glanced toward her, so absorbed was he in the thought of hurrying home to his mother. A mysterious panic seized

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her, and she looked around wildly with the instinct of flight or concealment, though well she knew that nothing higher than a blade of grass grew on that wind-swept plateau, and that she would be ignominiously overtaken if she tried to drive her calf along the mile stretch to the bridge. She looked again at the oncoming figure, and a smile hovered about her mouth as she studied his vigorous elastic step and the free play of his arms. He was big and strong and well-built, and in spite of his black clothes and long fluttering coat-tails, he didn't look as if he were thinking about becoming a priest. The mischievous sparkle came back to Maggie's eyes with the returning flush to her cheeks, and though she turned her back to the road and stroked her calf, she waited.

II

THE young man was garbed in a suit of semi-clerical cut; his long-tailed coat, which had clung to his muscular frame during the brisk four-mile walk from the market town where the Dublin stage had dropped him, suddenly flapped wildly as he rounded the spur of the mountain and faced the fresh gale that blew in from the sea. He clutched the soft brim of his hat, head bent against the steadily increasing pressure, until the curve of the road brought him broadside to the wind, then he turned his back to the sea and stood gazing over the cliff to his right. On the rising ground in the distance among the trees peered the chimneys of his home, but his eyes sought the little cabin near at hand, a long stone's-throw across the stream from where he stood, but a good two miles by the road he must follow. If only he could let himself down over the cliff, he would be right at her door where he could stop for a spell in passing, but since that couldn't be, he'd just hurry home and pay his respects to his mother, and then slip away through the lower field to the cabin afterward. Perhaps she wasn't there, though, for there was no one in sight; but no!—there were clothes hung out on the bushes, and she'd be over the tubs at the back, like enough; she was a good little girl to work, was Maggie, and always ready to give a hand to her mother. He'd lose no time, but catch her with her bare arms in the suds before she knew he was home, and she'd have to tell why she had dodged him like a sprite the summer before last, and why she had flitted away to her uncle Shandy's as soon as he got home last summer.

Michael Ryan's eyes snapped with determination, and he started forward at a headlong pace, without once looking in front of him. The booming of the waves against the rocky cliff a hundred feet below filled his ears with a continuous roar, like an engulfing silence, and in his abstraction he saw nothing but a vague glimpse of the brown road at his feet, for his mind was fixed upon the vision of a girl, who, since he was a man, must now be a woman. She had haunted his dreams for a long time, but since his mother answered his repeated questions with a letter that said she allowed Tim Egan to dance after her, he could think of nothing else. If it was true—then God help Tim Egan!—here was a lad able and willing to pick the scallawag up and jump into the sea with him rather than let him get her.

Suddenly he looked up; then stood stock still. There on the rich green sward not ten feet from the edge of the cliff on his right, a half-grown heifer was grazing; a girlish figure, her back to him, held the rope that kept it from straying too near the brink. Michael stared—moved a few steps nearer—then stopped again in doubt. Could *this* be Maggie? A skirt to her ankles, stockings and trim low shoes, a red waist with sleeves like the Dublin ladies', and a bow of scarlet ribbon half buried in her coiled-up hair? The outline of the wind-blown figure was rounded in graceful curves that Michael had never imagined in the little harum-scarum playmate of his boyhood, or in the hoydenish half-grown girl of two years before, but that shapely well-poised head that tilted backward when she drew on the rope, as he had seen it tilt a thousand times before in saucy defiance, was hers.

"Maggie!" he called, in a hoarse outburst of gladness.

She did not turn, but, when he moved closer, bent over the heifer and patted its neck as the animal lifted a pair of startled brown eyes and stared at him. "There,

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Drawn by G. A. Shipley.

Maggie sat on the turf and laughed.—Page 499.

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there, darlin'," he heard her say in a soft, caressing tone, "sure, 'tis nothin' at all, at all."

"*Maggie!*" he repeated in bewilderment.

There was no reply. She lifted her head and moved slowly away a few steps without turning, then stood looking in the opposite direction. Michael's breath came and went in a spasm of choking effort; he followed, walked around the heifer, and placed himself directly in front of her. His smooth-shaven face, pallid with emotion, his sternly-set jaw and lined forehead, made him look like a man of thirty instead of a youth not yet twenty. The girl stood in unwavering immobility; if Michael had gazed into the marble features of a statue he could not have seen a more unyielding, lifeless pose. There was color, brilliant color, in lips and cheeks and eyes, but it was not the pulsating ebb and flow of life; the eyes had the bright, unseeing look of the Virgin in the college chapel, not wavering a fraction in their steady stare as his met them.

"Maggie Tierney, I'll face you till the judgment-day, or you'll open your lips and tell me why you turn your back when I pass by."

Michael's voice no longer trembled; it was smooth and clear and measured. For an instant the girl's eyes flashed; her lips parted in a quick, indrawn breath, then closed again; she silently raised one hand, and pointed behind him in the direction of his home. On a knoll in the field in front of the house, small in the distance, but unmistakable, stood the bent figure of his mother, a shawl over her head; the stick she walked with was raised in an imperative beckoning motion.

Michael turned to the girl with dumb, questioning gaze. From the depths of her blue-gray eyes a flickering gleam appeared that lit up her face with sudden life, then her lips parted in a scornful laugh.

"Is this Michael Ryan?" she asked, in mock surprise, regarding him with a critical stare.

"It is," replied Michael unbendingly, but with a faint twinkle in his eyes.

"And is your mother the richest woman in the country, barrin' the quality?"

Michael flinched under the sting of her words. "If she is," he retorted with heat, "'tis through no fault of hers, nor of mine; but that's neither here nor there, Maggie. I'm waitin' to hear why you turn your back on me?"

"Och, is that all!" she laughed. "Then you need wait no longer, for 'tis partly because I'm Maggie Tierney and partly because you're Michael Ryan."

"I'm waiting," he persisted.

"Like your mother," she flashed. "Go home, Michael Ryan, and tell her I turned my back on you, as I told her I would—and I'll do it as often as I plase, so I will," she added, and with the sudden uptilt of her chin that from babyhood had marked the wilful decision of her nature she walked away a few paces and led the heifer to a fresh piece of turf.

"And every time you do it," he responded, gaining her side, "I'll turn your face," and with a light, deft movement of his hand on her shoulders, he did so. With the swiftness of a cat's paw the palm of one little hand smote his cheek.

"Kape your hands where they be welcome," she cried, with a fierce stamp of her foot. "Go home to your mother," her voice rose shrilly above the pounding of the surf—"go home and tell her I sent you," she taunted, flinging out one hand derisively toward the old woman in the distance; "sure, she's in the divil's own rage this blessed minute, and she'll be batin' you with her stick for stoppin' to talk with ould Dick Tierney's Maggie."

Michael stood, doggedly immovable, his steady gaze fixed upon her scornful face twisted up into an elfish grimace. The red mark of her hand burned in his pale cheek, but his voice was still calm and steady.

"Many's the time you've fooled me with your play-acting, Maggie," he said, quietly, "and it's always your pride that sets you off that way, but I'll not be taken in this time. I'll not leave till I know whether it's love or hate you bear in your heart to me. Which is it, Maggie?"

For an instant her eyelids lowered, her bosom heaved, then with a tantalizing laugh she placed a hand on each hip and regarded him curiously with her head on one side like a bird's. "And who be you," she asked, airily, "that dares to ask a girl embarrassin' questions? But perhaps"—

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with sudden gravity—"perhaps 'tis a praist, no less?"

A faint smile relaxed the grimness of Michael's mouth. "'Tis Micky," he said simply, swaying toward her.

The girl stepped lightly backward, put one hand to her chin and frowned upon him reflectively. "The jowl of a praist," she said, as if to herself; "not a hair on his face; black cloth from the crown of his hat to his boots; and as solemn as if he was sayin' a mass for the dead. No, —he's not Micky!—he's Michael Ryan, with his gentleman ways and his fine clothes and his English spaich! Go home to your mother, sir, and don't be tryin' the worst temper in the county, lavin' out mine that's not full-grown. But when you're full-fledged," she added, demurely, her eyes brimming with laughter, "I'll answer your questions with, 'Yis, yer riverince,' and 'No, yer riverince,' as respectful as you plase."

A quick movement on Michael's part; a quicker one on hers, and he was too late —the grazing calf was between them. The girl was breathing hard, but she looked straight into his eyes with stubborn defiance.

"'Tis a plain question I ask, and a straight answer I'll have," said he, unflinching.

Her eyelids fluttered, then lowered; she toyed pensively with the end of the rope, her head on one side, the color of her cheeks mounting higher. "'Tis as plain as a pikestaff," she said in a low tone, with a fleeting glance upward.

Michael's heart gave a great leap, as if pricked by an invisible dart. "*What* is, —darlin'?" he asked tenderly, "the— the answer?"

He had been moving nearer in imperceptible degrees, he thought, but after completing the circuit of the calf, she was still on the farther side; there was a sudden impulsive movement of his arms and the animal leaped high in the air and bounded away with the tethering rope trailing behind.

"Wirra!—wirra!" screamed the girl, wringing her hands—"my calf is gone! Run, Michael—for the love of—of Heaven —*run!*"

Michael stood irresolute for a moment, brief joy changing to sudden dismay. Cruel fate had thrust the beast between them, and now that it was gone he was told to run after it just when—when—it was hardest to go. A glance at the girl's grief-stricken face, another at the vanishing calf, and he was off.

Maggie sat on the turf and laughed till her face was wet with tears, as she watched him run with his long coat-tails flying in the wind. The calf was fleet, but Michael was desperate and a good runner besides, and in the end he captured the animal and dragged her back to a girl who was sitting upon the grass an image of tearful anxiety.

"You run her too hard," she reproached him, as he got within earshot. "Is she hurted?"

Michael was breathless, and words failed him; he wiped the sweat from his brow and remained indignantly silent.

"There—there, acushla," she caressed the panting animal, "kape still, now, and get your wind. What frighted you, anyway? I mind now!" she exclaimed, turning on Michael with sudden resentment. "You flung out your arms. 'Twas *you* that sent her careerin', and why did you do it, I'd have you tell me?"

"I didn't mean to—I was—I—I—"

"Why did you fling out your arms?" she demanded, with an imperious stamp of her foot.

Michael's face was the color of her red waist; he studied his boots and twisted a button of his waistcoat. "I couldn't—just say," he stammered, "but I could show—you if—if—for God's sake answer my question, Maggie. Is it love or hate you have in your heart for me?"

Again she toyed with the rope, and then transfixed him with a swift, shy glance. "'Tis—'tis naythe," said she hesitatingly, "if 'tis a praist you're goin' to be."

"Who said I was going to be a priest?"

"Your mother."

"'Twill not be my *mother* that'll make me a priest," he said, tenderly. Then a sudden fear clutched at the hope in his breast, and the smile died on his lips. "Tell me it isn't true that you've been letting Tim Egan make up to you, Maggie," he pleaded.

"Tim—*Egan?*—that"—her indignant response ended in a blithesome laugh. "And what if I have?" she asked.

Michael's eyes blazed. "If 'tis true,"

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he flashed, "Tim and I can settle it betwixt us up here, where there's a hundred-foot fall into the sea on one side and a forty-foot drop to the rocks on the other."

"Whisht!" she cried, a tremor in her voice. "Who said I was lettin' Tim make up to me?"

"'Twas my mother that wrote it."

Their eyes met and Michael drew closer; she did not retreat, and his gaze followed hers. Across the valley the bent figure in the red shawl was limping slowly up the slope toward the house: she turned and looked steadily at them standing side by side, then slowly raising her stick she extended her right arm and pointed up the mountain-side, and higher still, to the sky, as if calling down the wrath of Heaven upon them.

"Och, wirra!" the girl moaned, with a shudder—"the curse."

Michael's arm enfolded her protectingly, as if he would ward off the danger, then an exclamation burst from his lips. "Look!" he ejaculated, "'tis not the curse, but the mountain wind she means."

Over the frowning top of the mountain loomed a massive black cloud that mounted upward with awesome rapidity, shutting off the blue sky like a huge curtain; whirling, vapor-like, white spirals fringed the ragged edge in fantastic shapes, growing larger as the sky darkened. There could be no mistake; it was the forerunner of the dreaded wind that swept down from the mountain once or twice in a lifetime, and, tradition said, flung every living thing, that chanced to be on the plateau, into the sea. The only hope lay in reaching the valley in time, or in lying flat on the ground with fingers dug into the sod.

"The mountain wind!" he repeated, in an awestruck whisper, as the sky blackened; then a sudden frenzy of action seized him. "Come," he shouted, gripping her arm, "we'll run for the bridge!"

"Run from a bit of wind?" She shook him off with fierce vehemence.

"The mountain wind!" he repeated, wildly. "Don't you mind your daddy telling how, when he was a boy, it blew old Pat Monahan into the sea?"

Maggie was standing beside him, watching his face with a curious, incredulous smile. "... 'And he niver was heard of from that day to this,' she quoted in a sing-song tone. "'And anyone that disbelaves me can go to the church-yard and stand on his grave and rade his name on the stone.'"

Michael cast a panic-stricken glance at the whirling fringe of cloud overhead. "Come," he entreated, trying to grip her arm.

"And lave my own calf that Uncle Shandy gave me last year?" she objected, indignantly.

"Divil take the calf!" shouted Michael. With one hand he seized her wrist in an iron grasp, and snatched the rope with the other, then ran a short distance toward the bridge, but even his strong muscles could not stand the strain of the unwilling animal that pranced and pulled backward on the taut rope. With a groan of despair he stopped, then leaping toward the calf he passed the rope in a loose loop about its forelegs; a quick jerk and it lay prostrate; a turn of the wrist and the rope was knotted. The girl looked on with the same half-puzzled calm smile, until he stood up and faced her, his features contorted with frenzy.

"Quick!" he commanded with a glance of fear at the tossing branches in the distance, thrusting the rope into her hands—"lie down and hold on for your life when the wind comes, but if the beast is lifted first, let go and pray to the Virgin!"

Her smile gave place to sudden alarm, then with a spring like a cat's she clutched his shoulders and shook him with angry vehemence. "Michael Ryan!" she screamed, her voice shrill with wrath and terror, "hould on to your wits, for they're goin'!—hould on, I say," she repeated, with a vigorous shake, as he tried to speak—"and kape quiet! Now listen," she went on—"look me in the face and listen!—*Micky* could stand with me on the ridge-pole of Uncle Shandy's barn, or dangle his legs over the mountain-crag, without breathin' hard. Michael—why—do you—look frighted?"

Michael's shoulders heaved. "God help me, Maggie!" he burst forth in a choking voice—"'tis for love of you."

"Then 'tis not the love I want that takes the heart out of a man. Would *Micky* have run for the bridge, or stood

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Drawn by G. A. Shipley.

"Look!" he ejaculated, "'tis not the curse, but the mountain wind she means."—Page 500.

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there like an omadhaun with the crevice tree behind him ?"

The crevice tree ! No need to look behind, for it all came back to his numbed brain in a flash ; the tree that grew out of a crevice in the rock half way up the perpendicular wall, and reached to the higher level with its topmost branches. From the base of its trunk to the rocky edge of the stream was a drop of more than twenty feet, bridged by a rickety ladder that old Dick Tierney had placed there when he sought to make a short cut over the cliff to the market town, and used but once. Well he remembered how Maggie had one day dared him to climb up by way of the crevice tree ; how the ladder groaned and swayed under his cautious bare-footed tread, until at last he reached the base of the tree with a shout of triumph, only to find her close at his heels ; how they rested awhile and tried not to look down at the jagged rocks, then climbed upward from one swaying branch to another until they stood on the solid ground above.

Michael's drawn face lit up with hope ; he flung one arm around her just as the first blast of the storm reached them. She struggled against him, and gasped as she strove : "'Tis no place—for the arm—of—a *coward !*"—then he caught her up and hurried over the short distance that lay between them and the waving top of the tree. Clasping her close with one arm, he reached forward to the tapering trunk and swung downward. There was a crashing and snapping of branches ; for one awful moment he could feel no foothold below, then his feet touched a heavy limb and he straightened himself slowly. The wind rushed with a mighty roar above them, and a gloom like twilight was falling, but there was light enough to see that the face on his shoulder wore the calm content of a happy child.

"*Micky*," she said, dreamily, "'tis—no place—for the arm of a—*praist*."

Michael pressed her closer. "Divil the priest I'll be !" said he fervently, and his lips met hers.

She freed herself with a struggle, and stood on the branch beside him, her cheeks dyed crimson. "How dare you," she cried, "without lave ?"

"'Twas the light in your eyes and the love in my heart made me bold."

"A quare kind of love, indeed—that both frights and makes bold !"

"'Tis the kind that's heaven or hell to a man, Maggie."

"Look, Micky, the clouds is breakin' and the wind's most gone."

"Yes, yes—will you—marry me, Maggie ?"

"Sure, there's no praist up here—and I'm not a bird that can live in a tree!"

"But, darlin', just answer, and"——

"I'll answer some time when my mind's not took up with thinkin' of how I'll get out of the crevice tree. Is it up or down we're to go, Michael Ryan?"

Michael looked upward; it was plain there was no getting back by the way they came, for the top of the tree was broken below the brink of the cliff ; looking downward, he could see that the old ladder was still in place, but deep lines of anxiety puckered his brow as he peered at it.

"Down it will have to be," he said at length, with a gulp, "but"——

"But what?" she asked, sharply, as he hesitated.

"It wouldn't carry the weight of us," he returned dolorously; "besides, some of the rungs are gone and the rest look rotted."

"What matter for rungs if the sides be there?"

"You could never step over the gaps," he said, turning pale at the thought.

"O—ho!" she laughed, scornfully. "I'll follow where you lead—you know that, Michael Ryan. Stoop over and see if the sides be sound."

Michael let himself down to the base of the tree and put out his hand to the ladder, which swayed and creaked at his touch, while the girl stood on a higher limb and watched him with a mischievous smile.

"'Tis no use," he called up to her. "I couldn't trust you to a ladder like that, Maggie."

"You're frighted again," the girl taunted him—"'tis your own bones that's too precious. I'll never marry a coward!"

"I'm a coward, am I?" He gripped the trunk of the tree to swing himself over ; there was an ominous crack as his feet touched the ladder.

"Stop!" she screamed, reaching down

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and clutching the collar of his coat—"I'll never marry a *cripple!*"

Michael straightened himself slowly and looked upward; speech failed him.

"Come up here beside me," she commanded, with a tremor of tenderness in her tone.

He obeyed with alacrity; instantly she slid downward to the base and left him above her.

"For the love of Heaven!"—he ejaculated, "what do you mean?"

"That you haven't sinse enough to be left at the top of a ladder. How many stone do you weigh?"

"Nine and a half. For"——

"Kape still! And you'd set a nine-stone foot on the *rung* of a ladder like that? Troth, then, you knowed better when you were a lad and had more wit and less learnin'. Och, och!"—her voice rose in a despairing wail—"now, I'm undone!" She stooped forward, clutching her skirt tightly about her ankles.

"What's wrong?" he shouted, excitedly. "Hold on till I get there!"

"Back!" she screamed—"go back, or I'll drop myself over!"

Michael clambered back to his perch in haste. "What is it, darlin'?" he gasped, peering down at her.

"Och, wirra—you're an omadhaun!—to make me tell a thing like this. Lane over and turn your face the other way—me—shtockin's—*down!*" she whispered in his ear, then covered her face.

"Holy Moses!" ejaculated Michael, wiping his brow. "Is that all? Why don't you leave it down?"

"Lave it *down!*" She shuddered.

"Then why don't you pull it up?"

"How can I?" she shrieked, "with you gapin' at me like—like a man?"

Michael's being glowed with a sudden illumination, then he turned his back.

"Micky?"—the voice came in a new tone of persuasive entreaty—"you'll kape your back turned till I call you?"

"That I will. But, Maggie, would you mind saying 'Micky, dear,' in your sweet voice, so that I'll make no mistake?"

"Well, well—if you do as you're bid, and keep on lookin' up no matter what else you hear, even it's a sound of brake-in'—or crackin', like?"

"But what is there to make a sound like that about—about——?"

"Nothin' at all, at all, but if I laned on a branch or stepped on a twig that went *crack*, you might turn without meanin', and I'd"——

"Never fear, Maggie!—but you'll hold on tight and not fall?"

"*Fall!*" her voice broke into a quavering laugh—"sure, I could no more fall and get hurted than a cat. And even if I let a little scream, you won't look down?"

"N-no,—but what would there be to make you scream, darlin'?"

"'Tis but the sudden fear that takes a woman when she's fixin' her shtockin'. You'll promise, Micky?"

"I'm all of a tremble with the danger of it, Maggie. Leave it down, acushla," he pleaded, "and don't be lettin' go your grip of the tree for such a trifle."

"I'll hould on with me two hands if you kape me waitin' no longer, and if you swear by the Blessed Virgin that you'll kape your back turned and your eyes tight shut and look up into the sky until I say the words, you may—you may open them again."

"I swear, Maggie—but for the love of God, go on!"

The wind had died down, and Michael, his eyes tightly closed, with the gallantry of some by-gone Spanish ancestor, heard a rustling of skirts; a mysterious silence followed, then a slight vibration as if a bird had suddenly taken flight from a bough, and an ominous creak like the swaying of a ladder. All this Michael heard with vague wonderment, never dreaming that Maggie, her skirt safely looped to her knees, had grasped the sides of the ladder and let herself over. Down she slid lightly, safe but for a splinter in the palm of one hand, in the manner she had long ago learned to descend from the top of her Uncle Shandy's big haymow.

"Micky, *dear*, come down."

The voice was tender and sweet, but strangely far away. Michael looked down, rubbed his eyes, and stared harder. At the foot of the ladder stood Maggie, her skirt down to her ankles, her face rippling with blushes and laughter.

"Come down," she repeated, "if you've

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not forgot how to slide without touchin' the rungs."

. . . . . .

Over the field across the stream an old woman limped hurriedly toward them. Michael awaited her in defiant attitude, his arm around Maggie. When she got within hailing distance, she shook her stick at them, and cried: "Come along home wid ye—ye two—childher!" then smiled and wiped her eyes.

A TORCHBEARER

(J. B. M., NOVEMBER 29, 1902)

By Edith Wharton

GREAT cities rise and have their fall; the brass
That held their glories moulders in its turn,
Hard granite rots like an uprooted weed,
And ever on the palimpsest of earth
Impatient Time rubs out the word he writ.
But one thing makes the years its pedestal,
Springs from the ashes of its pyre, and claps
A skyward wing above its epitaph—
The will of man willing immortal things.

The ages are but baubles hung upon
The thread of some strong lives—and one slight wrist
May lift a century above the dust;
For Time,
The Sisyphean load of little lives,
Becomes the globe and sceptre of the great.
But who are these that, linking hand in hand,
Transmit across the twilight waste of years
The flying brightness of a kindled hour?
Not always, nor alone, the lives that search
How they may snatch a glory out of heaven
Or add a height to Babel; oftener they
That in the still fulfilment of each day's
Pacific order hold great deeds in leash,
That in the sober sheath of tranquil tasks
Hide the attempered blade of high emprise,
And leap like lightning to the clap of fate.

So greatly gave he, nurturing 'gainst the call
Of one rare moment all the daily store

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Of joy distilled from the acquitted task,
And that deliberate rashness which bespeaks
The pondered action passed into the blood;
So swift to harden purpose into deed
That, with the wind of ruin in his hair,
Soul sprang full-statured from the broken flesh,
And at one stroke he lived the whole of life,
Poured all in one libation to the truth,
A brimming cup whose drops shall overflow
On deserts of the soul long beaten down
By the brute hoof of habit, till they spring
In manifold upheaval to the sun.

Call here no high artificer to raise
His wordy monument—such lives as these
Make death a dull misnomer and its pomp
An empty vesture. Let resounding lives
Re-echo splendidly through high-piled vaults
And make the grave their spokesman—such as he
Are as the hidden streams that, underground,
Sweeten the pastures for the grazing kine,
Or as spring airs that bring through prison bars
The scent of freedom; or a light that burns
Immutably across the shaken seas,
Forevermore by nameless hands renewed,
Where else were darkness and a glutted shore.

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LIFE THE LOVER

By E. H. Sothern

COULD we know—ah, could we know
  Whether what we might have done
Ever will have chance to grow
  In the realms beyond the sun,
  Then the race were lost, and won—
Lost as winter yields to spring—
  Learned from limping how to run,
Learned from lisping how to sing.

Life the light and Flesh the lamp,
  Flame, or lantern, which is "I"—
Earth which doth the spirit cramp,
  Spirit which the Earth doth fly?
  Word of hate and lover's sigh
Pass they when their sound is spent?
  Shall *we* be mere memory,
Or for sorrow or content?

This may be the journey's end—
  Life and Death and passing man,
Life the lover, Death the friend,
  Call for pipes and foaming can.
  List awhile the song of Pan—
Life, my sweet, I love thee well!
  Laugh we while I live my span.
Listen! 'tis our marriage bell!

THE POINT OF VIEW

COMMENT was occasioned in Boston a little while back by the refusal of those in authority to appoint an Armenian to a position as teacher in a night-school which chanced to be attended by a score of his own countrymen. No question was raised apparently as to the personal qualifications of the candidate. The refusal was based entirely on the general assumption that it was a mistake to employ foreign instructors for foreign pupils. The point has an interest that is not limited by its specific application. Although the consensus of opinion seems to be that in the case of Italian, French, and German children, in the primary grades, better results are obtained by employing our own native teachers, the problem, as a whole, cannot be considered solved. It cannot be considered solved when, again in Boston, in a grammar school situated in a quarter of the town chiefly peopled by the most illiterate class of Italians and Polish Jews, the alternative as to whether the first rudiments should be imparted in English or in the dialect of the pupils is not seriously wrestled with at all, music and drawing being used almost exclusively as the means of opening up their minds.

The Foreign Element and the Schools.

Now it is true that the educational value of draughtsmanship and music, if both are properly taught, is enormous. But that either the one or the other can take the place of language-study is something that growing evidence from certain significant quarters may lead one very seriously to doubt. A good deal has been written of late on the decline of wages for clerical work. The fact does not seem unrelated to the complaint which also has gone forth, that the equipment of the younger generation of applicants for such work is increasingly far from meeting a legitimate standard of requirement. The complaint applies to both sexes. Taking into account the large number of business colleges throughout the country and the percentage of graduates which they may be assumed to send out, there is food for reflection in this cry of imperfect preparation.

Since the business college specializes,

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since the boast of all our modern education is that it does the same thing, it is certainly curious to find that there is a deterioration in the quality of clerical services rendered. The business college assuredly turns out a certain number of high grade experts; but it has been affirmed by those who appear to know best that the average graduate is not unlikely to be found lacking just where the clerk who has had no training but experience will also be discovered at fault. The inference is that there are defects in the primary educational training. And these defects are entirely on the side of deficient accuracy, of a want of respect for the perfect treatment of small, familiar things; defects, in short, that it is more especially the province of language-study to do away with.

However this may be, whether the theory and practice of our primary instruction need to be revised, or whether we should gain, as a Harvard professor of psychology not long ago suggested, by employing women less exclusively as teachers of the large mass of our youth (the bent of men being confessedly toward greater technical thoroughness, other things being equal), the point raised by the case of the Armenian candidate in Boston represents a side of the subject worth considering. In view of the proportion of the foreign element that is always with us, it is no slight matter whether we have foreign teachers for some of these foreign children or not. The question must be determined by the larger one as to whether the best way to teach is to draw the mind of the pupil quite out of its accustomed groove, directing it forcibly toward the new object set before it for acquirement, or to take possession of his attention by a process of interpenetration, and to lead him, by way of thoughts and mental habits already familiar to him, to the fresh field of knowledge. That the latter method represents the ideal of teaching will probably be conceded in the majority of cases. The curriculum of more than one college concedes it inferentially when it gives over the instruction in this or that foreign language to an American for the freshman and sophomore classes, consigning the advanced classes meanwhile to foreigners to whom the languages are native. The American will probably interest more surely the more immature minds under his tuition, because being personally in touch with his students, as one is in touch when one belongs to the same race and has behind him the same inherited associations, he can induct them into the spirit and literature of a new language by an enthusiasm of his own, none of the terms or modes of which will seem to them strange or strained. To lay the hand on foreign teachers ideally fitted for the work of teaching our language to the children of our new citizens may not be easy. That will also mean giving them some faint initial intuitions of the better ideals of our civilization. But the native teacher qualified to do the same thing is obviously not found every day, either.

It seems likely, in any event, that the claim of better results obtained by employing this native teacher in all instances is at least premature.

"The Last Century."

THERE are three or four centuries that stand out from the rank and file for their signal services to general progress. They are the Periklesian Age; the first century A.D., with the Messianic revolution, and the growth of the Roman Empire; the sixteenth century with its complete renascence from the winter of the Middle Age, its art, science, and exploration. Surely the nineteenth is a worthy fourth, though the time has not yet come when "the last century" applied to it has lost its unfamiliar sound. We are hardly conscious yet that it is passing into history, fading out of the reach or desire of the satirists and pessimists into the rosy haze where the next century will see it as the "good old days," a period of strange dignity and an aristocratic lack of sordidness, a time when great inventors, philosophers, and statesmen wrought with no mean eye for gain.

We have not yet the right perspective for studying our contemporaries; we cannot be blind to the fantastic appearance of scientists whom we have believed to be hardly more than superficial and notoriety-loving squabblers, of philosophers we have thought unscrupulous sophists, of politicians we have condemned and questioned, when we think of them with the toga of classicism over their frockcoats and the laurel twined round their silk hats. But we may as well reconcile ourselves to this time-change that all things suffer or profit by. It will be curious to find the subjects of the tawdry newspaper stuff of our day rechronicled with all history's

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pomp and circumstance—and most of the circumstance wrong. But we must not forget that the eighteenth century, which is to us so formal, so elegant even in its most superficial phases, was once held to be just such a bitter, earnest, dishonest, and informal struggle-for-life as that on which we have so recently put up the shutters. In the eyes of the eighteenth-centurians the gentle and refined Elia was a stuttering lapidary of *mots;* the angelic Mozart was a little virtuoso who was always in debt; the very fathers of our country were a pack of jealous picayunes, who bickered while the army starved; and yellow-journalism was present in spirit hounding Washington to a frenzy with its scandals. But distance has given these things a distinction they did not wear to their own times, any more than the unreverenced "demagogue" of to-day looks the patriot the future will paint him.

Already in the century itself the change began. Perhaps Lincoln is the most remarkable example of the tendency. Two score or so of years past he was sneered at as a backwoods politician, and almost as much distrusted by many of his own party as he was abhorred by the South. Time has cleared the air until now we see him as the few of his own early day saw him, one of the very noblest and most lovable of the world's great men, a figure of sweetness and strength, of mirth and solemnity, of infinite homeliness.

Out of the men we patronize or contemn or regard with a feeble, reluctant admiration, the future is going to choose its stars for the constellation of the nineteenth century. It is hard to imagine just now what ones are to be chosen. In politics it is all but impossible. The painter who is admired with such qualification of ridicule will be counted a genius of sobriety, tempered with occasional graceful eccentricity. The humorist we have laughed at uproariously and irreverently will be gathered to his peers, Aristophanes, Lucian, Horace, Rabelais, Sterne, Artemus & Co., Ltd. The actor who has occupied our press chiefly for his overweening conceit will stand out as one of the most brilliant of the sons of Roscius. The crotchety and cranky musician whom his best friends could hardly tolerate will be given over to posterity as a soul on the Pisgah-slopes of music.

And so it will be with many of our familiars. They have a quaint look seen through pink spectacles, and one feels an involuntary shrug of condescension toward the posterity that is going to take these queer people so seriously. But we must remember that the personages to whom we give our own homage were once only persons to their fellows. No man is a hero to his valet, but we should be more than the supercilious valets of our great men. It is easy to turn cynic and contemn all the big spirits of our time for their foibles. It is better to pay the major attention to their actual achievements and waive their inevitable shortcomings. It were best of all to try to take the point of view of posterity, and value to the full the rare and enviable privilege we have had in playing audience to the splendid actors on the contemporary stage. The drama is named "Evolution"; the curtain has fallen on one of its strongest acts. *Plaudite!*

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THE FIELD OF ART

HOW TO BEAUTIFY THE CITY

THE city is a congregation of houses: it is necessary to say houses because the word buildings is needed for a wider significance. The house is the unit—house of worship, house of business, house of residence; those are its modifications and there are no others than those. If, then, it be our wish to make the city a beautiful thing in its general capacity—in a large sense, as of a great work of the combined ability of many men during many years—it would seem reasonable to consider more curiously the separate units, and to ask whether the most simple and most obvious way of ordering a city be not that each of its inhabitants set "his own house in order."

It does not appear that a combination of ugly masses will ever produce a beautiful whole. It has not yet been noted by those who have travelled the world over in search of beautiful things that there was ever a city charming in spite of the dulness or vulgarity of its component parts. Let us think for a moment how they impress the traveller, these cities of the world. There was occasion very recently to consider the eighteenth-century lay-out of King Stanislas's good town of Nancy, to note the deliberate forethought with which it was planned and the careful way in which the buildings, with their subordinate colonnades and their connecting archways, had been combined by wise if not inspired designers into a whole more beautiful by far than any one of the buildings can be thought to be, taken by itself. In that style of the latest aftergrowth of the Renaissance, and in this instance more especially, the whole is more than any of its parts; though that is not an axiomatic truth in matters of fine art. But then the parts also are very good. The memorial arches and gateways are extremely well designed; the palaces of the royal residence and of the administration are grave and dignified and without solecism; the minor buildings defer in a handsome way to those greater masses and help rather than hinder their separate splendor; the colonnades and porticoes and "vistas" are so combined that nothing suffers by the neighborhood of anything else. It is a remarkable piece of combined designing. Yes, but it is also a combination of remarkable separate designs. It is well to take first this one town, this famous piece of deliberately wrought-up architectural display in order that the utmost may be stated, in the first place, for that side of the question which is just now attracting so much notice. We are not likely to surpass, in modified Washington or opened-up London or revolutionized Florence, or in any new quarter of New York, the dignity of Nancy. We shall build on a larger scale and combine things more amply, by far, and our distances across square and park will be measured by yards instead of feet, but the bigger you make them the less will you find it easy to surpass the self-contained repose of the town that was built to order during the thirty years before the annexation of Lorraine to the kingdom of France. Moreover, it is on the cards that without a very shrewd bit of beautiful design given to two-story pavilions (*à un étage*) and buildings without any "étage" at all because they have only a ground floor—to these as well as the larger and to the far more sumptuous buildings, any such display of combined excellence would be possible. A ministry "of all the talents," or a theatrical company of the highest class in the way of mutual and interchanging merit must still be made up of admirable units—or else experience goes for nothing! The stream will not rise higher than its source: and its source is in the value of the individual artist, the individual thinker, the individual work of art.

II

As to other cities of the world: what have they to say to one who enjoys their presence or their memory? The charm of Siena is in its cathedral, crowning the constantly rising hill, to which culmination you attain by the narrowest and crookedest streets; the charm is in the cathedral and in the little palazzi and the minor churches, with an open loggia here

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or there, which carry the mind along and prepare it a little for the shock of the great crowning group, dimly seen above as the traveller makes his devious way upward. The charm of Troyes is not in any one building, for the cathedral is not first-rate or even second-rate in dignity or merit: it is in its many churches, too loosely scattered to form a group, too closely united to be considered each by itself; Saint Pantaléon, Saint Nicolas, Saint Jean, La Madeleine, and Saint Urbain most of all, and with these the one wooden mediæval church which remains alive —those and not the cathedral are what we go for when we go to Troyes, and we are not disappointed. The broad, crooked streets, not winding like those of Siena, but laid out as if they had been originated by men or cows picking their way through the mud, and so pursuing a somewhat devious track, are connected by very narrow alley-ways which remind one of the wynds of Edinburgh. There is nothing deliberate in the town at all and it has no one great monument of world-wide fame; but there is no more attractive city of its size in Europe. The charm of Rothenburg on the Tauber is in the unaltered air that it has, the sixteenth-century look which remains to-day, to the certainty which the most careless traveller by railway has that he has stepped back for at least two centuries and a half; but this beauty of antiquity is also the beauty of the unaltered work of art—it is so, or it would not be a charm. Frowsy and shabby antiquity may be amusing for a moment, but it has no very strong or permanent hold on the imagination, and one must be working the archæological grind very hard indeed to be enraptured with mere oldness. It is because there is here much design of an humble, tranquil, easy-going, early-German sort about the old dwellings and the old town-hall and church, that Rothenburg is a place for thought and delightful study, in spite of the complete absence from it of any one building which can ever be accepted as a monument of great design. What is the charm of Boston—of Boston, Massachusetts—the town which Europeans of taste always name first, or indeed name alone, as beautiful among American cities? Is it not almost absolutely in this—that the majority of its houses, its actual dwellings, its street-fronts, its commonplace structures of every day have been designed by artistically minded men, or, when the supply ran out of that never too numerous class, by scholarly minded men who are patient and thoughtful and have turned the thing over in their minds before they put it into stone and brick. What is the exceptional and pathetically infinite charm of Florence? The old market has gone, the old pavements of polygonal stone are going, the town of Dante or of Michelangelo is disguised out of all recognition, or is in the way of becoming unrecognizable; but it is not proposed to do away with the apse or flanks of the cathedral, the Baptistery in its black and white later garment of marble, "the startling bell-tower Giotto raised," the Palazzo Vecchio or the Loggia dei Lanzi. Even if these were to be ignored, even if they ceased to exist, Florence would remain the city beloved because of its still remaining monuments of architecture and out-of-door, grandiose, monumental sculpture.

III

THERE are, indeed, other things than houses. There are even in the modern American city a few, where there might so well be more, of those other things. We do not seem to have any wall-fountains, and yet somebody might study for us the Fontaine de Molière and the Fontaine St. Michel, if not the Fontana di Trevi. We hear of no great fountain basins, and yet we might have some, a good many, as interesting as the two in the Ludwigstrasse in Munich, or the two near the Paris obelisk, if not comparable to their prototypes those in St. Peter's Square in Rome. As for great rising jets like that at Herrenhausen, and grandiose *châteaux a'eau* with cascades like that one formerly of Saint-Cloud—like that existing on the Trocadéro hill, they must be left for the large parks, of course, until such time as an American city is built with a little extra space, and a little room in the town itself for vagaries of the sort. But monuments, either statuary, single statues, equestrian statues, or groups—it appears that our sculptors understand them and that our spenders of money, in private and in public offices, care for them, so that one considering the present outlook in the way of fine art must weigh the claims of American out-of-door sculpture to be compared with the best things existing in the world of contemporary fine art. We have lost sight, so far they are behind us—lost sight of the galloping and caracoling absurdities of a former generation,

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and even accurate details of military buttons and epaulettes have ceased to charm most, or many, of those who have the disposition of public moneys. And therefore it is that, while one has to go to the ancient cities of Europe for instances of altogether delightful buildings, alone, or in the society of their equals, we are able to deal with the further decoration of a town by fountains and monuments as if it were an actual thing, a thing of to-day. And the conclusion seems to be that Washington city, for instance, when one ceases to think of the broad avenues and the possible future of the place as a great national capital, will prove to be attractive mainly on account of its separate pieces of purely monumental purpose. There is no likelihood of any Government building being so attractive, nor have we heard yet of the church or of the private house which would induce any student of architecture from foreign parts to seek out Washington and stay in it over night for another look at the building in question; but the Thomas monument, the Scott monument, the Garfield monument, and half a score more, are such monuments as a city ought to have. And other towns of the United States have proportionately as much as Washington herself. It is not in vain that the sculptors of the country have devoted themselves, with poor wages and little recognition, for a century, to the task which is now in great measure achieved, of gaining for their art a visible and, what is important, a well-deserved standing as a part of the national wealth.

IV

THE matter of the placing of statues and of fountains, as well as of houses, public and private, is important and, moreover, extremely interesting; but it is not quite the easy and obvious thing which some of the writers and speakers of the day seem to think. It does not always suffice to open a broad, straight avenue leading to a great building, nor yet to place a building, large or small, on the access of an existing avenue. It may not always be the best thing to see a work of art many hundred feet away; the noble buildings on the north side of the Place de la Concorde in Paris are not helped but seriously marred by the possibility of seeing them a third of a mile distant, and the quasi-necessity of seeing them day by day from a distance less than half as great, but still too great. Their aspect is not rightly effective, they are not properly to be judged as architecture, at a distance greater than six hundred feet, that is to say, from the obelisk in the middle of the great square. Notre Dame has been dwarfed by the enlargement of the Place du Parvis; approaching it from the west with the famous front opposite you, the building looks like a small model on a large table. It was never meant to be seen under such conditions. The cathedral of Bourges gains infinitely by the difficulty of approach, the western front crowded as it were by buildings which are the photographer's despair, the north side hardly accessible at all, the south flank visible indeed, but from an irregular avenue between the cathedral and the Bishop's palace, nowhere more than three hundred and fifty feet wide; and the south-east view alone, namely that of the magnificent apse with its elaborate perspective and its complicated shadows, visible from a peaceful and verdant little pleasure-ground. The story of nearly all the great Gothic cathedrals is the same; in France they are crowded by the little houses of the town, and although the *bicoques*, which once used the buttresses themselves as their side walls, are gone, modern ceremonialism has hardly gone farther than that, and they are in nearly every instance pressed close by the somewhat higher buildings of modern times. The cathedrals of England are apt to be out of the town and within their own close, accompanied therefore by trees, but as compared with the French churches they are low and give nowhere an impression of great size. It is not overpowering magnificence which they seek, or find; it is long sequence, a series of part succeeding to part, appearing and disappearing among the clumps and groups of green, which the great English church affects. You would hurt Salisbury Cathedral as much by cutting down the trees about the church as you would hurt Rheims Cathedral by clearing an open space around it 200 metres wide in every direction; but you would not hurt it any more; in either case the building is meant to be seen, not as was said above, "like a model on a table," but little by little, piece by piece, a look at one of its corners and then a hundred yards to walk, in order that another advantageous point of sight may be gained.

But these are Gothic churches and it may be urged that the conditions are different with

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the classical and neo-classical buildings—that Europe, since the sixteenth century at least, has planned for buildings large in their proportions but not often rich in detail, impressive by their mass and their far-seen symmetry. Only in a certain limited sense can this be admitted. The most beautiful of them all, the exquisite Library of St. Mark's, can be seen across the Piazzetta, say two hundred feet and one corner—one end of it—from a greater distance yet as you walk along the Molo. The most elaborately adorned of all, the front of the Certosa church on the road to Pavia, you cannot see at all until you have passed the enclosure-gateway, and even then it is visible from an extreme distance of two hundred and fifty feet only, and that along the direct access of the building without the possibility of getting a less limited view at a distance greater than a hundred feet or thereabouts. The most simply elegant of all, the Cancellaria in Rome, faces upon a square, the irregular piazza which takes its name from the building itself, and that is three hundred feet wide in its widest part; and it needs to be as wide as that, for the palace front is eighty feet high and two hundred and fifty feet long, and has no sculptured detail of any consequence. There is no inducement to walk past it closely unless you are studying its mouldings. The most picturesque of them all, the Royal Château of Blois, is a congeries of unrelated parts, fronts and wings of many styles; towering over the low town in one place, or in others associated in a friendly way on the different sides of a not large court; the chief front perhaps the least impressive in size and mass of all the parts of the building. Except for the towering mass that rises above the town, and which we never hear cited as important, no part of the palace can be seen from a distance greater than across a wide avenue, and it is as well, for the beauty of the building would be lost if it were anywhere "set upon a hill." The hugest and in that way the most impressive of all, St. Peter's church, interesting to every architectural designer and student when seen from the west, north, or south (that is, from other than the principal entrance front—for this church is reversed in its orientation), can only be seen by those who will pass around the huge mass to the road leading to the Vatican Garden, and either look up at it from the crooked little street that runs under the heights of the Vatican Garden, or, by mounting those heights, see it nearly on a level. The so well known photograph, one of the most impressive which we have in our portfolios, is taken from the northwest, and probably from the Villa Pia itself, the Pope's casino of repose; but that is only as far away as the church is long and few visitors are able to see it from that point. The church crowds upon you, it overwhelms you in any place which you are likely to take up, and your choice is between that near-at-hand view and the far-away "prospect" of the great cupola rising over miles of the Campagna—a view which reduces it, or raises it, to the quality and aspect of a mountain rather than of a building of man's devising.

No, it cannot be maintained—there is no universality of testimony in favor of the long stretched vista and the broad open square; those are the devices of an age which has lost its hold on impressive and lovely architecture and tries to make up for its own shortcomings.

As for equestrian and other statues, and the monuments of which they form a part, one grows tired of hearing about the necessity of giving them vistas of approach and space all around them, as if it were impossible to dwarf a work of art! It is the statue itself that we want. Here's a breeze coming up about the desirability of moving the Washington statue now in Union Square. Let the reader think for himself what he wants of a statue. If he merely wishes to "point with pride" to it when he's leading a stranger 'round the town, he may enjoy having it at the end of a "vista;" but if he wants to enjoy the work of art he will desire ability to approach its base within twenty or thirty feet, equal freedom to stand away from it about one hundred feet—and that is all. If it may have a circle around it of 200 feet diameter, the pedestal being near the centre of such a circle, it will be well placed for our seeing.

RUSSELL STURGIS.

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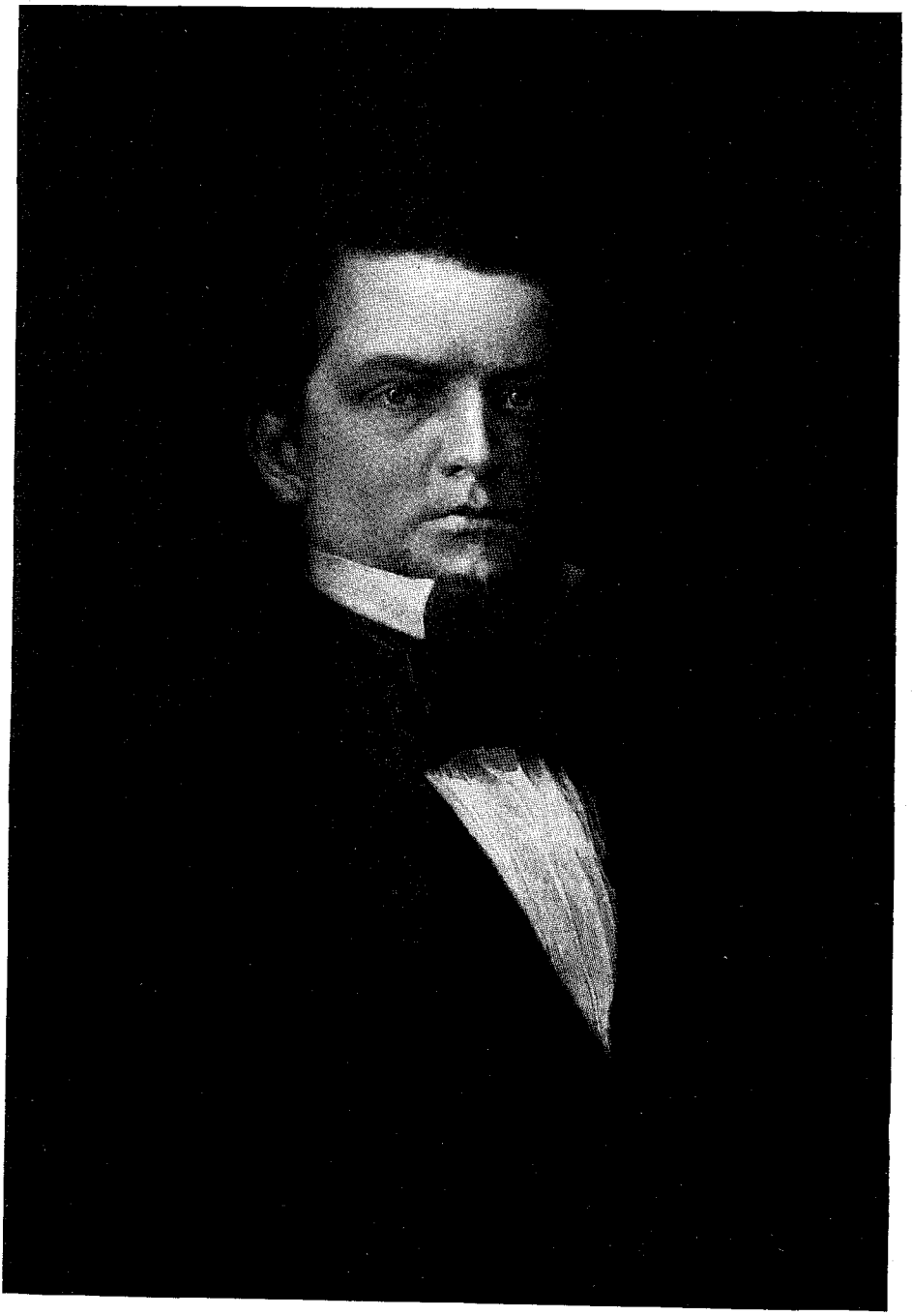

GENERAL JOHN B. GORDON.

Drawn by George T. Tobin from a daguerreotype taken at the age of twenty-two.

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